THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 172 NUMBER 2

AUGUST, 1943

86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

ESCAPE THROUGH GERMANY

by JEAN HÉLION

On the fourth of February, I arrived in the office at 8.00 A.M., saluted Herr Jurk with all the respect due a *Kommandoführer*, and sat down beside him as usual.

I lined the desk with papers, reports, individual cards, and began my clerical work. Jurk seemed to have drunk too much the previous night. Between his elbows, the silent telephone rested like an empty bottle. He was watching a little black spot on the wall.

Around nine o'clock, I rubbed my cheek and sighed. At ten, Lamy, the postmaster-nurse, came in, clapped his heels, and inquired if a package of mail had arrived from the censor's office.

"No," I answered, "but have you some aspirin in the camp pharmacy?"

He brought me two tablets. I took one immediately, and the other sometime in the afternoon.

On the fifth of February, I took two tablets again. On the sixth, I took three.

On the seventh, Lamy said I had exhausted his supply, and I asked Herr Jurk if he would allow a whole box to be bought for me by a sentry. I showed him my cheek, which was very red.

"*Ja!*" he barked.

When, around the tenth, my cheek began to swell, I could see that Jurk expected me to break down and beg to go to the hospital. But I did not. My table was littered with aspirin tablets. Any time that he looked in my direction, I picked up one, broke it carefully in small pieces, mixed it with a little water, and swallowed the medicine while making a face.

But when, on the morning of Friday the thirteenth, I appeared with an enormously swollen cheek, and a mouth so distorted that I could hardly speak, he rose and burst out loudly that only imbeciles or cowards were afraid to have their teeth pulled out. He himself had got rid of most of his teeth. Whether I wanted it or not, I should put myself down immediately for a medical visit the next morning. Now clear out and go to bed!

As a favor I asked permission to stay until lunch time, to finish the most urgent part of my work, the reports. At 12.30 I asked if the new interpreter could take my place that night. Sure, sure! All he wanted was for me to take that obscene abscess of mine out of his sight!

So I arranged my papers, pens, pencils, and little bottles, picked up my aspirin, and pushed my stool under the desk, noiselessly.

Marquet was waiting for me in my corner.

"Everything is all right," he said. "A comrade is lying on a bunk directly by the stairs. If anyone comes in, he'll cough; and I'll pretend to have brought you some water."

I undid my bed and messed it up carefully. On

A French prisoner of war with a familiar knowledge of German, JEAN HÉLION describes the dodges, the disguises — and the audacity — with which he escaped and made his way across Germany to freedom. The adventure is taken from his forthcoming book, *They Shall Not Have Me*, to be published by Dutton.

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my stool, I sprinkled aspirin tablets and set two cups. In one, I poured water from a pitcher. In the other, I spat out my abscess that consisted of a good hunk of cotton. It had been almost as uncomfortable as a real one.

"Fine, Marquet! Now listen to me. Go to the latrines and wait until no one is near you. Poke your hand through the seventh, ninth, and eleventh holes, to your left. You'll find that packages are hidden there, directly under the board. They are in a net of strings fastened with short nails. Get hold of the package first, then cut the strings and pull. You'll need your topcoat to hide them under."

He went, yawning and stretching his arms. "Hell! I have diarrhea again," I heard him tell someone on the stairs.

I inspected my suitcase: two pairs of woolen socks, two sets of underwear, half a pound of tobacco, and a package of all my wife's letters. I pushed it under the bunk and set my shoes beside it — not too orderly. Then I unearthed my brief case and polished it. Inside I laid a shirt, shorts, a little tobacco, two recent issues of *Das Reich*, a new toothbrush, a new razor that Marquet had bought for me in the canteen, a little cake of soap, a towel, two small sandwiches, and a heavy brown package.

Someone coughed. I slid under the blankets, hugging my brief case. It was only Marquet, looking pregnant.

"Here's one," he said. "I'm afraid it smells a little. I have to return for the others."

Then I heard him groaning on the stairs: "Here I go again. I shan't sleep a wink today. Damn rutabagas!"

I had feared the odor, so I had wrapped my packages in many newspapers, which should have absorbed most of it. It would evaporate quickly, once in the open.

I had never realized before how splendid my overcoat was. Could anyone believe that it had once been a British officer's coat? Of course I had changed the metal buttons for large wooden ones and sewed them in a different place. I had retouched the collar and the half belt. Dyeing it had not been really difficult, but long. I had paid twenty marks for each ounce of the precious dyeing powder, at the prisoners' black market, and it had taken me two months to obtain it. Then I had borrowed a large basin and obtained warm water in the kitchen, on the pretext of delousing my clothes. In the night, I had hidden in the tiller room, and with a pail and some stolen charcoals I had improvised a stove.

Now I could see my masterpiece in the open. It had only two regrettable streaks — being lighter in the middle of the back where, perhaps, the material had been greasy. Anyway, I adored it. I had it on when Marquet came back, holding my trousers under his coat as if he had a tummy-ache.

The trousers had cost me only fifteen marks one evening when, a search having been announced, one of my neighbors had become frantic and had offered them at any price. They weren't quite long enough for me; the seat was far too large and the legs too narrow. The cloth had once been black. Now it wavered between green in the top part and brown for the rest. Fortunately, stripes of light gray, as large as a finger, ran vertically and provided unity to the trousers. They gave the impression of having been painted rather than woven. Even so, the trousers looked good to me as I put them on.

It was only 3.00 P.M. We still had three hours to go. I washed and shaved. Only at the last minute would I put vaseline on my hair, to hold it completely flat. That would change my appearance and also enable me to stick my hat on.

That hat was a gift of love: it had been stolen expressly for me by a grateful comrade. I had kept it rolled up, but the dampness had penetrated the successive layers of paper, and now it refused to stay straight. It waved around my head like a merry-go-round. It needed pressing with a hot iron that we couldn't possibly get now. This worried me very much, and I fought with the brim for a good hour. Finally I set it flat on my suitcase and laid my books on top of it.

2

AT 5.30 I dressed completely. My apple-green coat was much too small and certainly the worst part of my outfit, but it wouldn't show much under the brown topcoat. I put my spectacles in my pocket, and my hat in my bosom. I covered my head with Marquet's large winter cap. Over my civilian clothes I slipped a large Belgian overcoat, borrowed for the occasion. With my long infantry knickers over my civilian trousers, and my sabots, no sentry would spot me. I paused in the open to see if the stage was set.

The snow had stopped falling. Groups of prisoners were coming in every five minutes. I saw them coming from under the bridge, on Altdammerstrasse, then disappearing behind a barrack, and finally reappearing opposite the camp.

The gate was open now, and the sentry greeted his colleagues when they passed with their prisoners. The incoming column advanced in the yard as far as the kitchen and stopped. Judas, the German clerk who had been warming himself inside,

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came out with his check sheet and the new interpreter. He counted the men and then dismissed them. The prisoners went to get their soup bowls; the sentries went to their barracks.

As on yesterday, a little group was gathering around the volley-ball ground. Two boys had begun sweeping the snow away with a board. The sentry at the gate was watching them with interest. The teams were forming now, five on each side. A few other prisoners lined against the windows of the *Lagerführung*, watching the game while they ate.

Someone touched my fingers on the railing. It was David.

"Everyone's at his post," he said.

I went down the chicken ladder. I dragged my sabots by the guards' barrack, reached the latrines, and entered by the only door. There was already a crowd inside, some on the seats, others watching the yard through the small side-windows, set high, just under the ceiling.

Marquet waited for me in the very last cell and handed me my shoes. He had polished them too much, I thought. They shone like patent leather. An amateur shoemaker had bored many decorative little holes on the top piece to disguise the many little patches of different kinds of leathers with which a completely useless pair of civilian shoes had been rebuilt. They were so big that I could wear two pairs of thick socks, which was good. They felt incredibly light on my feet. Could they really pass for shoes? I took off my army knickers and flung the big Belgian coat over my shoulders, like a cape, sleeves free. I held my hat underneath.

Marquet said, "Come on!"

I followed him out. I crossed the whole yard, waited to let a group of prisoners pass, and then joined the little group of spectators lined against the *Lagerführung*. I set my back between the last two windows. Finot, Marquet, David, and Moineau grouped themselves in front of me.

Six o'clock: the sentry was being replaced. The hateful little Reipsch was taking his turn. He was already in a bad humor. He began pacing the width of the gate, endlessly, from one post to the other.

"The lookout is pulling out his handkerchief," Finot said.

I unbuttoned the Belgian coat. The volley-ball game was becoming hot. I could recognize Desprez and Duclos, jumping high after the ball.

"The man on the latrine steps is blowing his nose," announced Moineau. "All clear. Here comes the Brandt group. Get ready."

The thirty men passed by us. Their sentry followed, a little wearily. Judas, the clerk, came out of the kitchen. Four hands were stretched towards me behind my comrades: Marquet held my brief case; Finot held a wallet with my money and papers in it; Moineau and David held nothing but their fingers. I touched them. They felt rough, warm, and kind. At this moment the ball hit the ground, two of the players slipped and fell, and Duclos ran towards Desprez with his fists raised.

"It's your fault, dirty cheater!" he cried, and knocked him down brutally. The prisoners began to shout. Judas ran towards the game. The sentry, Reipsch, followed in the same direction.

"Adieu," murmured David.

"Adieu, everybody," and quickly placing the Belgian coat on David's shoulders, my hat cocked over my eyes, holding my brief case tight, I shot out, exactly three yards behind Reipsch.

I began to count, slowly. One . . . At two I passed through the gate. At three I walked normally at right angles to the right. Five seconds! They had not seen me! I was now exactly opposite the private exit of the *Lagerführung*. From the yard I looked as though I were coming out of it.

Joy, fantastic joy, ran through me, a joy that I had never felt before in my life! Why had I waited so long, so long, to feel it? Never had walking been so delicious. My feet balanced lightly under me. The twist of my face that I wore as a mask had no more weight than a smile.

The world around me was so bright, so loud; the steps of another group, coming towards me from the street, sounded so clear: one, two, one, two . . .

I lowered my head so that they wouldn't recognize me; and I looked at their shoes, their wooden shoes, their torn trousers, the patches of which I knew so well: these belonged to Jacques, these to Martin, these to Louis, dragging snow behind their weary steps; oxen driven back to the stable; slaves pushed back into their jails; my companions, my own companions whom I was abandoning to their fate!

Then I bumped into the sentry in charge of them. He, startled, said, "Pardon."

"Pardon," I murmured — but not to him.

3

Once on Altdammerstrasse, I followed the sidewalk. A streetcar stopped by me, but not knowing the ticket system, I didn't dare take it. Also, I dreaded sitting down and offering my costume and my face to two dozen people who had nothing to do but look at my oddities. It was safer to walk normally, not too fast, not too slow.

Bridges are dangerous spots, It is on bridges that,

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at given hours, the policemen begin asking for credentials from everyone. I dared to look at the officer on duty on the Hansabrücke. He smiled at me and said, "It's cold."

"*Ja!*" I answered. It helped me. I was all right if policemen smiled at me. *Das Reich*, neatly folded, stuck out of my pocket. Who but an excellent citizen read Dr. Goebbels's prose?

Beyond the bridge I should turn to the left, or was it second left? For an instant I feared I had confused the way. I had studied it on a map and verified it the last time I had been in the city; but it didn't look the same, now that I walked on the sidewalk instead of in the gutter and no guard held me on a leash.

I arrived at the railway station at 6.45. The train I meant to board left at 6.55. I went to the ticket window for main lines and waited behind a young man. He held his identity card. I could see the large violet stamp with a stiff broad eagle holding a swastika in its claws, but I couldn't read the name.

"One way to Metz," he said when his turn came.

"Sorry," answered the employee, "the train for Berlin is full. No more tickets for the capital, or any point beyond, until we know there'll be room in another."

"When will that be?"

"Probably tomorrow morning at 5.50. Come early."

"*Merde*," said the traveler, as if to himself, withdrawing from the line. I followed him and asked: "Why do you say *Merde?*"

He looked at me — an open face with laughing eyes.

"*Merde* is what we say in Alsace, in such a case."

"That's what we say sometimes in Antwerp, though it would be more usual in Liége," I answered him in German, and we began to talk. I helped him out of the way with his numerous pieces of baggage, and he informed me that he was going home on his semiannual leave, for ten days only. I told him that I was in the same case, but going in the direction of Brussels.

"Then," he said, "we'll travel together as far as Berlin. Let's have a glass of beer."

Did the Alsatian really mean what he had said: "At 8.30 by the Catholic church"?

I tramped alone along the river. What a pity! Anyway, I wasn't caught yet. I had foreseen this possibility. Ever since December the *Pommersche Zeitung* had given wide publicity to successive reductions in the railway traffic, but it was a poor beginning for me.

A shadow by a door; it's a man, a civilian. He's looking at me — at me only. Danger! Fool, what have I done? I marched straight towards him, for the fight.

"Good evening. I'm glad to meet someone at last. Could you tell me what time it is?"

"It's eight o'clock," he answered, "but what are you doing in this forbidden area?"

"I? I work for the Hafengesellschaft, on the Reiherwerderhafen pier, on the other side. We've been unloading Swedish ore today. I'm going home to Antwerp, on leave — in Belgium, you know. But I missed the evening train — it was full. Now I must try to catch another tomorrow at . . . at . . ." and I pulled out my wallet. The man turned on a flashlight. This yellow sheet . . . no, this is only my permit. I opened it enough for him to see the police stamp on it.

"It must be this; yes, 5.50 A.M. Isn't that painful? So I'm going to meet a friend at 8.30, by the Catholic church, and we'll spend the evening together. As I've never worked on these piers I was looking around a bit. Fabulous cranes. They must lift at least one hundred tons, don't they? I hadn't realized this was forbidden area. I didn't see any sign. Anyway, I'm getting cold, and would rather have a drink. Could you tell me where I can find a little *Bierhaus* with good pre-war stuff?"

"Blame it on the British," he laughed. "The beer isn't what it used to be; but there's a fairly good place where I go myself. Come along, I'll show you how to get there."

"Thanks. Won't you have one too?"

"I wish I could, but I'm on duty around here until midnight. You'd better clear off these grounds soon, anyway."

I didn't need any more warning. The beer was fair. I swallowed it slowly, in case he changed his mind and followed me. Then out again.

Pacing up and down the wide street, from the church to the bridge, and from the bridge to the church, was risky. I'd wait only five minutes more. . . .

Not until nine o'clock did the Alsatian arrive. With him was another man.

"This is my Flemish comrade," he introduced me.

"How do you do?"

We shook hands, went quietly along the street, entered a door, climbed three flights of steps, and sat in a warm little room under the roof.

"Men, you'll be better off waiting here for that early train than having to return to your barracks on the other side," said our host. We chatted pleasantly about our work — I about the Swedish boats, they about the factory where they were

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mechanics. Then the Alsatian engaged in a private discussion with his friend and I didn't listen any more.

4

Sunk deep in a cheap armchair, I was exhilarated. My imitation of a Nazi police stamp was good if it had fooled a plain-clothes man. I had copied it from documents in the office, but nothing is more dangerous than a flashlight shining obliquely. The streaks left by the indelible pencil show up then, even when they have been softened with a wet blotter.

My speech had gone well. I was listening to it as if another person had spoken for me. A policeman is like a fence: in order to pass, you have to walk up to him unhesitatingly. You mustn't allow him to form an opinion of you before you have told him everything he would ask you: why you speak with an accent, where you come from, and where you are going.

The clock on the mantel struck eleven. This was the moment when Jurk made his last round of the prison. He would find my bunk empty, but normally so. It was messed up; half a dozen aspirin tablets dotted my stool. My shoes lay in the way. He should conclude that I had gone to the night privy. On the shelf, he could see my military identification booklet, a bunch of letters from my wife, a package of American tobacco, a razor, a toothbrush, and a small cake of soap. These were precious items.

Only when he retired would Desprez and Duclos arrive, take away my letters and photographs to burn, and my tobacco and underclothes to divide, as they had already shared the other pieces of my uniform after their mock fight at the volley-ball game.

Until a quarter to six in the morning, nothing would happen. Then the Slobberer would look for me to line up the sick for him, as usual, and would be told that I was going along to the medical inspection. By six o'clock, at the latest, Jurk would be hollering around the camp, his pistol drawn. The greatest danger would begin then. I should be sought everywhere.

The Alsatian stirred me up around 4.30 A.M. Without realizing it, I had dozed in the chair. He had shared his comrade's bed. We didn't disturb him. I carried some of the Alsatian's luggage, and it gave me poise. The street was very slippery, and our steps echoed against the walls. At five o'clock we stood in line for our tickets, behind many others. The woman at the window hardly glanced at my yellow paper, stamped it, and gave me a ticket direct to Antwerp, for 38 marks 50.

The gate to the platform was closed again. The blackboard above said the train would be thirty minutes late, because of the snow, of course; but what a catastrophe! I hated waiting in this hall where so many men I knew could come: officers going to Berlin, overseers coming to work from the suburbs, sentries going to, or returning from, leave. It was a slim chance.

At six o'clock sharp, we were admitted to the platform. At 6.20, the train hadn't arrived. I knew what was going on in the office at this very minute. My neighbors at the camp had admitted that they hadn't seen me since last night. Jurk wouldn't search any more. He would go through the regular routine that I had witnessed before. My green identification card in one hand, and the telephone in the other, he would call up successively the *Kontrollstelle*, the Stettin Police Presidium, the Railway Police, the Highway Police, and the Stalag via long distance. He would give a succinct description of me; the Stalag would send out copies of my photograph and of my fingerprints. The late edition of the *Pommersche Zeitung* would contain this notice:—

"Warning. French prisoner of war at large. Jean Hélion, 5 feet 6, 140 pounds, speaks German and English; presumably in uniform. . . . Report all suspects immediately to the nearest police station."

While waiting for the *Kontrolloffizier*, Jurk would fill out the "Notice of Escape" in triplicate. Along with the circumstances of my disappearance, the reason for the flight would be given. A reason — was it naïve or humorous?

At 6.30 the station loud speakers roared "Attention! Attention . . ." but it wasn't yet about me. It was only to say that the train now entering the station was reserved exclusively for the Wehrmacht. My companion swore loudly. I didn't say anything.

At 6.50 another train arrived. I couldn't believe I'd ever board it, for crowds fought at every door. Greatly hindered by the Alsatian's baggage, I finally got in, last of all.

Someone on the platform was saying: "Happy trip."

A happy trip — to whom?

The train started. I heard only "Attention! Attention!" echoing from the loud speaker. The rest was lost in the noise of the steam and of the wheels.

People surged from the car ahead of mine and pushed me back irresistibly towards the middle of

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the corridor. But no train is ever so completely packed that a little room can't be made after patient adjustments.

The Alsatian was four removed from me; I could see him telling something about her suitcase to a rather pretty girl. We were in the center of the train. With the condition of the corridors, neither the controller of tickets nor the controller of identification papers could advance more than a car length an hour, I should think. This was a non-stop express, due at Berlin in two and a half hours — let's say three, with the snow. If my speculation was correct, they would arrive at me only when nearing the capital.

I repeated my name to myself, and remembered that I had lost fifteen years from my age and was now only twenty-three. Did that mean I was born in 1919 or 1920? I couldn't remember, to save my life; and it's a favorite trick of policemen to ask you, when they are holding your papers: "Born on?"

I could read mentally the whole paper: "Josef Vanuytrecht, crane driver, unmarried, living in Antwerp, now working for the Hafengesellschaft in Stettin, on leave until February 22, born on 2. 17. 19" — or was it 20?

I had to make sure at once. I pulled out my wallet and reviewed my weapons: my yellow ticket of leave had already been under fire twice; it should be all right, now that the Stettin station stamp was on it, even if I hadn't known about a serial number required in a corner, or some other detail. I had paid 100 marks to have it stolen from a shelf in the barrack of the food overseer. A comrade had watched for an opportunity for two months, and then snatched it. It was well worth the money. It was easy to fill it out according to the printed indications. Where it said "Police stamp" I had copied a Stettin police stamp, of which we had several samples on various documents in the office.

I was more worried about the other credential — the passport — though I felt warmly about it. It was a gift from David. Every morning he took coal to each office. He had seen a stack of civilian workers' passports (just handed in after their return from leave) on a table, and had taken one behind his employer's back. This he had presented to me on February 3.

"Why don't you keep it for yourself, David?"

"No; I'd feel like a thief if *I* kept it, instead of feeling proud. I want you to have it, if it can be of any use to you."

That was just like my David — ready to escape on certain conditions only, and not at any price.

Desprez had spent hours every night copying exactly every little line. We had unglued the tax stamp from one of the oldest visas and transferred it to the new page. On the night of February 12 the job was completed, and it wasn't bad. What *was* bad, very bad, was that the description of this man couldn't be changed: he was twenty-three years old while I was thirty-eight; it was written in several places, and an erasure would have been very obvious.

Furthermore, I had no suitable photograph of myself to substitute for his, even if the stamp, in relief, on it could be successfully imitated. With my hair oiled flat, I could perhaps be considered as having been flattered by the photographer, if only a quick glance were cast on the picture; but who would ever believe that I was six feet tall when I lacked six inches? Only when sitting could I pass.

Another impossibility was the date: how could a man, back fourteen days ago, according to the last immigration stamp, be going on leave again?

That passport was a good-looking document but should never be looked at closely. I didn't hope to pass the border with it, but it might prove sufficient to justify my presence on a westbound train.

When I came out of the washroom, the controller was already there, sooner than I'd expected. He held out his hand. I put everything I had in it, ticket and papers. I smiled as bravely as I could and felt that the end had come. Instead, he only tore off part of the ticket and handed me back the papers, saying: "Show them to the policemen over there."

There were two, coming from the rear, fighting their way slowly from compartment to compartment. They spent several minutes on each person. I had no chance to survive such an attentive examination. The train slowed down, the brakes ground, the Alsatian called to me: "Give me a hand again, please! I'll pass you my bags through the window."

I was the first one off the train. It hadn't even stopped entirely. The policemen didn't yell after me.

5

I REMEMBERED this railway station. I had taken breakfast in this beer hall ten years ago. Now, full of soldiers, it was as dark as ever, but more noisy. We sat right in the middle of the room.

"What will you have?" the Alsatian asked the pretty girl he had met on the train.

"Coffee," she said, without laughing.

"And two beers," he told the waiter, without even asking me. I had carried all of his luggage, while he had carried the girl's. She was young and fresh, with a large black hat slightly raised in front.

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He was courting her rather ardently. She called him Peter, and he called her Truda. He had already told her about me. On the pretext of washing, I left them alone for ten minutes and ate one of my two sandwiches so that my head would stop turning. This was ahead of schedule, and the next day would be one of complete famine.

When I went back, they were talking to three or four policemen and laughing loudly.

"Here he comes!" cried Peter, indicating me. "And I'm sure he'll give you more than I can afford to."

So the policemen turned towards me with large smiles. The first one pinned a beautiful swastika, in ersatz copper, on my chest — would I have believed such a day could come? — while the second shook his collection box under my nose. I dropped two marks in it, and the third persuaded me to buy the respective portraits of Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Rosenberg, Von Schirach, for one mark each. For Himmler, I positively refused.

"I'm ruined," I insisted, but they were quite pleased with their business at only one table, and explained that this whole collection would be for the exclusive benefit of the police forces fighting in Russia.

I had never felt so friendly towards any police before. They assured me that they had much sympathy for the Flemish workers coming to the rescue of the German factories. While all this bargaining went on, another party of policemen had asked for papers and they were now going away. Remember this theorem: "The best defense against a policeman is another policeman."

Peter telephoned for me to the two stations, inquiring about trains to Cologne, and I learned, to my disgust, that there would be none until possibly 11.00 P.M. He himself had decided not to leave until the next morning, perhaps because Truda was counting on spending the day shopping, and returning to Stettin late in the night.

"Why don't you two come shopping with me?" she said.

So Peter checked his luggage. I wouldn't part with my brief case. We took the subway and I found that my railway ticket entitled me to free transportation.

On Potsdamerplatz, what was once the biggest Jewish store had been rechristened with a vague Aryan name. Small posters, at every door, said: "Entrance forbidden to all Jews. Between 5.00 and 6.00 P.M. Jews will serve Jews at gate so-and-so exclusively."

Passing the photographic department, I inquired about the possibility of getting a quick picture. It wasn't done any more, but they could send me the proofs anywhere I wanted, within four days. No, that wouldn't do, for it wouldn't fit in with my foolish desire to send a picture of myself, taken in front of a naïvely painted view of Berlin, to Herr Jurk, with a little dedication, such as: "*Souvenir de voyage*," with a discreet number of five figures as signature.

At lunch time I left the cooing duo counting their ration tickets. I had none, and knew nothing about what could be got without them, if anything. I fought hunger with more beer, and followed Leipziger Strasse, Unten den Linden, Französische Strasse, any street whose name appealed to me. My poise was now good. Every half hour, by my watch, I walked up to the nearest policeman, told him I didn't know the city, was on my way home to Antwerp on leave, and could he indicate some interesting buildings in this vicinity to look at?

At four o'clock I entered a barber shop and asked for a shave and a haircut. An hour later, passably fresh, but angry with my stupid hunger, I met Peter and Truda in the same department store, and we had a funny-tasting herb tea. They looked like honeymooners and I had a hunch that they were. How kind of them to tolerate my company. We wandered from café to café. Not one seemed to offer the kind of cozy corner they wanted.

Peter and Truda saw me to the station. It was a bit demolished on the side, but the black-out was complete. At 10.45 they couldn't wait any longer, and decided to leave. Peter told the girl that as I was a good friend of his she ought to give me a kiss, which she did without hesitancy.

"Look here," he said to me, "if you don't find things the way you want, wherever you go, how about paying me a visit in Metz? Every Alsatian would be glad to receive you, and to help you, you understand?"

As I looked up, thoroughly surprised, he added, very low, in French: "Quite a joke, a German girl kissing a strange Frenchman good luck, isn't it?"

6

The train didn't leave until midnight. I wasn't impatient any more. I'd been late everywhere, and it hadn't been for the worst. I found a compartment with plenty of soldiers in it, and asked them if they would mind a civilian.

"Not at all," they assured me. That was my chance to tell them what they should know about

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me. I even offered them one cigarette each, from a package of twelve that was soon as empty as it had been when I had picked it up in the office waste-basket three months ago. It had taken me all this time to fill it up, one cigarette at a time, with what the most polite overseers gave me when I made a list for them. Cigarettes were scarce inside Germany, and considered very valuable presents.

We joked a little. I wasn't afraid of soldiers. I knew their uniforms. I had spoken to so many of them for twenty months that I was accustomed to their habits. These looked like so many others I had met — fine boys, fond of a laugh, and relieved that no top sergeant was in sight. I saw only smiles; heard only polite words; comments on the latest movies; many things sounding new to me, and happy. These Germans said "we." There were no barbed wires around me to rouse their fear and anger.

Do the barbed wires render all men on earth fierce, whether they are on one side of them or the other?

Germany, when I used to look at it from the yard, had been as unreal as a picture. Now it looked open, and so different. This compartment scene around me was fine and peaceful. I was still very tense, ready for trouble, but a certain reflection of the outside tranquillity shone inside of me.

If only I could eat a little. The night was going to be hard to spend.

"Boys," I told the soldiers, "I'm feeling mighty sleepy. Will you wake me up when the controller comes? My name's Josef. I guess you'll have to yell, for I'm hard to rouse."

They laughed and I, smoothing my hair to make sure it was as flat as the picture on my passport, sank into my turned-up collar and curled up in my corner.

When they all started calling "Josef! Josef!" and pounding me on the back, I jumped — really startled.

"Time to get up, Josef," they said, as if they had known me all the time. I yawned painfully while looking at the inspector, pulled out my papers all at once, and presented them, at arm's length, very near his face. There was everything he could want, mixed up with much he didn't want. On top was my ticket: that was good. Underneath was the photograph of Adolf Hitler. Let no one tell me that that wasn't very good. Third came the first page of a real passport.

The photograph on the following page was not mine, but how could he tell when I was yawning, trying in vain to open my eyes, and spitting in my handkerchief? And at the page of the visa were my permit, already identified, and Mr. Göring's paunch, more decorated than mine, supplemented by the smile of Mr. Rosenberg. "Police Day" said the inscription across the glorious photographs.

"Good!" said the inspector, and he gave the whole pack back to me. I went to sleep immediately — that is, apparently.

"Good!" sang my head, "Good!" sang my heart, and I celebrated with my second and last sandwich. But I went to the corridor for that. I was afraid one of these soldiers might once have been a sentry and would recognize the two sardines, laid on my bread, as identical with the sardines-in-oil that prisoners received from the French Red Cross and that the guards coveted so much. I had been reminded early that night that the least detail counts. Hadn't I given myself away as a Frenchman with a single word said to Peter in the station at Stettin?

Dear Peter! Peter the Alsatian, who had known all the time the risk he was taking in letting me spend the night with him, and hadn't even let on until the last minute!

The rest of the night cost me 2 marks 50 more. One whole hour couldn't pass without a new policeman waking everyone up in the name of the glorious police forces fighting in Russia. It was monotonous, and disquieting for many reasons. In vain did I show them the row of poisoned flowers on my coat — they thought I needed one more swastika, and kept on shaking their metal box until another coin had been dropped inside.

Since ten o'clock yesterday morning, I had spent 25 marks on them; 10 marks on beer; 3 marks 80 at the barber shop; and my capital had been reduced to a mere 60 marks. How far should I go with it?

But Cologne wasn't very far away, and the border was only fifty miles beyond. Even if I were taken now, my failure wouldn't be ridiculous. I had crossed the better part of Germany.

In Cologne I had to change trains and wait three hours. I wouldn't hang around the station as I did yesterday. I wasn't traveling in the shadow of a German girl any more; and the less I showed my papers, the safer it would be. I wandered in the city.

It was dark at first, and foggy later. No shop seemed to be opening, and that reminded me it was Sunday. Sunday should be a good day. Everyone should feel lazy, even the policemen; but I felt depressed. I wanted sleep and food. My nerves were beginning to weaken after thirty-six hours of constant tension. Not until I found a few demolished houses did I cheer up.

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7

AACHEN was famous for its police. It was the last city before the border. Every hour or so, the whole station was carefully combed. The Germans paid a higher price for the betrayal of fugitives than the latter could pay for being smuggled into Belgium. Now women and school children were constantly on the lookout for any stranger in the vicinity.

Our train was unbelievably full — mostly Belgian workers, talking loudly in either Dutch or French, and obviously going on leave. Very few of them wore Nazi insignia; and I felt, with pleasure, that mine were not too popular. I removed the most conspicuous as discreetly as I could, but it was too early for a thorough cleaning.

I engaged in conversation with a couple from Brussels. Both worked in Cologne — he as carpenter, she as factory helper. I learned from them that this train went as far as Herbesthal, and that all inspection of passports would be done there. It would be quite a job, they said, for they had never seen such a crowd in one single train.

We passed Aachen. It was time to get ready. I opened my brief case, extracted the heavy package that was in it, and put it in my pocket. Now the train ran very slowly, then stopped.

"Herbesthal" said huge letters on a low building.

"Everyone out!" yelled German employees in German, while the Belgians yelled it in French.

A fence divided the platform in two, and the only opening in sight was the door of a low building marked "Passport Examination." On the other side was Belgium. It was good to see it, if only for a little while.

As everyone fought his way out of the car, I discarded the brown paper and held the object in my sleeve. It was a hammer. My idea was to entrust my overcoat, my hat, and my brief case to someone else, on the pretext of going to the toilet. Then I'd lose myself in the crowd, return to this train, and begin tapping the wheels with my hammer, as if it were my job to see that every one of them was sound. As I should be bending my head very low there was a chance that no one would notice that I had no cap on. It was worth trying. I would follow the train from wheel to wheel, to the last wagon, and then mix with the men unloading crates over there, trusting that the Germans would take me for a Belgian, and the Belgians take me for a German.

There were other trains, waiting on the Belgian tracks; and once on their side, I would promptly disappear.

So I followed the Belgian couple, to give me countenance, for a while. They concluded that I was trying to stay with them, and asked me to carry some of their luggage. They knew their way around, and in two minutes I was incorporated with them in the line before the passport office. That, however, didn't suit me so well.

"Could you tell me where the lavatory is?" I asked the man.

"They won't let you go there now," answered his wife, and calling the nearest policeman, she inquired.

"No, you'll have to wait until you're on the other side," he informed her.

I hope I didn't show that little woman how exasperated I was with her for trying to be helpful out of turn. There was no use getting out of line, now that she had attracted attention to me. The policeman would stop me, or follow. The scheme was ruined. Curses on her! I wanted to crack her on the head with the hammer, but instead, I pretended to tie my shoe and abandoned it under my feet. And now wouldn't the woman stumble over it!

"Look," she said to her husband, "someone has lost a hammer."

"You don't have to let everybody know. It's a good one and has found an owner" — and he pocketed it.

Meanwhile the line advanced slowly, dangerously so, and a new collection plate was passed under my nose. I dropped only a small coin in it, and the fellow wasn't pleased. He said so. These collectors knew it was their last chance. A very tall one, well over six feet, with his cap cocked on the side, pushed to the head of the line and shouted: —

"Listen, everybody! There's a big crowd today, and you'll have to wait a long time. Whoever will give five marks — five marks for our heroes in Russia — will pass right now. Who's first?"

Twenty feet behind me an impatient man shot out of the line, a five-mark bill in hand; another; three others; and the big German thrust them inside, while calling to his colleagues: "Look, pals! I've collected twenty-five marks in one second."

They thought it was a good joke and laughed, but the crowd was all the more impatient.

At last my turn came to get in. I threw my papers on the desk, exactly as I had shoved them in the inspector's face, photos and all. At the page of the picture that should have been mine was a five-mark note. When the officer saw it, I made the gesture of taking it back and said: "Excuse me."

"What? No, that won't do," he said. "Give it to me in a hurry."

"But, officer, look at my chest! Look at all these

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photos! I've spent a week's salary on you since yesterday."

"Come on," he retorted, "you can well afford one more fiver; you make a lot of good money in Germany — you all do."

"All right, you win! Keep the bill."

"Good boy," he laughed. With one hand he stuck the bill in his box, and with the other he stamped my visa. He hadn't even read the name on it.

I was out of Germany. This time the little woman had saved me.

8

Beyond this office was another one, opening on the Belgian platform, and a sign saying that here one could exchange a maximum of 300 marks for Belgian or French francs, according to the passport.

I was getting my money ready before presenting it, when a man of my own age, a little smaller, with no overcoat, and a broad cap, put two ten-mark bills in my hand and said: "I, too. Please."

I changed 70 marks in all, and received 840 Belgian francs. The other followed me in the train. I gave him his money and he laughed softly.

"The worst is over," he said.

"I don't know. Better be careful."

His coat had once been part of a Norwegian uniform. I could recognize it by the shape of the pockets and the thin little stripe around the sleeves, though he had built up a civilian collar in front, and had dyed the whole a dark green. His shoes were French military shoes, but he had cut off the copper clips on the sides that make them so easy to spot anywhere.

"I had a coat exactly like yours," he said, "but I've traveled on the axles from Aachen and ruined it. I had to leave it on the tracks, and I hope we'll leave before it's found. I was already standing on the Belgian platform when you came out of the inspection room, and I spotted you on account of your British coat. I wasn't sure, though, until I saw you turn towards the wall with medals on your chest, and turn again without any."

He had escaped inspection by walking openly along the tracks with a lantern he'd taken down from a post, until he found a way out of the station. Later he had entered it from the Belgium side. He knew about the money exchange, and had waited until he saw someone he thought he could trust.

Getting rid of the swastikas would have cost me my freedom if any German had noticed it; but instead, it had brought me a companion.

I was not through with the couple from Brussels. The man and his wife arrived, after looking for me in the various compartments, and she addressed me in Flemish dialect, instead of German, as before. I couldn't make out what she wanted. She laughed and told me, in French, it was clear to her who I was, for she had seen my Flemish passport lying on the desk. A little reluctantly I admitted it.

"I'm so glad," she said with a kind smile; and her husband shook hands with me. We made friends, though I can't say I felt comfortable about her. Impulsive as she was, what would she do next?

The train started painfully, with much grinding of wheels and a succession of jerks; and then we had an accident. We were standing at the end of the corridor, when the coach behind us became disconnected, and those who had been on the platform fell on the tracks. My new comrade caught the woman by the arm just in time to save her. How much the others had been hurt, we couldn't tell — they had disappeared under the wheels. With almost enough noise to cover the shrieks, we stopped. It took half an hour for the German and Belgian policemen to get the bodies out; and not until another half hour was the train on its way again.

"You're so pale," said the woman. "Are you sick? Are you afraid of blood?"

I was feeling sick, but it wasn't the blood of the others, but my own luck: this magnificent luck not to have been standing a little farther on the platform, wounded (if not killed), and taken to the hospital — in other words, back; a luck that seemed to me more incredible than anything I had gone through in the last thirty-six hours. It still seems so.

We spent the night in Brussels. There was no question of going to a hotel. You couldn't do that without first getting a permit from the German police; and I didn't feel strong enough to fool them once more. The couple insisted that we have a glass of beer together. We had several. Then they told us to wait an hour for them.

When our friend returned, we followed him out to the house of a friend of his. This man operated a truck for the Germans and collected various products from other cities. He could take us along in the direction of the border, but wouldn't hear of any payment. We should walk to a given corner. He would drive by slowly, but not stop. It would be up to us to jump inside his truck unseen. If it proved impossible, he would come back a little later. We shook hands with both of them, cordially. The carpenter gave me a little package, long and heavy. My fingers recognized my hammer under new wrappings.

"Take it along. It's a good weapon," he said.

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The plan worked all right. We hid inside, behind a generous stack of sacks. At the south gate of Brussels, the truck stopped for inspection. We heard the driver talking, about his orders and various papers, in German. A sentry poked his head in the back and didn't see anything wrong. I was so choked then, on account of the fumes from the charcoal stove replacing petrol as fuel, that I could hardly refrain from coughing.

Three hours later, after much bumping and rattling of gears, the driver tapped on the partition panel and said we were nearing Tournai. He would slow down again, and as soon as the coast was clear, we should jump out. Good luck to us!

We followed the road until we found a café. For five francs a little glass of yellow alcohol with a pretention to the taste of applejack did us good. In the next café we drank beer, and waited another half hour without meeting any customer. In the third we took alcohol, with no more luck. We were fighting drowsiness when the owner of the fourth place, an old woman, sat down with us and quizzed us a little.

She could see we were French and looking for something. She was Belgian. We had nothing to fear from her. Why not tell her what our trouble was? We did. She took us to her back room, kissed us both, and showed us the photograph of her son, who was a prisoner somewhere in Austria. We told her the details, not too disheartening, about life in the camps — for instance, what we had to eat — and it sounded reassuring to her. She had feared much worse, but it was better than what most people got around there.

She cried, all the same, and we couldn't console her. To take her thoughts away from her own sorrow, we told her we had money and would pay any price for food. She put a scarf around her shoulders and left us alone in the house. She came back after a good while, with two pounds of potatoes she had bought for forty francs. She fried them with a little grease she had left, and ate them with us. They tasted so good, and it was so civilized to sprinkle salt over them, out of a salt shaker, that Émile and I began to cry, too. Perhaps it was because we needed sleep so badly and were almost drunk.

At 4.00 P.M. a cousin of hers arrived, and she told him who we were and urged him to help us cross into France that night. The quicker we went the better. "Fine," said the cousin, and we left the good mother. We boarded a streetcar going in the direction of the border only ten miles away. We left it a few stations before the end of the line, and began another wandering tour, from café to café. Fortunately they are very close to each other on this road. Almost every house has a counter: it's an extra occupation for the wives, between washing dishes and raising sons and vegetables.

We drank French wine at ten francs a glass, because it was the most expensive drink and our only way to reward these kind people. We stayed longer in each than we wanted; their rhythm was not so fast as ours, but we had to bow to it. They wouldn't let us out on the road again until someone smoking a pipe outside had said that no German was looking this way. In the last place, the owner changed what was left of our Belgian francs for French francs, which were a little cheaper. We received 700 francs between us. When dusk had fallen, we shook hands with everyone around, and the hostess kissed us good luck.

"*Vive la France!*" she said.

"*Vive la Belgique!*" we replied, in a very low voice, like a secret.

Then she threw over her shoulders the knitted scarf that no woman between the Somme and the Meuse can do without, opened the back door, and endeavored to lock her chicken house while we crawled at her feet. She disturbed her flock so conscientiously that its cackling covered the noise we made along the garden hedge. The ground was frozen, with little spots of snow, and hard on our hands.

Sixty yards to go, she had said, but it seemed so much more. When at last I reached the end, I passed my head very cautiously through the hedge, at ground level, and looked around. There was a dirt road. Ten yards to the right it turned between two houses and was stopped by a gate. Fifty yards to the left, the German patrol was tapping its boots around a little hut. Opposite us was another hedge, and behind, the gable of a small house.

Émile got in position, and we both emerged at the same time, holding our shoes in our hands, and tiptoed across. The Germans didn't see or hear us, but a dog growled, and they swore loudly at him.

Their oaths echoed against the wall where we were now crouching — on French soil.

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» Years ago we laughed at the farmer for taking subsidies. Now his dander is up and he won't touch them. What is the reason?

WHY FARMERS FEAR THE PEACE

by ARTHUR MOORE

1

SENTRIES more powerful than military police kept the American farmer out of the United Nations food conference. They were his suspicions that the farmer's lot in the post-war world will be that of indentured servant to industrial master.

Freedom from want was the conference keynote. Many American farmers will construe that to mean their poverty.

"Nobody should be denied enough to eat," President Roosevelt wrote the delegates. "He's going to end free farming with subsidies," farmers will respond.

Improve the diets of low-income classes, said the delegates. Farmers will suspect that is labor's cheap-food policy.

Expand international trade, the conference recommended. "That's only for industry and foreign farmers" will be a common farm reaction.

The task of reporting on these attitudes is not altogether pleasant for one whose sympathy is with the farmer. But their implication for the post-war world is so significant that the job must be done. A majority of the United States Senate comes from states in which farmers are the strongest voting bloc. There is an absolute farm majority in four states, and in twenty-two more there are more farmers than factory workers, miners, and building workers combined. These states might conceivably produce fifty-two Senators who would oppose any peace or any post-war policy which would increase the farmer's feeling of insecurity in an industrial world.

Only a few years ago the country was getting a bitter laugh from cartoons of the farmer asleep in the shade, a blissful smile on his lips, while all around fell a gentle rain of government checks; the farmer was being paid not to work. Many of the same people who had so much fun then at his expense are pleading with him now to take a little subsidy to help hold prices down. The farmer is wondering why city people have found it so easy to remove the humorous label from subsidies and substitute a patriotic one. In answer, he has a theory of his own.

The farmer does not oppose subsidies because he would rather have inflation. If he were able to see subsidies as an anti-inflation device he would support them, for he has dreaded inflation since before Pearl Harbor. Like a man transfixed, he simply does not hear the inflation arguments. He sees subsidies, when they are used to cut prices, as a weapon to be used against him in a war for economic survival.

For a hundred years he has fought to keep a secure place for himself in the industrial age. It makes little difference to him whether the fight was against monopolies under the Grange or is against labor unions under the Farm Bureau. The robber barons who conspired to raise prices and freight rates merely have been replaced in his thinking by unions that conspire to raise wages. To the farmer, the purpose is the same: to further the subjugation of agriculture.

To arguments that subsidies are needed to halt the rise in living costs, farmers cite figures from their publications which show that wages have gone up faster than food. "The percentage of family income spent for food in 1942 was the lowest in history — 22 per cent," the Farm Bureau magazine said in its May issue.

A. S. Goss, master of the National Grange, looks ahead: "If we refuse to pay production costs when we have a twenty-five billion dollar surplus income, what chances will there be of raising prices when income and employment start down?"

The heads of three national farm organizations listed subsidies as one of the elements threatening

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Working from a vantage point in the corn belt, ARTHUR MOORE is well situated to make these pithy findings on what the farmers are thinking and why. He is editor of the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, and this is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

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the nation's food supply. "We warn that any country which does not pay its food bill will inevitably collapse," they added.

"I would make it a jail offense to pay a subsidy," growled "Cotton Ed" Smith, chairman of the Senate Agricultural Committee.

Despite their opposition, farmers who saw the Office of War Information pamphlet, *Battle Stations for All*, were not particularly surprised to find subsidies treated as a matter of settled national policy. The plain implication was that the farmer's battle station was to accept them in a spirit of patriotism. This is the pamphlet which Elmer Davis, OWI director, said should not have been issued, and which Gardner Cowles, Jr., then director of domestic operations for the OWI, said probably contained the views of "certain political factions." Farmers would be more precise. They would say it contained the views of organized labor and that it was no more than they expected from a government dominated by labor.

Farmers see subsidies as a labor-inspired campaign for cheap food. No other thought stirs them so deeply or strikes so surely to the heart of their fears. It reached into the food conference while it was in session. Murray D. Lincoln, one of the American delegates, admitted that many farmers thought the delegates were merely searching for ways to supply consumers with "plenty of cheap food."

To the farmer, cheap food does not mean something written on price tags in a grocery store. It means the whole relationship between agriculture and industry, a relationship which the farmer believes has shifted steadily against his interests for three generations.

In ascribing a cheap-food campaign to the farmer's enemies, Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, explained their motives like this in the March issue of the *Farm Journal:* "Over most of the world during all history the farmer has been considered a peasant, an ignorant individual of low social status who is not, by the nature of things, entitled to the rights and privileges and wealth that others consider themselves entitled to."

"Most civilized nations exploit agriculture to keep labor costs down," a farmer wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 30.

There are "rumblings of a battle for cheap food all about us," the *Illinois Agricultural Record* told its readers last September, mentioning reporters, editorial writers, and radio commentators as being in the fight against farmers.

"This is a day of group action, every group fighting to get just a little more," a county Farm Bureau publication told Illinois farmers, urging them to join up and get theirs. This impression of life in the United States was published five weeks before the American forces landed in North Africa.

2

Tom Linder is a fierce Georgian, a Democrat, agricultural commissioner of his state, a foe of reciprocal trade agreements, and a suspicious man. In his official publication he charges that industry is using the trade agreements against the farmer; that each one specializes in lowering agricultural imports rather than industrial imports.

He takes up the cheap-food theme. "There is an overall plan for a great industrial empire in the United States and Great Britain with high prices, this industrial empire to be matched with a raw-materials empire of non-industrial countries with cheap prices on all agricultural products."

Opposition to renewal of trade agreements was strongly agricultural in character within Congress. Even when its motive was partisan, it assumed a rural pose. Senator Harlan Bushfield of South Dakota described the agreements as opening American markets to foreign produce at the expense of the farmer. Similar charges were made again and again during the debates.

Here we can see the cheap-food fear of the farmer in operation. It makes the farmer an isolationist in the first instance within his own society. He feels that he is the victim of a divisionist economic policy. It is a natural step to transfer this feeling to foreign affairs.

This attitude is not necessarily a contradiction of the Gallup and *Fortune* polls which show an impressive majority of farm opinion favorable to joining world activities to suppress war. Isolation as a foreign policy, pure and simple, is getting little farm support. It never got it. The farmer's Biblical and pacifist backgrounds prepared him long ago for international coöperation against war. The opinion polls show only that he does not respond to questionnaires like a paper isolationist. This difference will not be very important if, when it comes time to judge a peace, he reacts as many do to the reciprocal trade agreements.

Lend-Lease is regarded with the same fundamental distrust in some farm quarters. Representative James H. Morrison of Louisiana inserted in the *Congressional Record* his belief that, under the guise of Lend-Lease, the country has agricultural missions

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in Latin America preparing areas to supply us with cheap food after the war.

"This would require huge quantities of almost everything produced in our factories," Morrison added. "To complete the circle and give our new customers something to pay with, we would quit growing our food in the United States and buy from our neighbors."

Worry about the future relation between workers of the United States and farmers of South America did not start with reciprocal trade or Lend-Lease. Farmers and farm spokesmen have thought and talked about it ever since the Good Neighbor policy was enunciated. Their conclusions are likely to fall somewhat short of openhanded neighborliness.

"South America produces many agricultural products for export which we already have on an export basis," George E. Metzger, of the Illinois Agricultural Association, wrote in February of this year. "Certainly we cannot enter into trade agreements which will put much of our manufactured products into South America without taking in return some agricultural products which would be in direct competition with an oversupply in this country."

Mr. Metzger is in the business of signing farmers to membership in the Farm Bureau. When he writes this way about the Good Neighbor policy, under the title "A Look Ahead," it is reasonably certain that he knows what is worrying his Illinois prospects and that he is suggesting to them what an alert farm organization might have to do in their behalf.

So far I have not actually answered the question, "Why do farmers fear the peace?" I have established only that they do fear the trends of policy which logically would lead to the post-war world. The words of their spokesmen show how this fear influences attitudes toward public issues.

These spokesmen do not, of course, always represent the precise views of six million farm owners. Farmers themselves disagree. Political loyalties are again divided. Cultural differences are deep. Because fifty per cent of the farmers get only twelve per cent of farm income, economic viewpoints vary widely. Each farm organization has a different set of roots into the past with resulting differences in the present.

Adding to the confusion is the overzealousness of professional farm spokesmen. They want either a membership fee or a vote. They find it easier to influence an unhappy or an envious man. In their fervor they sometimes misrepresent the farmer's real desires. Lobbyists of the Farm Bureau and the Grange, for example, have maneuvered for higher prices and still higher prices in a way that is contrary to the corn-belt farmer's earnest desire to control inflation. This tendency became so marked that the Iowa and Illinois state farm bureaus, usually pillars of the national federation, broke with it over the Pace bill, on the ground that it would raise prices.

From fragments such as I have quoted, farm opinion may seem incomprehensible. But it would be a grave error to allow fragments to divert attention from the fundamental unity.

Subsidies, trade agreements, Lend-Lease, the Good Neighbor policy — the list could be longer but it tells the story. A variety of agricultural points of view combine in a deep suspicion of current policies, including foreign relations. If these expressions of fear were unrelated, they might be disregarded as peevish trivialities. Clustered as they are around the single theme of cheap food, they reveal a solid core of farm obstruction to international coöperation and the possible starting point of a rigid economic nationalism.

3

The Farm Bureau's enemies say it represents the big farmers. ("Kulaks," if you get mad enough out in the South Dakota wheatlands.) To its enemies the Farmers' Union is composed of radicals and wreckers. ("Communists," if you're a Farm Bureau organizer.) Nobody would hurl names like these at the Grange; the worst its enemies would say is that it might do more for farmers if its petticoats weren't in the way.

In all this sharp and bitter talk — much of it unfair, of course — it is notable that the greatest fault of all is practically never mentioned. Perhaps for the very reason that all are to blame, the organizations seldom are confronted with their failure to explain the industrial nature of our society in accurate terms. The farmer is not shown the facts about his relation to industry in sharp, clear outlines, but through a thicket of twisted statistics and outworn traditions, gnarled and crisscrossed in a blinding tangle. He catches only glimpses of what is really happening, and what he sees fleetingly is distorted.

Here is the real reason for the farmer's fear of the peace: he does not understand the nature of the industrial society which will make the terms of that peace.

Because he does not see clearly, he can become angry over high wages and scorn to become a "chattel of industry" himself. He is capable of a deep anxiety over the declining number of farmers,

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yet earnest in his opposition to the Farm Security Administration whose duty it is to keep the weakest marginal farmers from leaving for the city. It is this lack of clarity which makes it possible for the farmer to fill out questionnaires like an interventionist, then act toward specific policies like an isolationist.

The farmer who prides himself on his "business" methods and attitudes would nevertheless join Representative Stephen Pace of Georgia in his wrath upon discovering that a canning factory in Missouri paid more for empty tin cans in 1942 than it paid for the produce that went into them. No auditor's report, no study of the tin market, no comparison of the actual profits of the can makers compared with profits of the food growers. Just quick agreement that this was not right.

The business veneer, so easily cracked, disappears altogether in the honest agrarian protest of a corn-belt farmer who told fellow farmers in Peoria last winter: "It isn't right to pay one man more for making weapons to kill people than another man gets for sustaining life by growing food."

It is not "right" for tin cans to cost more than the food to fill them. It is not "right" to pay a war worker more than a farmer. The farmer's rights, in this sense, are not based on worth to society or on the operation of any economic law.

The victims of this agrarian trance look back on the farmer of a hundred years ago as living in a rural idyl, producing one golden harvest after another in a state of pure agrarian blessedness. This is part of the deception. Actually, the American farmer of the period was the partner of British industry. His products were eaten by the workmen who established Britain's industrial power. The agrarian hero, free and independent of industry, never existed. But this vision does not keep his worshipers from citing statistics in an effort to prove he was real.

"Agriculture received forty per cent of the national income in 1800 and twelve per cent in 1937."

These figures, or their counterpart, are familiar to every farmer. They are used by farm spokesmen as a direct measure of agriculture's fall. The next step, logically, would be to hold up the miserable farmer of India as the prime agrarian of all time — on the ground that he gets eighty per cent of the national income.

The figures used to prove the decline of the farmer prove just the opposite. They show his increasing usefulness to society. His increased productive skill was needed to free other men from the land. These men made the automobiles, the radios, and the electric lights that disturbed the old income percentages but enriched the farmer's life.

The agrarian tradition will not have it so. It looks with longing backward to the day when the farmer got forty per cent of a tallow-candle income.

In all the food industry, from field to grocery shelf, the greatest need for a forthright, honest grade label is on the farmer himself. If the farmer willingly is to join the rest of society in a peace which will make the war worth while, he must do so on a basis of trustful partnership. He must first understand himself. Then he must be understood.

In an industrial society the importance of farming increases enormously. We see this in frightening clarity during war when the whole nation begins to wonder about its next meal.

If the true relation of food to industry were understood, it would be the Congressman from the Bronx who would arise and address his colleagues on the need for a fair price for corn or the importance of soil conservation. Farmers will always eat. The real food problem is a city problem. It is the man who cannot raise his own who may go hungry.

There is reason for concern on his part, too. World population has increased more than food production in the past fifty years. The world has never had enough to eat. Nutritionists generally agree that double the present output is needed; some would triple it.

The careless exploitation of remaining food frontiers in a global cheap-food policy would be the suicide of civilization. To throw the farmer of the United States on an import market would, in a few years, gut the world's greatest food-producing area of fertility and skills. We might not seem to suffer for a time. But when the last food frontiers were exploited, the nation, along with the rest of the world, would find itself in a new medieval age, a strange era of television, airplanes, and starvation.

After the war, agricultural resources, human and soil, must be restored, preserved, and expanded all over the world, in new farming areas and old. The underfed must be fed. But if the world is to obtain freedom from want, people must not be fed at the expense of food production or farm standards anywhere.

A sound, new agrarianism would remove the farmer's fears of the peace and of the post-war world. He would understand then that the purpose of agriculture is not to provide a living for farmers but to grow food. When he could agree to that view without flinching, he would be free of the last trace of sentimental agrarianism. He would be at his full stature in an industrial society, proud in the consciousness of his usefulness, generous as only the fearless can be generous, the foremost farmer citizen of the world.

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THE STORY OF AN ISLAND

Marooned by Request

by ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

1

THE trading ketch *Hurry Home* lumbered up to the boat passage at noon, and an hour later Captain Prospect came ashore. He was viewing life on the sunny side as he puffed prodigiously at the great calabash pipe that hung to the level of his Adam's apple.

"I am glad to see you back at Pukapuka," I said. "Sit down and tell me the news. Is there still a war going on?"

Captain Prospect folded his wiry self on a mat in a corner of the room. "Yes, yes, Ropati; we're allies now," he told me. "America fell into the war just before my radio battery ran down. That was about two weeks ago. The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, sank half the Pacific Fleet, and they may be sinking my ship from under me if I don't keep a sharp lookout. But on the other hand *Hurry Home* is a lucky ship, if I do say so myself. I'd just as soon take my chances on her as ashore."

"Perhaps the children and I will take our chances on her, now that the U.S.A. is in the war," I said after he had satisfied my many questions. "I'd like to get close to civilization." Then, with a certain amount of sincerity, I added that I should prefer sailing on *Hurry Home* to any luxury vessel that ever tossed her proud head above the billows.

"Perhaps, per-haps," Captain Prospect assented cautiously. "Of course that's the way I feel about my ship; but to some passengers — the finical kind — she may have her drawbacks. But I'll tell you one thing, Ropati: she has the big Rarotonga traders on their toes. And as for safety and comfort. . . ." And so on until I managed to turn him back to the subject of our departure from Pukapuka. He agreed to take us, and mentioned that if we cared to we could stop on uninhabited Suvorov Atoll a month or two while he refitted.

Late in the afternoon he left me, to take tea with the resident agent. While moving out the doorway he told me to be ready to go aboard at noon next day — which meant in two or three days.

"*Hurry Home* will call at Suvorov!" I exclaimed to myself as I left the house to look for the cowboys and tell them the exciting news. I pictured my four children — the cowboys — chasing fish in the reef shallows, hunting wide-awake eggs on the sand cays, exploring the jungle. It would be a fitting way to bid farewell to the island life.

"Bundle up your dresses," I said to Johnny when I found her with the rest of the cowboys. "We're sailing on *Hurry Home*. We'll go to Suvorov, then to America, where we'll ask our uncle for a job."

"What uncle?" Johnny wanted to know.

"Uncle Sam," I replied.

Formerly Captain Prospect was master of a schooner in the island trade. On his first departure from Rarotonga, Tenneb — his firm's manager — told him to hurry round the Lower Group and hurry home. And on subsequent voyages the instructions were always the same: "Hurry home, hurry home." Then Prospect bought his ketch and, perhaps in both drollery and resentment, christened her *Hurry Home*. But not even he, optimist that he is, would hint that his vessel is able to get home in a hurry.

In this vessel we sailed today — daughters Johnny, Elaine, and Nga; son Jakey; the old man; and among the household goods four camphorwood chests, a roll of mats, a case of books, and a Pukapuka sailing canoe — which last pretty well occupies the entire deck, but promises a grain of safety should *Hurry Home* meet with misadventure.

Hurry Home is of about twenty-five tons. She has no engine, she will not sail better than an average raft, and her topsides are from five to eight feet out

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It was more than twenty years ago that ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE quit his job on a San Francisco newspaper, walked down to the waterfront, and took ship to the South Seas. Since then he has lived as a white trader on lonely atolls from which an occasional manuscript wings its way back to Boston. This is the first of three installments.

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of the water, giving her the appearance of a floating packing case. Her gear is rotten, her sails have to be patched after every puff of wind, her rope is gray and threadbare, and there is no spare rope or canvas aboard her. She has no passenger accommodations whatsoever, — yet often she carries from ten to twenty, — and she exudes a fetor that distinguishes her from all Portuguese sponge fishers, Chinese junks, and garbage scows.

Furthermore, she leaks on topsides and bottomsides; there is no w.c. or even a basin for washing one's hands. In place of a galley there is a rusty tin trunk seized to the taffrail aft, with three iron bars driven through it for a grate, and in this strange contraption Oli-Oli, the Pukapuka cook, boils water and cooks a mess called stew.

The "galley" is on the starboard quarter aft of the tiller; the substitute for a w.c. is on the port quarter. About two feet forward from the transom an old spar has been fixed athwartship, from railtop to railtop, and from this spar hangs a piece of ragged canvas. It is there as a symbol of modesty, but because it blows in one's face when the wind is forward and blows away from one when the wind is aft, one relies on the delicacy of the sailors and passengers more than on the canvas for privacy.

The captain's cabin is forward of the galley, the w.c., and the tiller. About six feet fore and aft by the width of the vessel, there is a berth on either side, and between them a tiny table that is used for meals, cards, and a jumble of odds and ends. The starboard berth is the captain's; the port berth and the rest of the cabin presents a scrambled heap of everything that should not be in a captain's cabin.

Said the captain when we were drawing away from the land, headed for The Rock at the end of Tearai Reef: "Now, Ropati, the chronometer is out of order, the radio battery is run down, I've got only a 1930 nautical almanac, my *Epitome* is a hundred years old, my eyesight is failing, and I don't know what day of the month it is — but my sailors will know that." He cleared his throat, a waggish flicker came into his far-set eyes, and he asked: "Ropati, would you mind taking my ship to Suvorov?"

"Not at all," I replied, "— if you mean it."

"Of course I mean it," he said. "You take charge; then I'll have plenty of time to play cribbage with you." He blinked a few times in rapid succession, thoughtfully, then amended: "I don't mean that you are to interfere with my sailors. My mate Tangi is a thoroughly capable man; and when he's below, my second mate Takataka takes charge; and when they're both below, my cook Oli-Oli sails my ship. What I want you to do is to navigate — and be on hand for a game of cribbage."

Just then my attention was turned to the children. We were beyond the lee of the west reef; *Hurry Home* was lurching and plunging, the children in the throes of seasickness. Poor cowboys! I had my hands full for the rest of the evening carrying buckets for them and trying to make them comfortable. When we had missed by inches The Rock's fringing reef and had plunged and rolled through the tide rip that builds up beyond Tearai Reef the sun had set, the night had turned squally, and I had to get the cowboys below. Johnny and Jakey managed to lower themselves into the hold, but I had to carry Elaine while Oli-Oli carried Nga.

Below was a mass of cargo stowed in any old way. Heaps of rusty chain and rocks for ballast; trunks, chests, and bundles; bags of flour and cases of beef; several hundred baskets of dried fish that smelled to high heaven; the five water drums; and no ventilation whatsoever. But there was a smoky little lamp by the light of which I managed to stow the poor cowboys here and there. They were too ill to know or care whether they lay on chain or rocks.

Now they are asleep; it is raining hard; the air is so thick they must be close to suffocation; I myself am so near that state that I must close my journal.

"You've been to Suvorov before, of course, Ropati," Captain Prospect said after his spirit had been mellowed by winning three games of cribbage; "but you've never seen the island in a really pristine state. Suvorov is grown up solid in jungle, right down to the water's edge. The only place you can walk without cutting a path through the bush is in the clearing where the old trading post used to be. That's the way Suvorov is now: it is a bird and crab and turtle sanctuary."

Captain Prospect tapped the cards into their box and shoved them and the cribbage board to the back of the table. Then, after a glance at the clock, he continued: "H.M.S. *Leith* stopped at Suvorov for a few hours in 1938, and the yacht *Lorna D.* was there for two days in 1939, and I called in for a short visit last year; otherwise no one has been on Suvorov since you were there in 1934."

I took the sextant on deck but did not bother to keep the sun on the horizon, for I knew the latitude within a mile or two, having sighted the breakers on Tema Reef at sunrise. Oli-Oli, the Pukapuka cook, sailor, and general roustabout, was at work by the tin-trunk stove. He was naked to the waist, but his fat buttocks were covered partially by a ragged pair of cotton shorts stiff with grease and grime.

Takataka was at the pump, which is the only thing in good working order aboard Captain Prospect's "ship." He is a handsome half-caste from

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Palmerston Island, about forty, and strong as a bull. He speaks the curious provincial English that was brought to Palmerston originally by William Marsters, a trading skipper who settled on the island with his three wives and forthwith increased and multiplied with a vengeance.

Querulous old Tangi, *Hurry Home's* mate, was asleep forward in the shade of the jib. An indifferent sailor, a mighty eater, finical and likable as an old woman, Captain Prospect calls him "my first officer," or "my mate Tangi," perhaps humoring himself with the idea that his ship carries a mate, as well as a second mate and a cook — common sailors being superfluous. But Tangi has none of the qualities of an officer. If he tells Takataka and Oli-Oli to take in sail, they tell him to do it himself, and he does it, in a mood at once resigned, peevish, and vindictive.

But when there are fish to be caught, Tangi is the man of the moment. There is something savage about the way he brings in the bonito and the albacore. His orders are snarled too fiercely to be disobeyed. Of the sport of fishing he knows naught; to him each bonito he swings over the side is food, and food is second to nothing — not even to fat women and grievances.

This is the mate to whom Captain Prospect gives complete charge of his ship. It seems all wrong, but the fact remains that, sooner or later, by guess or by God, without benefit of navigation or seamanship, *Hurry Home* often reaches her ports of call.

The sea is calm; not a ripple wrinkles her pinguid scalp. The sea louse crawls on the bald pate of the sea in a blue funk. Each watch, the sailors work a half hour at the pump. *Shush shush, shush shush,* the interminable sound wakens me when I am sleeping below, and it seems that I wait for hours for the gurgling sound that apprises me the pump has sucked.

The cowboys are well and have taken complete charge of the vessel, much to the annoyance of Tangi and the relief of Captain Prospect. Four-year-old Nga insists on climbing to the crosstrees several times a day to look for the land. This terrifies the captain; and his temper is not improved when I explain that the only danger lies in the rigging parting from the strain of her weight.

2

"Lond ho!" Takataka sang out from the crosstrees. I climbed the tilted ratlines to where the Palmerston Islander was on lookout, and soon I made out a few dots seemingly suspended a little above the horizon. They were, of course, the tallest of the coconut trees on Anchorage Island, — Suvorov's largest reef islet, — raised above the horizon before the rest of the trees were visible.

"Thar she lays," said Takataka, grinning at me. "Yo're a good cap'n. The sailors ne'er changed yo'r course at all, at all, and you rose the lond o'er the bo'sprit!"

Then Takataka climbed cautiously down the rigging, testing each ratline with his bare foot before risking his weight on it. I stayed aloft until the sun had set and the misty undulating line of treetops had risen above the sea marge and then faded in the darkening clouds.

It is midnight now, but I have no wish to sleep, with lonely, haunted Suvorov so close aboard. At eight o'clock I took the tiller for the first half of the watch; then Tangi relieved me, I went below, and, returning with my binocular, picked the island out of the darkness, stared at it, and recalled little idyls from the three months I had spent there on a former visit, when Desire was alive and Johnny and Jakey were babies.

Presently the sea fell calm. Then I heard resounding across the quiet water the thunder of breakers, far away on Suvorov's barrier reef. The sound came low and mournful, rising and subsiding, calling with a dreadful and yet fascinating insistence. Emotion welled up in me. I thought I could hear the voice of Desire in that far-away lonely call.

At 4.00 A.M. we were a half mile off Anchorage Island, with the passage into the lagoon dead ahead. There was a waning moon over our counter; the night was clear, the dawn close at hand. I remembered the landmarks and coral heads as well as though they were the familiar ones in Pukapuka lagoon, so I decided to take *Hurry Home* to the anchorage and not even apprise the captain. Having Prospect on deck would spoil the charm of this homecoming. How much better to sail in quietly, alone, breathing deeply betimes of the spirit of this Happy Isle!

Oli-Oli was at the tiller, half asleep as usual. I sent him to his stewpot of a forecastle, telling him not to call Tangi. The fat cook rolled greasily across the deck and plopped down the hatchway; a moment later Johnny and Jakey crawled aft to stand beside me. I told them not to speak lest they waken the captain.

It was only half light when we rounded the south point of Anchorage Island; then, out of the tidal swell, we became aware suddenly of the pattering of ripples on *Hurry Home's* side, the soft unvarying plash of feathering water from her bow. Save for these scarcely audible sounds she moved in the lee of

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the land as silently as a ghost ship. When we were abreast of the stone wharf, I brought the vessel into the wind and gave Johnny and Jakey the tiller to hold hard alee.

On the north point I could see a few pemphis bushes growing at the water's edge; then a stretch of beach mottled with dark-green dabs where young coconut trees grew; and above these the black wall of jungle crisscrossed by gray boles of older trees. The stone wharf stretched from the lagoon edge of the shallows a hundred yards to the beach, with a twelve-foot break where a floodgate let the tidal current pass through. At the shore end of the wharf I could see where a path entered and was swallowed by the jungle.

To me Anchorage Island was alive with memories of men who had lived in her fastness, had dug gold, weighed pearls, loved native women, caroused, fought, and died. As I stood on the deck of *Hurry Home*, with Jakey and Johnny at my side, I remembered Angus Mackay the pearl farmer, and how immaculate the island had been kept in his day, how the graves of Jack Buckland and Robert Burr had been bedded with white coral gravel, the manager's house had stood in a garden of flowering shrubs, and Mackay and I had sat on the veranda, drinking raisin wine as we talked of the past. Now time and the jungle had claimed Suvorov; now the creeping and the flying creatures had returned to the fastnesses; now only memories of the old days remained.

The sky turned red and then dissolved to lighter shades. The dull glimmer of light on the lagoon ripples brightened to the glint of diamonds. Now we could see, far across the lagoon, misty and unreal, the coconut islets and sand cays that are threaded on Suvorov's reef. The Tou Group and Bird Islet lay six miles to the west, Turtle, One Tree, and Brushwood to the north. Seven Islands and the Gull Group were almost lost against a bank of clouds to the southeast; Entrance and New Islets lay like black squares above the horizon to the south; and Whale Islet, close at hand, seemed like a tiny and exquisite painting from a book of fairy tales.

With a pang of regret that the happiness of this moment must give place to the humdrum monotony of life in the world of the flesh, I went forward and let go the anchor. The jangle of chain grated on my spirit as harshly as it grated on its hawsepipe.

3

"Tangi! Where's Tangi?" Captain Prospect growled, poking his head out of the companionway. "Takataka! Turn out that Palmerston Islander! Get all the gear out of Ropati's canoe! He'll want to go ashore and sleep, now that he's brought my ship to anchor! Oli-Oli! Where's that lazy Pukapukan? Where's my tea? Why ain't you got the water boiling? You've been asleep? Asleep! My knee!" The captain is always irritable before he has gulped his morning's cup of tea.

Tangi and Takataka helped us slide our sailing canoe into the water, the cowboys piled into it, I followed them, and we shoved off. Captain Prospect and his crew would come later, in their own canoe.

As we paddled through the shallows, alongside the stone wharf, hundreds of parrot fish finned past us with little spurts of fright, as though not knowing whether or not this strange tailless, finless fish were an enemy. The wharf itself, we noticed, was broken where heavy seas must have bashed it. After pulling the canoe up the beach, we moved inland along a weed-grown path to the clearing in the center of the island. The jungle of young coconuts, pemphis, and pandanus walled us in; it was so dense that we could scarcely hear the thunder of breakers on the fringing reef less than a quarter of a mile away. The air was damp, and heavy with jungle smells; but now and then a breath of wind would eddy down to touch us lightly, then vanish, leaving us with a vague feeling that we had smelled the sea.

The cowboys yelled their excitement. Within two minutes they had plunged into the jungle in search of sprouted coconuts, green drinking nuts, coconut crabs, and sea bird fledglings. As for me, I moved through the early-morning gloom of this uninhabited place with a feeling of awe. I felt that I was trespassing in a fairyland where only children are permitted to roam. The spell was complete until I came to the south side of the clearing and saw the galvanized-iron roof over the brick water tank, testifying that other mortals had dared to break into this sanctuary. The bright unpainted iron stood out in pleasing contrast against the deeply shadowed green.

The "clearing" — which formerly extended for two hundred yards down the center of Anchorage Island — is a clearing now only in contrast with the heavy jungle surrounding it. There are thickets of spiny-leaved pandanus, nonu, and tamanu saplings, a few clumps of bananas and mummy apples, breadfruit trees, young coconuts, all tangled with triumfetta vines, gardenia and fiscus bushes, and coarse atoll ferns. The only clear ground in the clearing is under five gigantic tamanu trees, which stand in a row about fifty yards from the tank; and it was there that I found an old pearling cutter, paintless, mastless, its hull full of leaves and dead branches from the tamanus.

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At one side of the tamanus I stumbled on the wreck of the old trading post, now scarcely more than a heap of rusty iron and rotten wood, but with part of one wall standing by virtue of the supporting jungle. The door still hung in its doorway, for the hinges were of bronze. As I examined its flaking paint and termite-eaten wood a flood of memories surged through my brain.

But I could hear the cowboys whooping not far off, and I knew by their hungry yells that a meal would soon be under way.

Moving toward them, parting warily the fathom-long leaves of a clump of pandanus, I came to a last relic of the old trading days. It too was no more than a heap of rusty iron and rotten wood: but lying on top of the debris, like a notice to the antiquarian, was a sign, reading: —

LEVER BROTHERS PLANTATIONS LIMITED

The white painted letters were embossed where the weather had eaten away the unpainted wood.

Then I found the cowboys, and it was not long before we had kindled a fire, and not long thereafter before three coconut crabs and six fledglings were on the coals, sizzling and sputtering and filling the air with a savory odor. We made a meal of it, eating the food with our fingers, filling the odd corners with *utos* — the absorbing organs of sprouted coconuts — and washing it all down with cool drinking-nut water.

After the meal, a smoke, and a nap we built a wigwam of green coconut fronds in a little glade opening to the lagoon beach; and later we walked to the north point, where there is a deep hole on the edge of the shallows, and plunged in to turn somersaults, stand on our heads, swim sharkwise and turtlewise, and in other ways enjoy ourselves after the manner of old men and children.

And tonight, while writing these words by campfire and at times pausing to stare at the dim shape of *Hurry Home* riding at her anchor, I have wondered if it is fair play to be so happy when the rest of the world is in tears.

4

This afternoon Captain Prospect and I rummaged about the wreckage of the old trading post. We found some lumber good enough for the framework and floor of a temporary house, but all the iron roofing was rusted beyond further use — even to the captain's sanguine eyes. Presently we stumbled on a brick bread oven, green with fungus, its baking chamber the hermitage of a hoary old coconut crab. Then we inspected the twenty-foot pearling cutter.

"Well, Ropati, there's still some life left in the old boat," the captain said as he pulled dead tamanu branches out of her and started thumping her planks and picking the scales of paint from her sides.

"Yes; she's not beyond repair," I admitted, and added that she might be useful.

"Hm, yes," the captain agreed. "I'll put Oli-Oli to work on her right away. I'll have him replace those rotten frames and those floors and knees. And that plank," he added, kicking it and then pulling his foot out of the hole he had made — "yes, that plank will have to be renewed; and I think she'd better have a new stem and a sternpost too. The keel may be sound, but if it's not, then Oli-Oli can cut a new keel from one of these big tamanu trees." He stopped abruptly, grinned waggishly, and then told me that the chain plates, being bronze, were in good shape, so at worst Oli-Oli would simply have to build a new boat between them.

A few moments later we turned to the tamanu trees, standing in a row, close together, on the north side of the clearing. Each was as big as an English oak, had the same dark glossy leaves and gnarled limbs. Because they leaned at about forty-five degrees to the west, Captain Prospect found them easy to climb. In a moment he had clambered up one of them to where it forked twenty feet from the ground, and had perched birdlike on one of the smaller limbs. I followed, somewhat bewildered and with a lively sense of the unconventionality of climbing trees with a gray-haired skipper. I hoped First Mate Tangi would not see us.

"Nice place to build a house," the captain opined, producing his calabash pipe and lighting it. Then, as he sighed with the satisfaction that only tobacco and weak tea bring him, he pointed out the vistas of reef and sea to the east and the lagoon to the west, and he called my attention to the light drafts of wind; and finally he told me that, in a little house in these trees, a man would be as safe in a hurricane as he would be aboard *Hurry Home*.

"That's right," I replied. "I'm going to build a house up here. I'm going to live in a tree, like Swiss Family Robinson."

I had not thought of such a house until that moment, but, sitting in the tree with the captain, I at once realized how easily it could be built. There was another tree within eight feet of the one we were sitting in, and there were forks on it at about the same height. I visualized a beam stretched from this tree to that one, another yonder, a post here, and a brace there. In a moment the house was snugly nested in a great mass of foliage, a ladder led to the ground, and I myself was stretched out on a bunk by a big open window, feeling the wind on my bare

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chest as I stared dreamily across the jungle to the passage, the reef, the open sea, the vagrant clouds.

"I am quite serious," I said when we had climbed down the tree and were studying the house site from ground level. "I'll go to work on it right away."

I was enthusiastic. It was not until later in the day that I decided to work leisurely on the house, timing the construction so that it would be only half finished when *Hurry Home* sailed to Nassau to discharge her cargo. The half-finished house would give me an excuse for remaining here with the cowboys until Prospect returned.

Takataka has finished the little native shack by the water-tank. It is about ten feet wide by sixteen long, with a frond roof, open sides, and a board floor: a good enough place to crawl into when it rains — and what more does a man want with a house in the tropics?

Oli-Oli is progressing famously with the pearling cutter. He finds that it is in better shape than we had thought. Apparently the plank that the captain kicked his toe through was the only rotten one in the boat. We have moved the cutter to the south side of the tank, at the end of the path leading to the lagoon. The captain has decided not to launch her until he returns from Nassau and Manihiki.

I have laid the floor of my tree-house. Captain Prospect is delighted — and at the same time exasperated because the work progresses so slowly. Tangi has been working on *Hurry Home*, puttering about every morning until about nine o'clock, when, the pangs of hunger telling him that another meal will soon be indicated, he gets out his fishline, baits his hook with hermit crabs, drops it over the side, and in no time catches enough fish for all of us.

5

Captain Prospect sailed at noon; the cowboys and I have been left on Suvorov until *Hurry Home* returns, in two or three months, from Nassau and Manihiki. We have been marooned by request, as the captain put it.

I went aboard early this morning to buy a few provisions and take ashore some odds and ends of personal gear; but when it came to my case of books, weighing fully two hundred pounds, I decided to leave it aboard for ballast. I had reading matter enough ashore anyway, with Montaigne, Lamb, Spengler, *The Friendly Arctic*, *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, and a few other books.

After we had carried our provisions from the beach to the clearing we sat on the end of the wharf and watched *Hurry Home* drag herself away from the anchorage. We went through the convention of waving; then we crossed the island to its east side, where we sat under a bush; and after an interminable time we saw *Hurry Home* nose her head around the south point and flounder into the passage.

There she seemed to take wing like T. S. Eliot's hippopotamus. She struck the nasty tide rip; the wind fell light in the lee of the land; twice she was turned completely around; then she was laid squarely in the trough, rendered helpless, and given such a rolling that we could scarcely ascertain whether she was belly up or back up to the sky.

Poor old Captain Prospect and his crew must have been in a blue funk. We could all but hear their yells as each one of them, from the cook to the skipper, took charge at once, and each one yelled orders that were heard by only himself. The sails thrashed back and forth. First one rail was under water, then the other. The current swung her head to the sea and she buried her bows under, then her stern to the sea, and a nasty chop crashed down on her tin-trunk stove and her w.c. And when she had been whisked this way and that for a quarter of an hour, she was swept within yards of the point of reef on the west side of the entrance where the seas humped their backs before crashing down on the barrier reef. Apparently all hope was gone: her crew were doomed to feed the voracious sharks or be bashed to death on the jagged coral.

The cowboys were whooping now. Jakey and Nga had dashed down to the beach; Johnny sat by me, gripping my arm; Elaine was crying; and I — for the life of me I could feel no proper horror or even concern. The 'potamus was about to take wing, I reflected.

> "And him shall heavenly arms enfold,
> Among the saints he shall be seen
> Performing on a harp of gold."

My quotation was broken off suddenly. Johnny relaxed; Elaine stopped crying; Jakey and Nga stopped whooping. For Poseidon, girdler of the earth, sent a puff of wind into *Hurry Home's* sails and literally pushed her sideways out of danger.

Then we ashore watched Captain Prospect's "hollow ship" get snappily under way. She showed her scabby bottom to the barrier reef; up went her staysail, the tack where the peak should be; and away raged *Hurry Home* "over the wet ways of the teeming sea" at a good two knots if not a two-point-five. She was a mile off when the cowboys glanced over their shoulders in a meaningful way, then rose and led me back to the clearing and the cookhouse.

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THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY

The Diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales

JANUARY 4, 1940. — Dined last night at the Dinner Club, with John Gunther as speaker, who gave us an account of Asia and Europe. In the general discussion which followed, and lasted until midnight, there was a revealing exchange of questions and answers. Each of us was asked (1) what should the United States do at this time; (2) what would the United States do if the totalitarians won the war.

The almost unanimous reply to the first question was to do nothing other than what is being done: to aid the Allies materially but not to send over a single man.

Opinion was about equally divided as to whether the Allies are in a difficult position and on the verge of defeat. One half prefers to wait and, if necessary, allow Hitler to win the war. The Allied cause does not seem to them either clear or convincing. In general, they believe that the United States will always be able to manage alone, that America cannot really be threatened. They also believe that going to war almost amounts to condemning American democracy to death.

The other section oscillates between progressive assistance (give up cash-and-carry; then fight) and total intervention once the situation appears to be too serious.

At bottom all these statements are the same, or practically so, and may be summed up as follows: (1) the undoubted wish to see the Allies win; (2) sufficient mistrust of them to justify limited aid or even no aid at all; (3) a tendency to minimize the disadvantages of a victory for the totalitarians: America will remain unaffected; (4) frank, even cynical, selfishness (if we get out of it, the rest of the world can go to the devil); (5) a tendency to minimize the interdependence of Europe and America; (6) a fear of war itself, going so far as to give an impression of cowardice; (7) few real convictions but great confusion, great difficulty in drawing a few clear conclusions.

Everybody agrees that, if London or Paris were destroyed tomorrow, there would be a great wave of emotion, followed by "And so what?"

Such is the state of mind of the intellectuals and liberals: that is to say, a kind of rational abdication.

January 5. — Lord Lothian made a clever speech yesterday in Chicago, — possibly too clever, — in which he gave a masterly demonstration of the necessity for the United States to help the Allies.

Lothian also stated that a formidable German offensive must be expected in the spring. He did not declare that the Allies would come out of it intact. In short, he tried to frighten the Americans and also to make them realize their future responsibility.

Saint-Quentin admires the cleverness of this speech, but observes that France is treated simply as a British dominion. That is true. But isn't that exactly what France has become? It remains to be seen whether this daring speech will help or hinder.

Without having any proof, I suspect that the morale of France is crumbling.

January 19. — Eve Curie, who arrived here from Paris yesterday, draws a very discouraging picture of France. According to her, people cannot quite make out why they are at war. A considerable number of people are ready to stop it on any pretext. They do not grasp the seriousness of the situation. They do not conceive the dilemma in terms of life or death. The prospect of a France reduced to the rank of Portugal or subjugated is not clear in their

As the American representative of *Paris-Soir* and Havas, RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES had a unique opportunity to survey our American scene, our thoughts, and our emotions in the crucial years before the war. With the collapse of France his work as a correspondent ceased, but he continued to set down in his journals the observations and the philosophy which mark him as one of the most discerning analysts of our time. Selections from his diary will appear in book form later, but the *Atlantic* counts it as a privilege to begin their publication here and now. *Atlantic* readers will remember Mr. de Sales's brilliant volume, *The Making of Tomorrow*, published shortly before his death.

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minds. Or else it seems inevitable. They believe in the *weakness* of Good and the power of Evil. They say: "All we have is liberty." Moreover, in many circles, ill-concealed tenderness for Germany and even Hitler is noticeable.

Evidently we can lose this war without fighting it.

Does Roosevelt, who talks of peace in the spring, know all that? Very likely.

January 21. — "The era of personal happiness is closed." (Hitler, as reported by Rauschning.) A phrase of capital importance, to be compared with Saint-Just's "The idea of happiness is new in the world."

The French Revolution inaugurated the era of personal happiness. Hitler closes it. The Revolution discovered the idea of possible individual happiness *on earth*, accessible to all. This is the key to many philosophies and in particular to Americanism (the more abundant life). Hitler restores the concept of life sacrificed — but not for happiness in the world beyond: for the future happiness of the race and the nation.

Hitler completes the circle. After one hundred and fifty years of relaxation, man is invited again to become a galley slave or a martyr.

January 22. — Borah is dead. He is being buried this morning. He died of a cerebral hemorrhage, a disease common among ostriches, which keep their heads buried in the sand too long. With pompous tears people are grieving for the fearless, incorruptible, and so forth, American, the like of whom we shall never see again.

Saint-Quentin said to me: "I am hurrying to his funeral, first because my absence would be noticed, and also in order to make sure that he is really dead."

January 23. — German propaganda: The Commissariat of Information in Paris asks me for information about this. In France people appear to think that the Germans are carrying on shameless, lying propaganda here. This is not true. German propaganda is the easiest of all. It consists in encouraging American pacifism, which is not difficult. One might say, as a matter of fact, that German propaganda finds the ground here very much better prepared than Allied propaganda, which leads to action.

January 24. — I think that, if the war is short (Munich peace), it will only be a truce, and none of the problems visible for the last thirty years will be solved. On the contrary, they will be aggravated. If the war is long, the whole of Europe and probably America will have embarked on an absolutely unpredictable adventure, but one which will greatly hasten the revolution which we are witnessing (leveling, totalitarianism, etc.). The war might degenerate into what is really its purpose — a general revolution — unless, on the contrary, nationalism becomes even more intense and destroys itself by its own excesses.

I said to R., "I have a feeling that something very terrible and unforeseen is going to happen." To which she replied: "No, not until we have peace."

In a certain sense war is not destructive. It is an artificial means of preserving certain familiar phenomena in this world. To make war is to know what one is doing. Peace offers immense possibilities for unforeseen catastrophes.

The February number of *Fortune* is entirely devoted to America and its glorification.

The leading article modestly begins by explaining that the United States is not the greatest country in the world or the most popular, that it does not have *everything* at its disposal, but that the aggregate of advantages which it possesses makes it, nevertheless, "the greatest in the world." The subtitle of this article is "Introducing the Superman."

The thesis of this number of *Fortune* is that America is so great and powerful only because its inhabitants are a species of supermen in their capacity for production and exploitation on one portion of the planet. The issue is crammed with statistics which show in effect that the rest of the world possesses practically nothing. Every citizen of the United States possesses (potentially) at least nine tenths of all that can be possessed on this earth — automobiles, bathrooms, electric power, and so on.

An inquiry published in this number shows that the Americans regard themselves as Middle Class, and *Fortune* glories in this definition of the Americans by themselves.

Nevertheless, this issue leaves an impression of sadness, mediocrity, and devastating ugliness. The photographs show what is ugliest to America. One article is devoted to the salesman, who is called "the Great American Salesman." Photos show this Great Man in the Pullman or seated in a hotel lobby, a cigar in his mouth and a spittoon at his side — true pictures and appallingly vulgar, but *Fortune* raises them to the level of the semi-divine.

February 11. — The reactions of London and Paris to the visit of Sumner Welles were rather cold and distrustful. It is possible that Berlin is the real object of this journey.

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February 12. — Dorothy Thompson called me up to show me a most remarkable letter which she received from Axel Wenner Gren, the big Swedish industrialist whom I met two or three years ago when I was crossing with Dorothy.

Wenner Gren openly admitted that he had the "honor" of acting as an intermediary between the British government and the Nazis just before the war. A settlement with Poland was possible, he said, but the English were too slow and the Nazi extremists declared war. Today W. G. said that the English and the Germans know that their resistance to each other will last longer than was anticipated, and that it would be better to stop the war rather than engage in a long conflict which can be of no profit to anybody.

All that is necessary, he said, is to find a formula which will save the faces of both parties. But for this to succeed it is necessary for American opinion to bring strong pressure on the belligerents in favor of this peace. He asked Dorothy if she would undertake a campaign of this kind and if she thought it possible to associate other journalists with it.

Thus, for the first time, I have seen definite proof of the defeatist maneuvers of "large internationalist capitalism." Wenner Gren represents an entire caste. The idea of writing such a letter to Dorothy Thompson is inconceivable, but I saw the letter. He has written similar letters to other people.

One gets a picture exactly comparable to that of the Cliveden set in 1938. People of this kind have absolutely no understanding of what is actually happening. They innocently lend themselves to Nazi maneuvers, as did the German industrialists in 1933. Thyssen, now in exile, could have plenty to say about this. The principle is always the same: the childish hope of saving something through a government by force, either from fear of the democracies or from lack of confidence in them.

February 17. — Dorothy Thompson has given me a summary of what Wenner Gren told her about his activities during the month of August and before it. As early as June he had been empowered by Göring to tell Chamberlain that a German-Soviet alliance was not impossible. Chamberlain apparently thought this was a bluff. In August, Hitler made proposals via Wenner Gren for the settlement of the Corridor question. The English, according to Wenner Gren, made numerous demands, including the releasing of political prisoners, the end of any further racial persecutions, and the evacuation of Czechoslovakia, except for the Sudetenland.

According to Wenner Gren, Göring expressed himself as prepared to work for the acceptance of all these except the evacuation of Prague and Czechoslovakia. That, said Göring, is not to be discussed. Subsequently the suggestion was made for an interview between the Germans and Beck on neutral territory. Wenner Gren offered his yacht as a meeting place for the conference, and Beck accepted. But the English, according to Gren, were noncommittal. And Hitler tried to put some spokes in their wheels. Hence the war.

March 4. — Welles has seen Göring. One gets the impression that he must have had a "reasonable" conversation. He spent three hours with this fat man. The newspapers repeat the German plan for peace and insist on the German Monroe Doctrine. People are so stupid that they accept these Nazi fakes without much resistance.

The truth is always the same, apart from questions of doctrine and principle. It is simply a question whether, for the first time for centuries or at least in modern times, we are to see Europe, and consequently the world, dominated by Germanism. French domination ended with Napoleon, the last display of fireworks. That of Great Britain *alone* ceased in 1914. We are trying the Great Britain-France experiment. If the Allies win the war, they will have to remain allies in peace. Great Britain alone and France alone can no longer do anything.

There is a secret wish to see something new. People say that if the Allies win, there will be a continuation of what is already known. They and their systems have already been tried. They offer no further surprise. A German world would be a new experience which people who have nothing to lose, and young people generally, are prepared to face with a certain curiosity, because it would be unforeseen, adventurous, and a novelty.

A note of gayety: Otto of Hapsburg has arrived in Baltimore by Clipper. He stated that the purpose of this journey was to study the American federal and democratic system with a view to the creation of a future Danube Federation under the guidance of the Hapsburgs!

Another note of gayety. A taxi driver said to me: "Do you think my country will be dragged into the war?" — I: "You mean this country?" — He: "No, I mean Turkey. That's my country." — I: "Sure it will." — He: "How long do you think the war is going to last?" — I: "Ten or fifteen years." — He: "Say, you're kidding me?" — I: "Well, let's say four or five years." — He: "Good God." (Three minutes' silence.) "The market has been doing well today." I: "Who cares?" — He: "You mean you're not interested in prosperity?" — I said nothing. He: — "Good God."

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March 7. — On the radio, the CBS broadcaster in Paris, commenting on the arrival of Welles at the Gare de Lyon, made this curious remark: "This reception reminds me of another reception, that of Ribbentrop." The attitude of the Parisians, suspicious, uneasy, astonished by this mysterious messenger, could not be better described.

Stockholm has launched a sudden peace offensive between Finland and the Soviets. The Soviets are said to have sent a very stiff ultimatum to the Finns. Urged on by the Germans, the Swedes are doing everything they can to force an armistice. Paris is uneasy and wonders if Roosevelt is involved in this. I cabled that I did not think so. I remember the Wenner Gren affair. Could he have succeeded after all? It is not impossible.

The English have seized Italian ships transporting coal from Germany via Rotterdam. No reaction from Italy. Not yet. They seem to be surprised by British determination. Heinemann tells me the Italians are not ready to fight. They will be, in July, and will side with Germany.

March 13. — The moral defeat of the Allies is very painful. The cause of Finland had become their cause. They abandoned it, or did not know how to save it, which amounts to the same thing. The effect on the other neutrals will be considerable. The war will become harder. Unless, as certain people here wish, it is merely the prelude to the great downfall, to a new Munich on the grand scale, supported and encouraged by the U.S.A. and greeted by America as a triumph of good sense.

Last night Saint-Quentin told me that the King of Sweden is at the bottom of this whole affair, and that he addressed a personal appeal to F.D.R., asking him to bring pressure on the Soviets so that they might moderate their terms. If that is true, the result is beautiful.

How can one make people understand here? I have no idea. The strength and weakness of the Allied position is that Great Britain and France are fighting for abstractions (a certain type of life, "let us put an end to this"). The Germans are fighting for concrete objects. Even supposing an armistice were accepted, it would be another Munich. Nothing more. This might be camouflaged, but nobody would be deceived.

We were invited by Mrs. Robert Bliss, who is giving a Stravinsky concert in the Town Hall for a French charity. Saint-Quentin was there, rather nervous and distracted, tapping his fingers on his hat, which he held on his knees. I sat beside him. I tried to listen to the music and succeeded in doing so, thanks to the ever living magic of Stravinsky for me. His Dumbarton Oaks Concerto seems to me one of his most beautiful works, one of the richest and best constructed, one of the most sincere. How can people say that this man is finished? But there were plenty of people present who still maintain that this music is painful to their ears.

March 28. — Sumner Welles has returned. His return arouses neither curiosity nor comment. How far away the time already seems when the press of the entire world was spying on every one of his gestures, every one of his expressions, trying to find in them traces of some Machiavellian plot for peace. Where is that peace about which people spoke so much and which they thought so near?

Raymond Gram Swing said to me, "If one could put on ice the ideas of peace that are now prevalent, what a marvelous peace we could make after the war." Swing was afraid that when war really began in earnest, all generous ideas would be forgotten.

April 8. — The English begin to tighten the screws on Scandinavia. A mine field has been laid down along the coasts of Norway. British submarines have sunk German ships in the Skagerrak. The Norwegians are uttering loud cries and protest that their territory has been violated. The Germans are complaining that they do not shout loud enough. If the English hold out, there is a possibility of seeing in this region what Colonel de La Rocque used to call "sport."

April 9. — Late tonight we learned that the Germans had occupied Copenhagen. This morning they occupied Oslo. Norway declared war on them. The Danes did not resist, but it appears that the Norwegians are trying to block their way towards the interior, where the King and the Government have taken refuge. In the course of the day we learned that the Germans had occupied Bergen, Trondheim, and perhaps even Narvik. How transports of troops could have reached the west coast of Norway is a mystery that has not yet been solved. Feeling against the English has increased on this account.

At the present moment (6.00 P.M.) a naval battle is in progress, but there is no news.

The reaction here is stupor and consternation. People are crowding in front of the AP tickers and feverishly buying newspapers.

I lunched at a book luncheon at the Astor, where Eve Curie spoke in a ridiculous atmosphere of commercial literature and bad food (an uneatable lunch provided by the State of Maine) and humor-

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ous poetry by Ogden Nash. Eve made an extraordinarily moving speech. Major Eliot, who discussed the situation, told me that it was the last chance of the English.

April 14. — Chadenet (Société Générale), who lunched here, told me that Westrick, the new German agent, has been strolling around Wall Street for the last week, saying that the war would end in September with a German victory and that we ought to think of resuming commercial relations. He suggested that the Americans should lend money to the Germans. This astounding cheek is impressive.

May 5. — Yesterday I saw Erika Mann, who said: "There is a kind of sinister justice in the fact that Hitler is gathering the fruit of several years' efforts and sacrifices imposed on his people."

I sent a cable yesterday to *Paris-Soir*, in which I tried to explain the twofold effect of events on opinion over here. First, a feeling of growing alarm because the favorite champion, the defender, is losing; but second, irritation against this champion because he is allowing himself to be beaten. Losers are never popular.

The complete absence of news from Paris is not reassuring. I can imagine what people are thinking in Paris, the recriminations over England's mumbling statements, the agitation among the Anglophobes, who would like to come to an understanding with the Reich, and who think that the war ought to be stopped, since it has started so badly. The Lavals and Bonnets must be delighted.

May 7. — After sitting for two days, the House of Commons gave Chamberlain a majority of 281 to 200, the weakest he has ever received.

According to press and radio reports, his defense was lamentable. He admitted the mistakes made in Norway without apology. On three occasions he spoke of the approaching German attack on Great Britain, and gave an impression of defeat and fear.

Lloyd George attacked him with astonishing violence. "Chamberlain," he said, "has met Hitler, both in peace and in war. Each time he was beaten." This phrase really sums up the whole situation.

Chamberlain remains in power, but he has been winged so badly that it seems impossible that he can last. Obviously, this wretched man understands nothing. His failure at Trondheim recalls Berchtesgaden and Godesberg — the same astonishment, the same naïveté, when confronted by the audacity and treachery of the enemy.

The democratic frankness of the debates in the House of Commons at such a time is not without its greatness. There is something sublime — or insane — about this English readiness to display their weaknesses, fears, and mistakes. The *New York Herald Tribune* is almost shocked. "It is a magnificent exhibition of democracy. It is not war."

Be that as it may, these debates in the House leave an impression of greatness. In a certain sense they restore the prestige of Britain, which was shaken by the Norwegian defeat. Nowhere else in the world would it be possible to hold such debates in such grave circumstances. Churchill coldly stated that the danger had never been so great, even in the last war. It takes great courage to make such admissions. Neither the Germans nor the Italians will understand the value of these historic debates. They will see in them only signs of decadence and weakness. As a matter of fact, this is the first time for many years that parliamentarism, with all that it implies, has achieved a real victory. This is the first real, sincere manifestation of what is called democracy.

May 10. — This morning the Germans invaded Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg. The pretext given by Ribbentrop is that he has proof that the Allies wanted to invade these countries first. The pretext is of little importance. The truth is that the great onslaught is beginning, with the object of ending the war this year.

The Dutch and the Belgians have asked the Allies for help, which has been given to them. It is difficult not to despise these small or large neutral countries, who crawl for aid — but always too late.

May 14. — After an offensive of four days, Holland has abandoned all resistance. Queen Wilhelmina is in England. Almost the entire country is occupied. Rotterdam and Amsterdam are in flames. It is probable that the Dutch army will have to capitulate.

The Germans have occupied Sedan, which produced some striking headlines in the papers. They are marching on Brussels and attacking in force near Longwy.

It is still impossible to form a clear idea of the situation. Some allege that the German objectives are simply the Channel ports. Others, that they are marching on Paris. Here there is an atmosphere of panic. The situation is bad, but it was not unforeseen. The war is not lost.

Walter Lippmann, who dined here, is more optimistic. His intention (and that of many others just now) is to increase American help to the Allies

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immediately. A little late, people are discovering that we shall not win the war without the United States, and that we may lose it before America has time to reconsider its position.

I have no decided opinion, or at least my opinion has not changed. We may lose the war in a few weeks or a few months. That is all. We must take this possibility into account.

May 19. — Yesterday Reynaud announced a reform of his cabinet. He remains Prime Minister, but takes over War. Daladier goes to the Quai d'Orsay, Mandel to the Interior. Pétain becomes Vice President of the Council and Minister of State.

The nomination of the hero of Verdun and Burgos is surprising. It is curious that France, in case of peril, has this desire to be surrounded by the decrepit and half-dead. Pétain is eighty-four. I imagine the reasons for this nomination are to do a Hindenburg act and to check Mandel, who will doubtless throw a lot of people into prison (but the Marshal will protect some people, Laval among others); and to cover up the imminent shelving of Gamelin and a few others.

When one thinks of the stories about the stupidity of the Germans, who gave us nine months' respite in which to mobilize and prepare! How were these nine months used? Evidently to sleep and to complain of the boredom of such a dull war.

Pleven, whom I saw last night, and who is leaving on the Clipper this morning, is full of depressing stories about the lack of planes and the muddle of the High Command. He went so far as to say that it was a question whether there were not people on the General Staff who did not want to fight. That is possible, since there were so many of them in the government and elsewhere. One cannot make war when one has definitely decided in advance not to kill anybody.

May 20. — Gamelin has been shelved and replaced by Weygand. This was inevitable. You cannot have nine months of complete quiet in which to prepare, and finally be taken by surprise, as Gamelin was. Daladier and Gamelin represent the school of defensive and economic war. It was logical that they should be replaced. It is a pity that it was perhaps too late and that the war is lost. It is useless to blame Gamelin or Daladier. They both represented what the French wanted until last week: a reluctant war, prudent and unreal; a war which would not be war, in spite of everything. Today hundreds of thousands of men must be sacrificed, because nobody wanted anyone to be sacrificed.

May 24. — Later on it will be difficult to recapture one's impressions of these days. They cannot, however, be analyzed. They consist of painful little shocks, superadded to a general feeling of indescribable uneasiness. The physical feeling that the world is collapsing beneath our feet is intense.

It is only a fortnight since the Germans attacked Holland and Belgium. Today they are in Boulogne, perhaps Calais. They are preparing for their big, final undertaking, the attack on England. This is still more formidable than the invasion of France and our recent defeats, more pregnant with consequences and more unthinkable. The Straits of Dover have become simply something a little wider than the Meuse, but if the Germans cross it, that will be the end of something too customary and too familiar for one to feel detached about it.

May 28. — The war appears to be lost. This morning Reynaud announced on the radio that the King of Belgium had decided to surrender, with his army. Reynaud says that this decision was made without consulting the Allies. This is nothing short of treason. The Belgian government, which had taken refuge in Paris, has refused to recognize the royal decision and continues the struggle with the Allies. But the majority of the Belgian Army, 250,000 or 400,000 men, have laid down their arms. The consequence is that the English and French armies in the northern pocket are probably doomed. It is only a question of a few hours.

Different reasons are circulating as to why Leopold surrendered. None is valid. The facts are that this king called to the Allies for help a fortnight ago, and today he is surrendering to the Germans alone.

The French are, therefore, alone on the Somme, facing the Germans, who are at least twice as numerous. The entrance of Italy into the war is now almost certain.

June 4. — Yesterday the Germans bombed Paris. Two hundred planes, they say, dropped a thousand bombs. At first they said only forty-five people were killed. Tonight they admit many more.

Here things continue to sizzle. On every hand there is talk of sending planes. The question is: Where are they to be found? The figures given to me by Colonel Jacquin, head of the Air Mission, are devastating. According to him, there are not more than three hundred and forty-four planes available. I have neither the time nor the energy to recount in detail all the projects which are springing up on every side and all the efforts that have been made. It is all being done in a haphazard way.

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Saint-Quentin told me this evening that there was some hope of our getting a few planes. How many I do not know.

June 9, 5.00 P.M. — Eve telephoned me [from Paris] at three o'clock to say that we must get a gesture of moral support at any cost. She told me they were thinking of leaving Paris. I suppose she means the government. She said that they did not want this to be regarded as a surrender, but as the continuation of resistance to the end.

Meanwhile the communiqué is several hours late, which occasions a certain uneasiness. The reason is not known, but it can easily be guessed from this appeal of Eve's. Undoubtedly it will be announced that the government is leaving. I notified the *Times*, the *Tribune*, Dorothy, and Lippmann.

There was no emotion in Eve's voice. In conclusion she said, "I don't know where I shall be, but I'll keep in touch with you."

The only conclusion is that things are going badly, that they are retreating. How far? Are they going to fight before Paris? Can they hold out further south? Where? How?

June 11, 1940. — Yesterday Mussolini declared war on France and Great Britain. In a rather feeble speech he explained that the time had come for Italy to be true to her promises.

Last night at Charlottesville, Roosevelt finally made a speech which would give us courage if there were still time. He said that America was on the side of the Allies and would give them material support. He also said that Mussolini had stabbed his neighbor in the back.

In short, nothing better could be asked. This speech is almost a declaration of war. It certainly abandons all pretense of neutrality or isolationism. But it is probably too late for the immediate future.

Leroy-Beaulieu said to me, "Don't you think that fighting in Paris should be avoided?" I said that, like him, I hoped it wouldn't be necessary, but if it is necessary, it can't be helped. I wonder if one can conceive of Paris as destroyed. I cannot contemplate that idea in cold blood. It does not seem to make sense. Suddenly one realizes what this war really is, this war between Germany — where nothing is irreplaceable — and France and England — where almost every town, every village, represents something real in the life of the world. Our weakness lies in the possibility of losing Rheims, Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle. The possibility of losing the trees in the Champs Elysées. The entire world does not care a damn about Berlin, hence the strength of Germany.

June 14. — Tom Lamont, Lippmann, Geoffrey Parsons, Finletter, and Lew Douglas, who dined here last night, agree that everything will be different, according as France capitulates or simply confesses that she is crushed. If the government, whatever it may be, capitulates, there is nothing to be hoped for in the future, and they even believe that England will have to give up the struggle. On the contrary, if the government maintains the fiction of French independence (by moving to Africa, for example) we can hope for everything by continuing the struggle.

Jacques T. telephoned, begging me to ask Saint-Quentin to go and see F.D.R. I tried, but without success. Saint-Quentin does not see why, on June 14, 1940, he should go to see the President of the United States. The fact is important.

The problem seems to me to be as follows: either France adopts the Belgian solution and that means the end, or she adopts the Dutch solution, and the struggle can go on for ten, twenty, or a hundred years.

June 15. — The news gives the impression that the end is very near. But when I write that, I do not know what it means — the end.

People here say to me: France must not make a separate peace. It may capitulate, give up its arms, but it must not make a separate peace. It cannot do less than Poland, which has remained a belligerent. People are astonished that I can think of the possibility of a separate peace. But I know the French in defeat: the enormous explosion of rancor against their leading classes, their allies, their friends, against the people who write beautiful editorials about Paris, and the people who make lovely speeches.

France entered this war tired, without enthusiasm, without real convictions (except for some "reasonable" people like Reynaud). She will come out of this war even more tired. She will come out of it almost dead. In his speech yesterday, Reynaud spoke of the *resurrection* of France. But necessary resurrection is much more profound than people think. It implies the disappearance of all members of my generation. We lived in such nostalgia and forlornness. Now our nostalgia will be unlimited. In all the movies and bad magazines of America, people wept over Vienna and its waltzes. They will weep the same way over Paris. Great defeats produce a lot of bad literature.

For some days, especially since yesterday, since the Germans have been in Paris, I have felt shrunk, diminished. Certain stupid readjustments make one suffer so much. For example, ten times a day some-

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one says (or I do myself), "A cable should be sent to Paris," or "Paris should be told." Then you have to correct yourself, because Paris is now nothing but the *name of a place*, as Proust said.

June 18. — Spent yesterday in Washington. Lunched at the Embassy with Saint-Quentin, Truelle, Benech, Lusset, Baubé, and Dumaine, Chambrun, and Leroy-Beaulieu. The telephone rang incessantly.

We know absolutely nothing. Yesterday morning Pétain made a speech on the radio, saying that we must cease fire and that negotiations with the enemy had begun. Later a cable from Beaudoin arrived, saying the conditions were intolerable, that France will continue to fight.

Leroy-Beaulieu announced to us that the Treasury has blocked French credits in America to prevent the Germans from getting their hands on them. Saint-Quentin went to see Sumner Welles this afternoon. The latter told him that American opinion would look unfavorably on a separate French peace. Sumner Welles is acting under British pressure. Saint-Quentin saw Lothian, who was vague and rather contemptuous as usual.

At the Embassy, where I spent the afternoon, Truelle's office is pandemonium. Everything is discussed at the same time in an atmosphere of incredible confusion. I suggested sending a cable authorizing Havas in New York to become a center for the distribution of news, should necessity arise. Saint-Quentin accepted the cable.

The Embassy staff in general is incapable of taking into account the realities of the situation. They have a tendency to act as punctual officials, without realizing that they are cut off, perhaps forever, from France. And they have no money.

France has fallen from the height of ten centuries of history in thirty-eight days. The fact is inescapable, but it is so enormous that nobody can *understand* it. The reaction of some people is dejection, insomnia; of others, unjustified bursts of hope. Still others undergo a kind of hardening which leaves the mind rather free, the emotions dead. People refuse really to think of what they know to be true. One cannot overcome a kind of physical gratitude because fate has so willed it that one is here, out of danger, with a bed, food, and practical safety — not on some French road amidst suffering, blood, and tears.

There is imagination, but imagination makes no noise; it does not shout or cry. Imagination is a thing that can be stopped. One can think of something else. Coming back on the night plane from Washington, I said to myself: I am all right, the night is beautiful, the engines are throbbing quietly, everything is peaceful.

Today the chaos continues. There is still fighting in France. Hitler and Mussolini have met in Munich — symbolically — to decide on the terms to be presented to France. We do not know what they are. Pétain (84 years of age) has used Franco and the Pope as intermediaries. Already France is in the hands of the Fascists. It is dreadful to think how politicians and traitors like Laval and Bonnet have exploited this decrepit national hero. Let him do the dirty work. If he succeeds, the politicians will join in the sport.

It is impossible to imagine the state of mind of France. It must be one of despair and fury against everyone. Fury against the leaders and fury against allies and friends; fury against the English and the Americans. All this encouraged by German propaganda, which wants to isolate us, the better to destroy us.

General de Gaulle (a Reynaud man) is in London, whence he has made an appeal to the French to join him in order to continue the fight. His appeal contains an implicit attack on the generals who remained in Bordeaux.

Some French people here are beginning to say: we are soon going to return to France. Incredible folly. Poor people or sad people. They believe that France will always be the same, that the Germans will depart, leaving them to resume their humble life very quietly and nicely. They see themselves reinstalled "after the war" in their homes, with their little jobs, their pensions, surrounded by their families, happy, still French, as if nothing had happened, as if everything were not at an end.

June 19. — It appears that Pétain has named the plenipotentiaries who are to meet the Germans and sign the armistice.

Thus this great crime is consummated: the betrayal of England by France. All the explanations, all the rancor, and all the suffering of these recent weeks will not be sufficient to disguise this overpowering fact. Having betrayed Czechoslovakia, France betrays England. That a country and its leaders could fall so low is incomprehensible — or rather, too natural. It was doubtless necessary for France to undergo this humiliation in order to understand that one cannot pretend to defend the right, honor, and other noble ideas, while lying to everyone and lying to oneself.

(To be continued)

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» The coal strike left the country and the Congress mad as blazes. But, emotions aside, do we realize what nation-wide bargaining means?

IS NATION-WIDE BARGAINING AHEAD?

by ALMON E. ROTH

1

DURING the First World War the labor unions of this country were chiefly concerned with recognition. At that time the unions were considered the underdogs in our social structure; they needed protection and special privileges as an aid in their efforts to secure recognition and the right to collective bargaining. The public, therefore, looked with favor upon the continuance of the prerogatives which union labor established during the war. The right of collective bargaining has since been guaranteed by the Wagner Act.

It is a far cry from the day when a sympathetic Congress passed the Wagner Act to the day when an angry Congress, alarmed by open defiance of government by a power-drunk labor leader, passed the Smith-Connally bill to curb labor's power. Now that the public has become apprehensive of the power of unionism to enforce its will upon government, it may be well to take stock of some of labor's current objectives and the gains which it hopes to make during the present emergency.

Most significant is labor's demand for a greater degree of active participation in government. In general, our American unions have followed the pattern of British unionism in this respect. Realizing that many of the so-called prerogatives of labor inevitably would be modified under the exigencies of war, the British unions offered to suspend these prerogatives in exchange for an increased class recognition on the councils and administrative boards of government. As a result, they are now represented in the Cabinet and in various administrative agencies which deal with the prosecution of the war.

A Californian who was graduated from Stanford University and later served as Comptroller of the University, ALMON E. ROTH in 1939 formed the San Francisco Employers' Council and served as its first president in the negotiations with Harry Bridges. In its first year of operation, the Council negotiated contracts for 612 firms and handled arbitration cases for 154 companies; in the same period San Francisco saw only three strikes as against 39 in the year before "the boss union" was organized. Mr. Roth is well qualified to serve as a member of the War Labor Board.

While American unions have felt the same impulse as British labor, they have not been so successful in achieving their objective. In one instance only have they managed to secure any real governmental authority for their group: on the present National War Labor Board they have been given governmental authority on a tripartite basis with industry and representatives of the public.

Labor has also demanded and has finally secured representation on various committees connected with the War Production Board and the War Manpower Commission. Its function on these joint committees, however, is an advisory one. We may be sure that labor will continue its drive to secure the same degree of authority in relation to manpower, price control, and war production that it now enjoys as a tripartite member of the War Labor Board.

The War Labor Board was established by an executive order founded upon an informal agreement by individual leaders of labor and industry. None of the subscribing parties had any legal authority to bind individual unions or individual employers.

With us the representation of industry on governmental boards is quite different from that which prevails in England. We have no employer agency in this country comparable to the British Confederation of Employers, which can speak officially for organized employers. For instance, we find that many of our unions enjoy such a high degree of autonomy that the authority of international labor leaders to speak for them is questionable. It is therefore not surprising that we have some 250 wildcat strikes each month in violation of the national no-strike pledge, and that individual employers have challenged the authority of the Board and questioned its representative character.

The greatest threat to the War Labor Board's continuance on a tripartite basis arises from the pressure of union politics upon its spokesmen and from inter-union rivalries.

It should be noted that the recognition and

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authority now accorded to labor on the War Labor Board extends only to the A. F. of L. and the CIO, and that many strong independent unions, including some of the oldest and most stable in this country, are not represented on the Board. Because of the various jurisdictional conflicts in our labor movement we find that, as a practical matter, the government must either hold to this formula or extend representation to such a large number of labor organizations that the War Labor Board and its various subsidiaries would become unwieldy. The inevitable result is that a very large segment of organized labor is excluded from participation in government, to say nothing of the complete exclusion of unorganized workers.

It also should be noted that the CIO and the A. F. of L. organizations nominate their representatives on the War Labor Board.

Thoughtful labor leaders have stated that they consider that participation of labor on the War Labor Board is one of the most significant things that have ever happened in the history of the labor movement. Both the A. F. of L. and the CIO were much upset when the President's stabilization directive gave to Administrator Byrnes the authority to determine a national stabilization policy. The delegation of this authority to Director Byrnes was considered a curtailment of that power which labor had recently gained.

It was, therefore, only natural that when it became necessary to decentralize the functions of the War Labor Board on a regional basis, labor should insist that the tripartite principle of representation, coupled with actual authority to make decisions, be also extended on a regional basis. We thus find that on our Regional Boards we have representatives of the CIO and the A. F. of L., but no representative of other labor organizations or unorganized workers.

The principle of tripartite representation is also applied to the panels which are to hear cases. Some concession has been made to other elements in our labor movement by providing that, where independent unions or unorganized workers are involved in a case, they shall be permitted to nominate the labor representatives on the panels. Inasmuch as the decisions of the panels are merely recommendations, the CIO and A. F. of L. have not surrendered any real prerogative of representation by consenting to this arrangement.

A significant aspect of this new governmental institution (the tripartite War Labor Board) is its independence of the Department of Labor.

The authority of the Secretary of Labor, a Cabinet member, covers conciliation, which is a purely voluntary process, the interpretation of the President's directive on overtime payments, and the administration of such statutes as the Fair Labor Standards Act and the Walsh-Healey Act.

The average citizen probably has no conception of the significance of the departure from our pattern of government which is involved in the establishment of this tripartite War Labor Board. In every other instance of which I can think, the members of a governmental agency, whether it be the courts, the legislature, or administrative departments, are either elected by the public or appointed by their elected representatives. In the case of the War Labor Board, however, the labor representatives and the industry members have been nominated by two special interests — organized labor and industry — and act in their behalf.

I am not saying that this system of class representation is not the most satisfactory method by which to deal with our labor-relations problems. I am merely pointing out its significance as a departure from our fundamental system of government.

This class recognition in governmental matters in all probability will continue after the war. Labor is already looking ahead and talking of the necessity of perpetuating this type of tripartite machinery for the settlement of labor disputes. In any event, we are weaving a new pattern, and its significance should be evaluated.

2

The second important trend in our collective bargaining is the extension of the collective bargaining unit to an ever broadening base. Some exponents of the need of employer organization on a community-wide basis, in order to balance labor's power in the pressure game of collective bargaining, are becoming alarmed concerning the possible overextension of this principle.

The CIO appears to be committed to the extension of collective bargaining on a national industry-wide basis. As an incident, it hopes to abolish community wage differentials and raise all wages throughout the country to the level of the highest paid in any particular area.

The CIO at its recent convention endorsed the principle of industry-wide bargaining and urged its extension on a national basis. It did not go so far as to suggest that wages be standardized throughout the United States. Since the convention, however, prominent CIO officials have stated frankly that it is the intention of their organization to abolish area and community wage differentials.

The A. F. of L. has not yet officially committed itself to such a program. One of the strongest of our

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independent groups of unions, the printing unions, has long adhered to a policy of establishing wages on a strictly local basis, with due regard for what the traffic can bear in the light of local conditions.

The implications of this new force in collective bargaining are startling. An examination of our present collective bargaining structure in this country indicates that we have already gone further along the road toward nationalization of collective bargaining, and toward the centralization of power in the hands of a few labor officials, than is generally recognized.

In the steel industry we find that, while the contract provisions have not yet been so fully standardized as they are in coal, we do have the Steel Workers of America, through their national officials, writing the ticket for all the steel workers of the country.

Incidentally, the CIO has been greatly aided and abetted in its program by the National War Labor Board, which has extended the wage structure of the basic steel companies to many concerns which have not been commonly regarded as members of the basic steel industry.

In another vital industry, transportation, we find that we still have a much higher degree of local autonomy so far as both employers and unions are concerned. But here, also, the trend is evident. The tendency is very definitely toward the enlargement of collective bargaining units. We already have one such unit, which comprises the "over road" operators of eleven states.

The establishment of national and area commissions and panels by the War Labor Board will help to promote this movement. The following such commissions have been established: —

A Lumber Commission has been established to hear disputes and approve rates in the Pacific Coast lumber industry. Although it was the original intention that jurisdiction of this commission should be limited to the manufacture of raw-lumber products in the Pacific Northwest, it soon found itself involved in the fixing of rates in the retail lumber yards of Los Angeles, one thousand miles away.

The unions were quick to take advantage of this agency to urge that rates fixed in the retail yards be extended to the industries engaged in the fabrication of lumber products. So much confusion has resulted that the War Labor Board has now restricted the Lumber Commission to the limited jurisdiction originally intended.

A national tripartite commission has been established to deal with disputes and wage increases in the trucking industry. A national panel has been set up for the newspaper publishing industry. A commission administers standard wages and job classifications for the Pacific Coast airframe industry. Now it is suggested that this program be extended on a nation-wide basis.

A Copper Commission was recently appointed to deal with wage problems in the copper industry in the eleven Western states. Although it was distinctly understood that this commission should be limited in its geographical jurisdiction to the Western states, it had hardly been appointed when union representatives urged that it be given national jurisdiction.

There is nothing in these setups which requires national standardization of wages or working conditions. On the contrary, I think that the War Labor Board intends these commissions to have due regard for existing community and area wage differentials. But labor is already endeavoring to use this machinery to advance its program for common termination dates of contracts — this being a first step in the standardization of wages.

3

WHAT are the far-reaching implications of this trend in our national labor relations? Perhaps the most significant result will be the centralization of tremendous power in the hands of a few national labor leaders, with a corresponding curtailment of local autonomy in collective bargaining.

The coal industry is a striking example of what may lie ahead. John L. Lewis has become so powerful as president of the United Mine Workers that he was able to destroy the National Defense Mediation Board. More recently, he has challenged the authority of the War Labor Board and defied the government of the United States.

Once a union obtains the closed shop on a national basis, the hierarchy of officials in charge of that union possesses the power to determine whether any individual citizen shall have the right to earn a livelihood in that industry in any part of this nation. This is now true in the coal industry; it may soon be true in many other industries.

Under decisions by our Supreme Court, labor unions are exempt from all provisions of our anti-trust laws. As a result, they are permitted to exercise monopolies and to carry on malpractices in which no other citizen in this country can engage. It chills the mind to contemplate the combined power over the economic processes of this country which the nationalization of steel, trucking, and mining would place in the hands of a small group of union officials.

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Mr. William Leiserson, in a recent article in the *United States News*, has discussed the concentration of power in union government and has pointed out that union conventions seem to be increasingly willing to amend their constitutions to grant unrestricted authority to their officials. One union has provided that its president "shall be vested with unlimited discretion in the application and administration of his powers and duties."

The constitution of another union expressly gives its president the power to "issue such orders or mandates as he may deem necessary or advisable."

The constitution of the American Federation of Musicians provides that its president "may (*a*) enforce the Constitution, By-laws, etc., or (*b*) may annul or set aside same or any portion thereof."

Unfortunately, possession of such concentrated power does not carry with it a corresponding control over the action of the local unions in so far as strikes and slowdowns are concerned. As evidence of this fact, I need only refer to the recent anthracite coal strike over the collection of increased union dues, where it was apparent that John L. Lewis either was powerless to prevent local miners from striking in violation of their contract, or was reluctant to exercise any such authority.

The constant alibi given by national labor leaders for strikes in violation of the national no-strike pledge is that these are wildcat strikes.

Many examples could be given to prove that the delegation of power and authority to central labor organizations does not necessarily result in greater union responsibility. On the contrary, centralization of authority can be used to carry on a widespread program of disruption. It fits readily into the communist pattern of using labor-union machinery to create industrial disorder as a means toward social revolution. We have had a bitter foretaste of this program in the maritime industry of this country and other nations.

When the condition exists that some of our national unions are not only organizing supervisory employees but are actually engaged in the unionization of small employers themselves, the centralization of authority in the hands of union executives should cause the public to sit up and take stock of what lies ahead if this process continues.

4

Both the rank and file of labor unions and individual employers have a very real stake in the development of a pattern of national collective bargaining. Such a system to a great extent will mean the end of local autonomy in labor relations. The delegation of the power to negotiate and to interpret labor contracts on a national basis to a few topside representatives on each side will place the balance of power in the hands of large locals and large employers. It will constitute a form of regimentation for both unions and employers which will in a large measure disregard local conditions and individual rights.

In a recent case before the National War Labor Board, the Bakery Wagon Drivers Union asked the Board to compel scores of individual employers throughout the New England states to execute a common master contract — despite the fact that heretofore contracts have been negotiated and administered on a community basis. At the hearing in this case the employers made the point that the establishment of collective bargaining on such a large area basis would mean the end of the small operator's independence and the curtailment of his right to negotiate a contract in the light of his individual needs and local conditions.

The coal industry is a striking example of the extent to which such regimentation can be carried, for in this industry the unions have finally succeeded in standardizing both wages and working conditions on a national basis without respect to capacity of the individual operator to pay, location of the mines, efficiency of labor, or any other factor normally receiving consideration in labor relations.

Many nation-wide industries and large utilities are wondering whether they shall standardize wages and working conditions throughout their systems or insist on local negotiations geared to community wages and working conditions.

The extension of high wages paid by concerns in high-wage areas to their plants in low-wage areas will unquestionably have an unstabilizing effect upon the wage structures of the low-wage communities and will be strongly resented by local employers.

If the War Labor Board were to adopt a theory that a company which operates on a national basis can equalize wages at the highest level paid at any of its plants, such a company would have a decided advantage over local concerns in the competition for manpower.

Such standardization of wages takes no account of many competitive factors, such as proximity to raw materials and to markets, and the efficiency of labor or management. Obviously, if wages are standardized, many industries will find it impossible to compete with those that enjoy more favorable conditions. Wage differentials have heretofore made possible the survival of many industries in

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competition with their more favored competitors. Standardization of wage structures on a national basis will put a premium on the use of laborsaving machinery, with a resulting decrease in the number of workers to be employed.

To those who would ask, What can and should employers do with regard to these trends in collective bargaining? I would offer the following suggestion: —

The trend toward nation-wide bargaining is so significant for the future of American business and our American system of free enterprise that it merits the attention of the best brains that industry can assign to the job. The danger is that labor, through its superior organization and its favored position with the government, will be able to develop this pattern of nation-wide bargaining before American business is fully aware of its significance and its implications.

I would not have you think from anything that I have said that I do not favor industry's bargaining through organization of employers. On the contrary, I think that it is only through employer organization that we can maintain a proper balance in collective bargaining and preserve a reasonable degree of local industrial autonomy. Where I differ from my labor friends is on the size of the unit. From the standpoint of effective employer organization and from the standpoint of competition, the bargaining unit should be limited to a community or area in which the fundamental conditions of operation, such as markets, materials, efficiency of labor, and cost of living, are fairly uniform.

THE SUMMER SHE'S A GYPSY

by JOHN BUXTON

THE summer she's a gypsy
Who goes about the lanes
In a taffeta skirt all gray with dust
And splashed with winter stains.
She gathers from the droving-paths
And the green headlands
Blue and scarlet and purple flowers,
And holds them in her hands.

Her voice is dry and husky
As greenfinch in the yew,
Or the whiskery lips of barley awns
The wind is blowing through.
She offers you her gaudy blooms,
And thrusts them near,
Cranesbill, poppy, and vetch, and mallow —
"Oh! spare a penny, dear."

She strides along the hedges
And flings her blooms away,
And she knows where the partridge has her nest,
And where the rabbits play,
And where the watercress grows sweet
And the sleek trout lie.
Summer lives like a gypsy woman
In June and all July.

OFLAG VI B, GERMANY
June 14, 1942

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NOTES ON HENRY JAMES

by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

1

"Our dear Howard," Henry James wrote of Howard Sturgis, "is like a richly-sugared cake always on the table. We sit round him in a circle and help ourselves. Now and then we fling a slice over our shoulders to somebody outside."

Henry James of course was a cake even more richly spiced and sugared; and as I am almost the last of the guests who sat on golden chairs at that feast, the Editor of the *Atlantic* has asked me to fling him some slices from it. Two I can send him from the gash that was made when the American was replaced by the British Lion on the ice of that enormous confection. The first slice comes from the table of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose house in Grosvenor Place Edith Wharton rented, shortly after the outbreak of the war in 1914. I was asked to meet Henry James at luncheon there; and into the room the septuagenarian novelist burst, his great eyes ablaze.

"My hands, I must wash them!" he cried. "My hands are dripping with blood. All the way from Chelsea to Grosvenor Place I have been bayoneting, my dear Edith, and hurling bombs and ravishing and raping. It is my daydream to squat down with King George of England, with the President of the French Republic and the Czar of Russia, on the Emperor William's belly, until we squeeze irrevocably out of it the last bitter drops of retribution."

Mrs. Wharton, who had come over, precipitately, in a blaze from Paris, said that she must have a seat with the others. "No, Edith," was the stern reply, "that imperial stomach is no seat for ladies. This is a war for men only; it is a war for me and poor Logan."

"But surely we must discriminate," I mildly suggested to this master of discriminations (and the wear and tear of discrimination was at last to cause his decease, as he remarked on his deathbed), "surely we must look to the right and left, and proceed, all eyes, with care and strategical caution. This is certainly my war, as I am a naturalized British subject; but you, I believe, are a neutral, as neutral as Switzerland or Sweden. Why don't you come into it?" I asked him as, panting, he paused to wipe away what he felt were splashes of gore on his visage. "Why don't you take the King's shilling? It may cost you more than a shilling to become a British subject — as much as five pounds, perhaps. But what is five pounds in this crisis of world history? Then we can march with our bayonets against the Kaiser shoulder to shoulder, to the sound of trumpets."

More than once, during the winter that followed, I would end with this trumpet-note my colloquies with Henry James on the telephone. "When are you coming into the war?" I would hiss; "how long are you going to sit with the Rumanians on a back seat in the Balkans?"

One day the elaborations of phrase, the parentheses, the polysyllabic evasions, which made a talk on the telephone with Henry James so amazing an adventure (I use the word "amazing" in the old Chaucerian sense of wandering darkly in an actual maze or a labyrinth), were replaced by a few words, tersely spoken.

"Logan, how — you know what I mean — how do you do it?"

"You go," I tersely replied, "to a solicitor."

"Of course! I know just the right person," and this great man of action rang off with a bang that must almost have smashed the receiver.

Edith Wharton and John Sargent, though both

With this issue we begin a series of informal essays in reverie by our leading critics, the first of whom, LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, years ago took up his residence and later his citizenship in England. Today he is revered as one of the mandarins in English prose. Every bookman should know his *Trivia*, his *On Reading Shakespeare*, and his reminiscences, *Unforgotten Years*.

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of them "deracinated prestidigitators" (as that patriot, Van Wyck Brooks, unkindly calls refugees from America), had still hid on their persons too much in the way of war-paint and feathers to approve of treating the American Eagle like this; and perhaps Henry James, who, as he wrote to his nephew, had not taken this step till he found that he could no longer go to his house at Rye save as an alien, under police supervision — perhaps he himself may have heard a few muffled squawks from the moth-eaten old Bird in his bosom.

All conversions are followed, religious writers tell us, by reminiscential, even regretful moments, and most allegiances irk free spirits at times, and make them tug at the ropes by which they are tethered. Even my long-tested love of the land of my adoption has not saved me from far-away echoes of the "Fie, Foh, Fum" of my anti-British boyhood; and more disconcerting, even, than English clean fun and the cold-shape and cornstarch of this Bird's Custard island, I had found a remark of George Santayana's, to the effect that he would never cross the Channel again, because of the rapid, inevitable Americanization of England. With these words ringing in my ears (for I had just heard them) I broke the silence between me and my Chelsea neighbor on one of our walks in this riverside suburb — silences in which we said so much to each other, though few words might be spoken between us: "Of course," I said, "you know Santayana?"

"Oh, of course," replied Henry James; "wasn't Santayana a great friend of my brother William at Harvard? I knew his friends; I know his crystal-clear prose; and what you never find in other writers today, the touch here and there of the fiddle or the note of the nightingale. I know his thought, as far as a humble old dreamer like myself can know it. I know at any rate the lofty realms where he walks among the high places of European philosophy."

"Then you must often have met him?"

"My dear fellow, I tell you I have spent days, have spent months in his company. I have listened, and listened long, to the sound of his enchanting conversation."

"The most enchanting in the world, of course," I answered. "How he gives himself to you, pours out the rich stores of his mind, and forgets all about you the moment you leave the room! He doesn't dislike you, and doesn't like you or anyone else. He wouldn't come to see you, though he lived for months in sight of your windows. That's what's broken Mrs. Wharton's heart — he wouldn't go near her in Paris. It has broken the heart of many others: it's a wound that nothing can heal. But you know him personally; he comes to see you when he is in London?"

"To answer your question, my dear Logan, as plainly — and I may say, as brutally — as you put it, I have *not* personally (to use your blunt adverb) met Santayana, nor shall I ever meet him. He has never rung my doorbell, nor will he ever ring it. He wouldn't ring it even if he were in London, and now he isn't seen in London any more."

"But I saw him yesterday; he is now in London in person, and is lunching with me tomorrow. Though you don't like blunt questions, I shall permit myself bluntly to ask you, will you come to luncheon to meet him?"

"Come?" Henry James cried, raising his hands to heaven. "I would walk across London with bare feet on the snow to meet George Santayana. At what time? One-thirty! I will come. At one-thirty. I shall inexorably make my appearance."

2

He was only a minute or two late; as my sisters and I were shaking hands with Santayana, we saw a taxi drive up. Then we heard heavy footsteps on the stairs; there was a pause before the drawing-room door opened and there entered the most portentous of all the personalities I have ever encountered. With a rudeness which was perfectly right (for on grave occasions the small coin of good manners must be treated as trash), he ignored us all but the Spanish hidalgo, whom he gravely approached, and laying his arm on his shoulder, "Now tell me," he almost reproachfully queried, "are you really George Santayana?" When fully reassured on this point he turned to the rest of us with greetings of elaborate but quite unapologetic courtesy, and we all went in to luncheon.

Our talk was about England. I expressed my lifelong satisfaction in being domiciled with so admirable a race as the English. "Yes," the Spaniard agreed, "in my opinion the most superior white race, since the Greeks, which has peopled this planet."

And yet, and yet, wasn't Santayana about to say farewell to this island forever? And hadn't our other guest just received two great slaps in the face from his new British compatriots? He had certainly been trounced, but a few months ago, by a moral thinker and best-selling novelist, who had held the old man up to public derision. And the year before, British suffragette females, with a ferocity even greater than that of the author of *Boon* — the "phophet," as Henry James called Wells — had

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slashed with a knife the great face of his exhibited portrait, and had tried to cut it to pieces.

Wasn't it possible that these two encounters with British Philistinism, joined with the unmentionably awful ordeal and yelled-at exposure when he stood before the theatrical curtain in the nineties — wasn't it possible, or even probable, that such queer and quite undeserved misadventures might have caused the correct author of so many exquisitely well-bred stories, to cast a backward and perhaps a rueful glance at the amenity of previous uninsular freedom? Could a prudish and well-conducted old gentleman swallow without gulping what Henry James had been forced to swallow?

Remembering my own former qualms, I adumbrated a query. Was there any loyalty or transfer of allegiance which could be wholeheartedly rushed into without reservation? Mustn't such things, like all that is mortal, be subject to qualifications, to occasional drawbacks, and even to moments, at least, of disillusion?

In silence our august guest pondered my question; nor did Henry James ever impress one as more awe-inspiringly portentous than in his moments of wordless rumination. He now seemed to be silently shaking (to borrow one of his own metaphors) the bottle into which life had poured for him the wine of experience; shaking it to taste what lees might be stirred by this oscillation. "Disillusion" — no, that was not the word to be used of his experiences with regard to these decent and dauntless people. Though he was much too magnanimous to speak of — or perhaps to remember — the slaps in the face I have mentioned, he still hesitated over the word "drawback."

Well, perhaps there were drawbacks, or rather qualifications; and especially the one which had forced Edith Wharton to depart from the shores of this island. The numbness and dumbness of the tongue-tied people of England! No good talk, no good general conversation, none of that famous coöperative criticism of life which was the solace of existence in France and in Italy. No house any longer in London where fine spirits could gather and wag their tongues freely. No echo of Holland House, nor even of the shoddy Blessington Salon. No tirades, no denunciations; nothing but dreary mumblings and grumblings about politics, diseases, and dentists, and insipid duologues automatically turned on and switched off at vapid luncheons and dinners.

As we four sat round that great cake or, as it were, Christmas confection; as the candles upon it seemed to burn more and more brightly, till there was at last a final outpouring of ignited spirit, I felt that this great combustion was no impromptu performance, but something that was being developed to lead up, for this company and this occasion, to a climax. An anticlimax it seemed at first, but wasn't it in a way a climax? Henry James's voice dropped to a conversational level.

"I am now going to tell you a story," he said. "It's a story I have never told before, and shall never tell again; a story that in decency I oughtn't to tell. But now I shall indecently tell it! Some years ago my friend Alphonse Daudet was in London; he often came to see me, and we met at dinners and luncheons. On the last of these occasions, when he came to say farewell, 'My dear friend,' he remarked, 'I have been observing you carefully for some months; I have met almost all your friends and acquaintances; and I see that you are living among people less fine than you are yourself.' That was what he said when he left England for Paris. Oh, for the wings of the dove, I sigh sometimes, to follow after him, and after Edith, to that conversational city!

"But I see that I have lingered too late in this pleasant society; at my age one is apt to prolong one's happiest moments. I hadn't the slightest notion how the clock had been ticking. Do you think, Logan, that you could ring up for a taxi for me?"

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AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE SWORD

by ROALD DAHL

1

In September the northeast monsoon begins to blow across the Indian Ocean, and the Arabs in the Persian Gulf turn towards Mecca and give thanks to the Prophet for his goodness. Then they load up their dhows and, trusting to the wind and to the stars, they sail down the Gulf of Oman, around the Cape of Ras el Hadd, and westwards to the coast of Africa.

They come from Muscat and Shinas and Sohar, and they carry in their ships great bundles of carpets from Khuzistan and boxes made of mother-of-pearl finely painted in water color by the artists of Isfahan, which is a place high up in the mountains. Some carry stacks of red bricks and brightly colored tiles for the roofs of houses, and some — but these are rather a superior type of Arab — carry beautiful curved swords attached to a wide belt made of solid silver, rather crudely worked. And so, with the help of the winds and with the stars to guide them, they head for Mombasa or Tanga or Dar es Salaam.

In the autumn of 1939 one of these dhows put into the harbor of Dar es Salaam, which is the capital of Tanganyika, lying just south of Zanzibar. I was in Dar es Salaam at the time, working for a large oil company, and I happened to be down by the harbor talking to a man in the customs warehouse when the dhow came in. It was broad in the beam and it sat comfortably in the water, low down, like an old man in a huge armchair. It had a big bright vermilion square-rigged sail, with a white patch near the bottom, and it came sailing in and dropped anchor not more than a hundred yards from where I stood.

The customs man said, "That's the first one this year, and a little earlier than usual. I've got to go on board anyway. Would you like to come?"

I said, "Yes," and we jumped into the launch.

"She'll smell," said the customs man; "she'll smell like hell," and he began to light his pipe.

He was right. It hit us when we were still fifty yards away. It was a smell so solid that you could almost feel it smack you in the face. It was a heavy, rather complicated smell, made up of many people and many things.

I lit a cigarette and we chugged alongside and jumped on board. There the smell was stronger than ever, and I asked the customs man what it was and why it was so strong. He was a little man called Dicky Kale, with a thin red face and long yellow teeth, who had come to the Coast twenty-two years ago.

"It comes," he said, "from putting about thirty Arabs into a space about the size of a small billiard room, for five or six weeks. All the dhows have it, although some are worse than others."

Then he went about his business of examining the cargo, while I stood on deck trying to get as much fresh air as possible. After a little while he popped his head up through the hatch and said, "Come and have a look at this."

He was holding a long curved sword in a silver scabbard attached to a wide leather belt inlaid with silver and gold. The scabbard was beautifully worked with a design depicting various phases of the life of the Prophet, and the sword itself was made of hard steel, with an edge like a razor blade. Unquestionably it was a fine specimen.

"D'you want to buy it?" said Dicky, after I had already made up my mind to do so.

"Yes," I said, "but won't they want the devil of a lot for it?"

"Leave that to me — I know these lads," he answered, and disappeared below. He came back in

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The son of Norwegian parents Roald Dahl, who was educated in England, went out to East Africa for the Shell Company at the age of twenty-one. When the war broke out he joined the RAF, and served as a fighter pilot in Libya, where he was wounded in September, 1940. After his convalescence he flew a Hurricane to Greece, where he rejoined his squadron in the spring of 1941. After the Syrian campaign he came to this country. His story of the Gremlins is to be filmed by Walt Disney.

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three minutes and said, "It's yours for three hundred and fifty shillings."

I said, "I'll take it. Tell them to come to my house this afternoon for the money."

So that morning I proudly bore my new treasure back to my house and called my head boy, whose name was Salimu, and told him to hang it on the wall in the sitting room, over the sofa. He took it from me and examined it carefully.

"*M'suri sana, Bwana, m'suri kabisa,*" he said, which means, "Very good, very, very good." Then he drew the blade from the scabbard and tested the edge with his thumb. "*Una kali sana, kali kabisa, Bwana,*" he said, which in literal translation means, "He is very, very angry." I said that it was indeed both very good and very angry. Then I told him that he would be personally responsible for seeing that it was always kept beautifully polished. The blade, I told him, should be wiped regularly with a soft oily rag, while the leather part on the belt should be polished with a bone taken from the foreleg of a cow. He nodded vigorously and said, "*M'deo, Bwana, m'deo, m'deo,*" and continued running his fingers up and down the smooth blade.

He was an intelligent boy, Salimu, and he came from a tribe called the Mwanumwezi. His people had always been great fighters. They were the only tribe in East Africa who had ever defeated the fierce Masai warriors from the north of Tanganyika.

Salimu himself was a true Mwanumwezi, tall and broad, with almost black skin and thick protuberant lips. He had a nice wide face, crowned by a mop of coarse curly hair, and when he spoke he always laughed with one side of his mouth. He was a good, intelligent boy with a great sense of humor and great loyalty, and I knew that my sword would be well cared for.

And so it was. Every evening when I came home from work and went into the sitting room for my first Scotch and soda, it was always the first thing that I saw. It hung on the wall, over the sofa, shining and beautiful.

2

THAT was in August, 1939, when the German armies were already mustering on the Polish frontier and when the whole of Europe was boiling and heaving under the threat of war. We in Tanganyika had our own particular worries because, as you probably know, the territory was thick with Germans. It used to be German East Africa before the last war, and even after it was confiscated the majority of the Germans remained and flourished in the country. They owned diamond mines and gold mines and tin mines, and they grew sisal and cotton and tea and ground nuts. They were to be found in every part of the country where there was business to be done, and they greatly outnumbered all the other Europeans put together. Elaborate plans were made for the rounding up of all these Germans in the event of war, and we were all made "Special Constables" and given specific instructions.

Two days before England declared war on Germany, when everyone knew that it was inevitable, I was detailed to take a squad of Askaris, or native troops, out to guard the road running south into Portuguese East Africa, which, being neutral territory, was the direction along which most of the Germans would probably run. But before I went, I had a word with Salimu and told him as briefly and simply as I could what it was all about.

"The Germans," I said, "are *m'baya sana*, very bad. And over in Europe, which is ten times as far away as from here to Kilimanjaro, they will, if war is declared, try to kill all my friends. Then, of course, we shall have to try to kill them before they can kill us."

Salimu, being a true child of his tribe, understood the principle of war very well. He nodded and said that it was a bad business, but that it might be rather fun, might it not.

Then I went away and did my road-guarding duty. I stayed out in the jungle beside the road with my twenty native troops for a couple of days before the field telephone buzzed and told us that the war was on.

The Germans started coming along a little later, beating it for Portuguese East as fast as they could. Some were in trucks and some were in private cars, Fords and Chevrolets mostly, and we rounded them up bit by bit without much difficulty. They saw our machine gun and very quickly gave themselves up.

The next evening we took them all back to Dar es Salaam, and after seeing them safely inside the concentration camp, I went off home to get a bath and some sleep. I was very tired and very dirty, but from force of habit I went straight into the sitting room for a Scotch and soda.

I noticed it at once; even before I had got through the door. The sword had gone. The scabbard was still hanging on the wall, but it was empty.

I shouted for Salimu. "Salimu, Salimu, come here!" But there was no answer. I went out into the kitchen where my old native cook, Piggy, was squatting on the floor peeling potatoes.

"Piggy, where's Salimu?"

The old man got up from the floor, still holding

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a half-peeled potato in one hand and his little knife in the other. "He went away yesterday, *Bwana*. He went away in the evening. He just said he was going away for a little while. But he will come back, *Bwana*, I know he will come back."

I went into the sitting room and got myself a Scotch; then I sat down on the sofa. It was a very hot evening and I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened, just after midnight, by someone turning the handle of the other door in the room, the one which led straight out into the garden. Then it burst open, and there stood Salimu. He stood framed in the doorway with the moonlight shining through his curly black hair. He was breathing heavily and he had a tense, excited expression on his face. His body, which was naked save for a small pair of black cotton shorts, was glistening with sweat.

In his right hand he held the sword.

He stopped dead when he saw me and stood there still as a rock, save for the heaving of his chest. Truly he was a wild and magnificent sight.

I blinked two or three times and sat up abruptly.

"Salimu, where have you been?" I said, and as I spoke I noticed the blade of the sword. It was darkened from top to bottom with something which looked, from where I sat, very much like dried blood.

"Salimu, where have you been?"

He looked down at the sword in his hand, and for quite a long time he didn't speak. Then he looked up quickly, and the dam broke. Words poured out of his mouth so quickly that they tumbled over each other and tangled themselves up in a mass of mad, almost incomprehensible sentences. He talked in a mixture of Swahili and Mwanumwezi, and he never once halted or paused until he had finished his story. And all the time, as he spoke, he was laughing with one side of his mouth.

I will try to give you a fairly literal translation of what he said as he stood there in the open doorway, with the full moon shining into the room from behind him.

"*Bwana*," he said, "*Bwana*, yesterday down in the market I heard that we had started to fight the Germani and I remembered all that you had said about how they would try to kill us. As soon as I heard the news, I started to run back to the house, and as I ran I shouted to everyone I saw in the streets. I shouted, 'We are fighting the Germani! We are fighting the Germani!'

"In my country, as soon as we hear that someone is coming to fight us, the whole tribe must know about it as soon as possible. So I ran home shouting the news to the people as I went, and I was also thinking of what I, Salimu, could do to help. Suddenly, I remembered the rich Germani that lives over the hills; the one that owns so many hundreds of gardens of sisal. I remembered him because you took me with you in your car when you drove out there to see him on business last month.

"Then I ran even faster towards home, and when I arrived and ran through the kitchen, I shouted at Piggy the cook, 'We are fighting the Germani!' I said I was going out, but would come back soon.

"I ran into this room and took hold of the sword, this wonderful sword which I have been polishing for you every day." And here Salimu lifted it up and glanced down at it for a moment.

"*Bwana*, I was very excited to be at war. I could feel it in my stomach and in my chest — but in my stomach mostly. All men in my tribe who are worth a grain of rice go out and fight when there is a war. You were already out with the Askari on the roads, and I knew that I should do something too.

"So I ran into this room and took hold of the sword. I pulled it out of its glove and ran outside with it. I ran towards the house of the rich sisal-owning Germani, which I knew was over the hills.

"I did not go by the road because some Askari or some other inquiring person might have stopped me, seeing me running with the sword in my hand. I ran straight through the forest, and many times I had to struggle with the roots and the tangled trees which are very thick and twisted.

"But I never stopped and when I got to the top of the hills, which are about twenty miles away, I looked down the other side and saw all the hundreds of gardens of sisal belonging to the rich Germani. Away beyond it I could just see his house, the big white house made of wood which we visited together. And as I ran down the other side of the hill into the sisal, I shouted aloud, and went on shouting until suddenly I remembered that I was in the land of the enemy, and from then on I kept very quiet. But I went on running.

"By then it was getting dark, and it was very difficult dodging around the tall prickly sisal plants, and many times I ran into them and pricked myself badly. But I did not mind and still went on running.

"Then I saw the white house in front of me in the moonlight and I ran straight up to the front door and pushed it open. I ran towards the back of the house and pushed open a door at the end of the passage — and there he was.

"He was sitting at a desk in his pajamas writing something, and he half turned around as I rushed in. But I didn't give him any time. I lifted the sword and swung it at his neck. I was holding it with both

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hands now so that the blow would be fiercer. I remember seeing him start to open his mouth as I swung, but he never had time to say anything.

"*Bwana*, it is a beautiful sword. With one blow it cut into his neck so deeply that his head hung over sideways, so that when I gave it one more chop it fell onto the floor with a big thud and rolled under his chair.

"Then I said aloud, 'Germani, your head is lying on the floor under the chair. Why don't you pick it up and put it on again? Pick it up, Germani, pick it up.' But he did not move, and little spurts of blood were shooting up out of his neck. He did not look proud any more.

"Then I turned round and ran out of the room, down the passage and out of the house, back the way I had come. But this time I was not frightened of shouting as I ran through the sisal gardens, because there were no longer any Germani there to hear me. I shouted, 'We are at war with the Germani! We are at war with the Germani!' There was a full moon shining, and I ran even faster than before, because I was excited and wanted to come back and tell you what I had done. I said, 'I will go back by the road, because it is quicker than the jungle. No one will stop me.'

"So I got onto the road and ran down towards the town. The sword was in my hand, and sometimes I waved it above my head as I ran, but I never stopped. Twice people shouted at me on the way, and I answered, 'We are at war with the Germani!' but I never stopped.

"It is a long distance, *Bwana*, and it took four hours each way. That is why I am so late. I am sorry to be so late."

"Now," and he looked down again at the sword, "now I will go and polish this and make it shine again, because it has become very dirty."

LETTERS FROM JAPAN

by A JAPANESE

[The author of the following letters is a Japanese who came to the United States at the age of twelve to attend a preparatory school, and later was graduated from an Eastern university. After his return to Japan, he kept open this line of communication with an American college classmate. The letters were written in English. — THE EDITOR]

1924

MY DEAR H. — Behind the Fine Arts building there was a single tree which became soft yellowish green in early spring when no other trees showed a sign of life in New England. The first spring I had in that cold northern climate was anything but cheerful and I watched this tree from my dormitory room during all the winter through. One day in a vague, vacant mood I looked out and saw this tree, and my heart danced with the joy of the soft green covering it like the haze of a summer morning. So today when I stepped out into my garden and saw the selfsame color in a willow tree that stands above the roof of a neighboring house, I almost cried with tender feelings.

How remote all things around me seem! And how I long to get out of this nightmare country — never to see it again, never to think of it, never again to pronounce the name of Japan. And that soft tender green made me almost cry out for the agony of my soul. But day after day I see my mother's miserable eyes, so frightened, whenever I move, that I may go away, that I am afraid even to change my clothes. She unconsciously understands my agony about Japan and is afraid that if I go I shall never return. And my father is almost like my mother in his feelings. So you see how I cannot leave here.

Later. More weeks have gone by since I wrote and now it is April fourteenth. In the last few days I have seriously thought about going back to the United States in spite of my mother and father. It is good just to dream about going. My heart jumps as if one fell in love at first sight. I know I shall kiss the soil of the United States with utmost reverence when I return. In the meantime, I am almost choking. I wonder if you can imagine

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the situation here. You read probably quite a lot about the imperialism of Germany before the war, but still there was some small degree of freedom there. Here there is no freedom.

A most amazing thing happened a few days ago. About three thousand people held a meeting. Over two hundred policemen were directed by high officials of the central government to suppress them the moment any action occurred or speech was made that might hold that the present ruling authority was responsible to the people. But these people before going into the meeting forced all the policemen to take off their swords. You know the Jap police wear long dangling swords to frighten the "subjects," and no one has ever criticized their presence. They are a symbol of arbitrary authority, but these "subjects" were not awed and made the two hundred policemen take off their swords, except for several high officials who were permitted to keep theirs to save face.

You cannot understand the significance of this unless you know what a sword means to a Japanese official. The stationmaster of a tiny station with no other duties than those of a ticket seller wears a uniform and has a long sword dangling from his waist. There is no use, no least bit of use, for that sword except that he is a government agent. Considering such a state of things, to compel two hundred policemen to take off their swords is the most tremendous accomplishment by the "subjects" in the history of Japan.

The United States is held in contempt. For instance, the American Legion is openly advertised as only an imitation of the Jap "Society of Soldiers at Home," which is nothing but an organization to carry out government work under compulsion. "The morals of American girl students" is a phrase used as a symbol of degeneracy and corruption. In describing immorality in some Japanese school where girls under eighteen are educated, the article will invariably begin by saying "the most amazing corruption was discovered, which rivals that of American girl students."

You have no strength to criticize such beliefs. The only thing possible is to let them be and to leave yourself out of it. Of course "American dollar worship" is condemned here as it is in Europe, but nowhere is dollar worship more evident than it is in Japan. I do not understand the psychology of this last unless it is that the Japanese are imitating European sentiment.

1924

DEAR H. — My health has improved considerably since I wrote you last, but this horrible disillusion about Japan continues and makes me most unhappy.

There is no trusting anybody or anything in Japan. Men are taught from childhood that "the male has seven enemies as he steps out of his door" and "to consider everybody a thief as you see him" and "let no man and woman stay in the same room after they are seven years old" and "don't worry about being ashamed when you travel; anything is permissible if committed outside your native village." Just think over these common precepts, and you will have some idea of the Japanese atmosphere.

The newspapers are full of hue and cry against the American anti-Japanese immigration law. The Cabinet members are busy holding conferences and visiting the elder statesmen in whose hands the real power of Japan rests, and reporting to the Prince Regent and making public announcements. The newspapers are conducting meetings everywhere. Student associations, women's societies, chambers of commerce, labor organizations, silk dealers' associations, even village meetings, are all enjoying violent speeches and putting forth resolutions.

No one refers to the fact that Japan has similar laws against Indians, Chinese, even Koreans. No one refers to the right of the American government to make its laws to suit itself. No one refers to the fact that it is absolutely necessary to exclude undesirables from a nation if the nation wishes to continue its existence. No one refers to the fact that there actually are among Japanese immigrants many objectionable things to which any nation would object. But the Japanese government and the people do not like to admit this fact.

This attitude is not confined to Japan, of course; it is true of all Eastern Asia, including India. The Japanese call it "injuring dignity," the Chinese term it "destroying face." For instance it "destroys face" in a rich Chinese if he hasn't a fifth wife in his establishment. It "injures dignity" in some rich Japanese if he keeps no woman in his "other house." It destroys the dignity of a government officer if he is given money for some favor granted; it must come through his wife.

So this American immigration business destroys the dignity of the Japanese if it is made into law and published all over the world, but it will not destroy their face or dignity if it is done secretly. Some of them even admit that it is all for the best interests of the United States, but they cannot understand why the facts should be published although the public has known all about it for two decades. This is the result of the curious Japanese mentality.

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1928

DEAR H. — A flood of "Made in Japan" goods seems to be putting fear into both civilization and uncivilization. This manufacturing, a huge pyramid built up by millions of slaves, Japan calls a great monument; millions of little Japs putting European industry out of business. Eighty per cent of these goods are made in little factories — sweatshops — with fewer than fifty employees. What do you call this? Certainly not a great monument! Little underfed girls of no intelligence, perhaps sixteen years old and paid almost nothing, are made to compete with the six-foot factory hands of Manchester, England. Is this "national glory"? Undoubtedly it is making someone rich, but I just can't put my finger on the vital spot of what it all means.

In modern American tools and automobiles one can't always see the real American soul, which is founded on the Greeks and the morals of the New Testament. The Japanese see only the machines and think they can be like Americans only by imitating these things without regard to the education and the spirit behind them. So this mountain island swarms with millions of shouting imitators, shallow and opinionated, like noisy frogs in the spring.

At 45 degrees F. outdoors it is quite cold in the house. Indeed it seems warmer outdoors. There is no central heat in Japan. In the city they have a large earthenware dish in which a few pieces of charcoal are placed among the ashes; in the country a huge square pit is opened in the middle of the room without a smokestack, in which wood is burned. The inadequacy of the first makes people huddle themselves into as small a ball as possible; the crudity of the latter makes everybody look sooty. All one's household goods and the ceiling are covered with soot hanging down like icicles, the paper screens are black, and everybody's eyes are bad because of the smoke entering them.

1930

DEAR H. — It may be hard for you to realize how glad I was to hear from you. You see, I am alone most of the time, day and night, though I hear the noise of the trains passing and sometimes the railroad porter crying out the name of the station when the wind is favorable.

There is very little to add about the way I live. The one month's rainy season started June eleventh. The rain may continue for a week in a streak until everything in the house gets moldy. Luckily I gathered my wheat and barley just before the rain began.

Cucumbers, tomatoes, and eggplant will grow wonderfully in rain; the potatoes already are in digging shape. I had several good roses developed this year, but I am afraid the rain will wash away what remains of them. I raised one hundred chickens this spring; there are only four left. If there were any possible way of sharing them with you, I should like that very much.

I spend most of my evenings reading whatever I can obtain — books, magazines, and newspapers. I also use my radio. Although I can get Russia and New Zealand stations on the loud speaker, I can't get the United States. I can get the signals as far as Schenectady with the earphones. Whenever I can, I go to the movies so that I can hear English spoken even though it is only on the screen.

Financially I am very poor. Of course I need no more than a pair of overalls and a thirteen-cent straw hat, and I want nothing more than a package of tobacco. But nothing ever made me worry in life. I get what I want wherever I may be and I get off very easy because my wants are so limited.

1933

DEAR H. — This is a joyful day in my uneventful life. I received your letter, which has given me the most restful hour I have had in a long time. Also I went to a family party for all the children. But I have not described my feelings for so many years that I cannot describe competently just how I feel.

The American Navy massed in the Pacific for some time now is raising a hue and cry here as though America intended to strike. Perhaps they do. An American naval officer, in an important magazine article, has said almost that, and American sailors showed quite a pugnacious spirit towards Japan during the Shanghai trouble. But all this is putting the people under heavy taxes again. An old woman I know had to go hungry seven days in order to pay her thirty-cent tax for the airplane assessment!

There are heavily armed guards with bayonets by the moat of the Emperor's residence in Tokyo "to guard during Japan's emergency period." Now I am wondering if these bayonets are aimed at the Russians over beyond the Japan Sea or against the Americans in the Pacific. These people in power must have pretty good imaginations. They are drunk with their actions, leaving the League of Nations, building a nation in Manchuria, refusing to return those South Sea Islands to Germany (but, of course, no nation after the war returned any colonies to Germany), and arousing England's anger because of Japan's policy and trade.

But whatever the idea under the brains, the facto-

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ries producing arms and army equipment are working in double shifts, spending millions of money. No party representative is allowed openly to oppose the army's expenditure. "National safety," as they call it, cannot be opposed without extreme discomfort to those who oppose it.

In the meantime, millions of beggarly farmers are struggling to pay taxes, to gather food, and to produce millions of children!

1938

DEAR H. — The other day I was in Tokyo. First you see a solid reinforced concrete building with a huge garden, and wide paved roads. Then suddenly you come into only six-foot roads lined on both sides with little houses like piano boxes. There is no end to these roads, and many thousands live in such sections.

Now the Minister of War is crying at these people that the nation is fast approaching dangerous days and he pats his sword. There are a million cries about national glory and the Emperor and his son. What do you think this means? Can the War Minister be hatching some war eggs? I denounced this dangerous agitation to myself in my hermitage, but today a little bolder spirit started to come out and I laughed — only a feeble laugh though, as at any moment some self-appointed patriot of the hobo type of young man may rush in with a dagger, crying out "Traitor!" The longer I stay here and the closer I watch all this, the more puzzling it becomes and I lose my sense of proportion about everything.

Spring, 1940

DEAR H. — I am afraid this letter may be the last one I can write you if the United States is going to attack this country. In time of war all the news is controlled and we are not allowed to know the whole truth. But such news as reaches me in the newspapers indicates there is no doubt at all that the United States means war by sending lots of American ships to Singapore, starting large air bases on Northern Pacific coasts, acquiring air and naval bases in Mexico and South America as well as sending large numbers of marines to Hawaii and other little islands in the Pacific.

In this country we common people cannot believe that war is possible. The idea is so startling that the United States will attack us that we cannot speak. The Premier said over the radio that the nation is in the most critical period of its history, not figuratively but actually, and that the population must be of one mind and action to survive the crisis. Now this seems to be the attitude of the public too. They know they are in a life-and-death struggle, with the emphasis on death. The United States Army will face men vastly different from those they met in the last war with Germany.

In the meantime, Japan is undergoing tremendous changes, a sort of revolution unknown in her history. So far the movement is called the New Order. No one seems to know just what this new order means, but I think it is a totalitarian system. We know it as an accomplished fact, however, that all political parties have been dissolved, not by government order, but by the parties themselves. Even the Club for Representatives has been abolished.

Some days ago the newspapers printed the outlines of the new order. I gathered that it is nothing more than a government within the government and that it means to control the entire Japanese population, submerging individual initiative and enterprise to the nation. Everything — food, drink, clothing, and shelter — comes under this control. Someone of the organization will take up the telephone and say that we are not to eat rice for one day as a measure of economy; then instantly that order will reach the entire population. This is a tremendous attempt, but I think this country and its subjects, so accustomed to obey, will follow the lead.

The United States, according to the newspapers, is talking a lot about her rights in the South Sea countries, French Indo-China, Siam, and the Dutch East Indies, and is ready to fight Japan over those countries. I, who have seen those countries, can but say that the attitude of the United States is that of the Southerners at the time of the United States Civil War. The natives in these countries have been kept as slaves since the time of Napoleon, and a very few Europeans have enjoyed princely livings at their expense. And the United States is going to keep them slaves by fighting Japan if necessary. America refuses to see the whole truth about those countries and China. After the war, we shall see the matter correctly. There is no hope now either for us or for Americans.

Maybe the United States will not attack us yet, and you could manage to send me some magazines that do not have political opinions. Could you also send me some blue serge for a pair of pants? I might send you some silk cloth in return, because I cannot send you money under the present law. I want reasonably strong wool cloth, enough for one suit. Let me know if this barter is possible. But I am almost without clothes now and I can get no cloth here unless it is so heavy with vegetable fibers that it will wear out in no time. Pants made of it cannot last one month, and it is as expensive as woolen

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cloth. For my working clothes, I am using overalls so beautifully patched that the original appearance is totally absent. One shirt costs ten yen — a laborer's daily wage is about two yen, so he must work for five days to get a shirt. Other commodities are not abundant.

Spring is almost here and crocus is blooming in spite of war and privation. And the cabbage is showing signs of life. I have seeded a lot of potatoes to help out on the food shortage, and am getting my garden ready for beans, carrots, and the rest.

The west wind is blowing hard tonight. It is not a comfortable wind and I cannot keep my temper down on such a night. But somehow I thought I must write this letter immediately.

My best regards to N. and how are your children?

March 20, 1940

In my last letter I mentioned something about blue serge. Please forget all about it as I discovered that the United States does not mean to let me wear that cloth by prohibiting its export to Japan. But see what you can do about the magazines — those may not be included in the prohibition. Any one of my letters might be the last one henceforth, and I wish you to understand that even if communications are interrupted I shall always remain your sincere friend. [*A postal card*]

July, 1940

DEAR H. — I am not yet supplied with a new typewriter ribbon, so once again you must put up with my bad handwriting. I was surprised to learn that my letter and card reached you so quickly. I always think that what I write takes so long to reach you that I must always write a long letter; now that is not so. Another surprise was your picture. You look so old and so important, standing with those venerable old men. But of course I know you are not half so old as you seem. Don't apologize for not writing. Although I am not a wise man, the experience of the years has taught me to know just what can be done and what cannot.

Who knows but this may be the last letter I receive from you? The United States may declare war at any day or any moment if anything like a *Lusitania* incident should occur in the war zone. I hope she will not enter the war. The last great war gave nothing good to the United States or to Europe either, in spite of the great sacrifices. I read an article in *Fortune* called "Great Britain's Europe" and am reassured that someone in the United States knows Europe as it really is and the true position of the United States. Lindbergh and ex-President Hoover express parts of the truth, each within his own field and experience.

Don't bother to subscribe for any American papers to send way out here. They arrive in such huge bunches that it costs a great deal to receive them, and as usual I have very meager money. Well, even if the United States comes to bomb us, I can go back to the family homestead in the country, where I shall have everything to keep life going except perhaps salt. I am learning to make syrup out of grain and malt, getting the idea from a story of Southern farmers at the time of the American Civil War who made a syrup out of sorghum. It isn't very good, but is a fair substitute for the sweets which are scarce. But it takes a great deal of time to make.

Though I hope things will never come to that, if this letter should be the last one I can send, remember I shall be thinking of you and your family always,

P.S. My address will soon be changed because of all these new factories coming into being. I will send you the new one next month.

October, 1941

I am writing a letter, but just a card today, as it is feared U.S. may attack us any day, and U.S. thinks three weeks are safe anyway for the Americans to get to ships. Consequently I believe mail is yet carried for that period. This may be the last of my Good Will to you and wishes to say that your friendship has been a joy and pleasure most of my life. I hope you and N. and children will be happy and well.

I wish the United States will not attack us. There is no antagonizing feeling toward her.

Yours truly,

A ____

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PRIVATE PAPERS

by SERGEANT WILLIAM JUSTEMA

AND SO MERRY BE

differently. Tabulate, Soldier, appreciate
all the changes in your changed estate:
all the castes — for such they be — in this
mushroom hierarchy. Estimate your chances. . . .
He who dances the best at gun point
gets a rating (arm-stripes).
He who studies while dancing
becomes an officer (bars or stars).
But concede them everything, the potentates.
Soldier, the care they take of you is taken
from you too. Your responsibility
begins and ends with a command:
the rest is luxury. . . .
So in barracks or at the Post Exchange
though complaint shake the rafters —
after all is said (with profanity) you have
food, bed, and your good companions.
Their quaint amusements all are yours;
their women (occasionally); their liquor
(usually) to be shared. . . .
Caste, women, drink, and obscenity; these
are the stock in trade, ready-made language
of the untouchables. The snobbery
based on them — as exacting as any.
(Yet of a wonderful simplicity.)
And not many times will you
alone, suddenly and late,
get no reply from the juke box.

SOMEONE YOU KNOW IS HERE

or someone like him. He wears a suit
of most unlikely green exactly like a million.
Straight as a gun he is, the features safety-locked. . . .
Where have I seen him before?
That was another world. (I forget
what I was doing there.) He appeared
the ordinary run of man, one of a crowd.
How blind! How blind! I, in that other world.
Under this olive drab, this trigger tension,
are things no other world made clear. . . .
Our lives are not our own to lead. Our
strength is not our own, nor our fatigue.
Looking about me at the end of day,
opium-weary, my brightened brain
inhabits the other bodies where they lie. . . .

Now a sergeant in the 605th Engineers, WILLIAM JUSTEMA sends us the poems which he wrote as a private on first joining the army.

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Look close, and see the sharp, sad Jew;
mother's spoiled darling; the inveterate Boy Scout.
Oh, see the bewildered; the embittered;
and the practical joker. The glutton; prig;
boot-licker; gold-bricker — all
one tired body whose every part cries out.
Still come near:
Yes, someone you know is here.

LIKE LHASA

a male community; unlike Lhasa, profane;
but a murmuring city, a fortified dovecote;
it rises, serried, to the Living Buddha's quarters;
and, though he's not in residence, nightly
we have the Philosopher in the Latrine. . . .

What did he say? And what did he mean?
He said (I quote): A soldier,
victim of rumor, eaten by appetite,
must, by the very humors that blended
his fear with his desire, be mended.
Meaning: "Don't stick your neck out."
And he said (I quote): Forces
outside ourselves govern us, only until the
force within, rather than meet defeat, extends.
Meaning: "They can't make you do anything
but they can make you wish you had!"
And he said (I quote): Do not become
attached — not even to detachment. One
by one break all your habits, then
break your pride in breaking them.
As you've found: to be on the inside
is profoundly easy, once you're there.
Don't count on that. There is no outside
or in, where you are going. (All this he said
sitting there naked; the prayer wheels turning,
the conches blowing from roof-top to roof-top.)
You dare not love. Prepare to
give up everything that you do — at
a moment's notice. In combat
two make a target. Meaning:
"If you have a friend, stay away from him."
(Butter-lamps guttering in the night-wind.)

WHO WOULD NOT

simple and strong and young be a soldier?
Not any one, these given. These denied —
consider the use of trying.
None but would be strong. Else wronging
himself. And simplicity? It becomes
the human animal like a ribbon decoration.
The catch is "young." Who really
would relive the tentative years! They —
passed. Nor — Young Soldier, forgive me —
will tomorrow's tragedy be the last.
But, making your memories
ever simpler and more strong — though the
world and paradise are lost: your war is won.

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AN ATLANTIC STORY

MRS. WILLOUGHBY ON THE PLAINS OF TROY

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

For an entire fortnight Mrs. Peter Willoughby had jogged along, not thinking anything extraordinary, when suddenly the thought came to her that everything in the history books had actually happened. "On a real day," thought Mrs. Willoughby. "A day that was hot, cold, or medium — with actual people breathing, moving, loving, wondering what they would have for dinner."

Mrs. Willoughby always recognized a good idea when she had one; and she knew that this was one of her best. It illumined and vivified the field of history, which previously had seemed to her a bit of a bore.

History had happened gradually, on separate days, while children rolled their hoops in the sun and old people sat on their front stoops, talking.

"Did you know the Great Pyramid's nearly done? Quite a thing, they say."

"Hear Caesar has reached the Rhine."

All those days once were today, thought Mrs. Willoughby, with sunrise, sunset, and newspapers (of course after newspapers were invented). Even those old kings — Khasekhemui Besh, for example — probably were much like people today: toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing.

Khasekhemui Besh had sat on his throne, blinking his eyes. Perhaps he thought, "I need a haircut." He considered the day's agenda and thought, "I should like to go fishing," or "This empire is going to pot." A pretty Egyptian girl passed by, and Khasekhemui Besh leered.

"What were your dreams, old Khasekhemui?" Mrs. Peter Willoughby wondered.

She was fired with interest to know more about history. Hannibal. Xerxes. Magellan. Tecumseh. So, while everyone else was peering toward the future, Mrs. Peter Willoughby turned to the past.

"Jim," said Mrs. Willoughby to her husband one evening, "did you know that Cleopatra was only sixteen when Julius Caesar married her?"

James Peter Willoughby said he had known this, but hadn't thought of it in a good while.

"Just the age of our daughter Jane," said Mrs. Willoughby. "Caesar might have fallen in love with our Jane instead of Cleopatra, if Jane had been born in 69 B.C. Have you ever thought of that?"

James Peter Willoughby hadn't.

Mrs. Willoughby paused a moment, and added, "Think of sex in 69 B.C.! Anyway," she continued, "I would not have given my consent to Caesar's marriage to Jane under any circumstances, because Caesar already had a Roman wife."

She would have said, kindly but firmly: "No, Julius. You may not have Jane. You are already married."

It made history seem very real, to think what she herself would have done in these situations.

"Don't feel depressed about having forgotten Cleopatra's age," she told her husband, "because I didn't know any history until recently, except 1492, 1776, and the fact that Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. It's only since I got this new, fresh slant about how history actually happened that I started to brush up."

Mrs. Willoughby's researches in the field of history were conducted in the time she ordinarily would have spent reading fiction. She began by selecting a history book from the Willoughby bookshelves. Then she would picture history, for a moment, in the mass: like a great newsreel run off at an accelerated pace, with empires rising and falling, and prairie schooners hurtling westward.

After this, she dipped at random into the stream

One of our favorite heroines, Mrs. Peter Willoughby, made her debut in the *Atlantic* over a year ago. Since then we have published several stories about her activities in New York City.

Mrs. Willoughby's creator, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER, hails from Indiana. She came to Manhattan fresh and impressionable, and the fashions, the good intentions, and the effervescent impulses which she catches are not confined to the feminine world of Park Avenue and Sutton Place.

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of history, and seined up a tidbit. Perhaps something about Bismarck. Or a stray fact about Daniel Boone. She knew that it would be impossible to fit these influences into the current picture until she closed up the gaps in her knowledge.

Conversation at the Willoughby dinner table now reached a height of erudition hitherto undreamed of. Mrs. Willoughby staggered the dinner guests with references to Talleyrand, the Punic Wars, and Millard Fillmore's Administration. She offered little side lights, and passed lightly on to another era. Everyone thought, "Mrs. Peter Willoughby is at home in any age."

But Mrs. Willoughby did not pretend to be. The more she learned, the more she realized how much she did not know; and she yearned for the time when she would understand the past so well that the present would seem merely the logical sequence of the causes. Sometimes, reading a few lines of history, she felt very humble. An isolated scene from the past suddenly would come real, in all its majesty.

One day it was the death of the Duke of Wellington. She imagined his funeral procession moving through the streets of London. There would have been muffled drums and the sound of marching feet; perhaps a voice intoning Tennyson's mighty lines:

> Bury the Great Duke
> With an empire's lamentation.

At other times, Mrs. Willoughby simply dabbled for pleasure in the past, speculating about the love life of bygone monarchs, wondering whether any bystanders were around when Magna Carta was signed, and what women wore in the Reindeer Age.

2

James Peter Willoughby became a little annoyed with this dalliance over the entire expanse of world history — particularly when Mrs. Willoughby got her facts mixed up.

"Did you know how people went up to the higher levels of the hanging gardens of Babylon?" she asked him one evening.

"In an old, creaking elevator," said Jim, exasperated.

"No," said Mrs. Willoughby triumphantly.

"In a balloon," said Jim.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Willoughby. "By staircase. Think of the beautiful women of Babylon, swishing down the stairs of the hanging gardens in their Paris clothes."

"Paris wasn't founded yet," said Jim.

"Did you know that Genghis Khan had whiskers?" said Mrs. Willoughby, sweeping on through the corridors of time.

"No," said Jim. "Do you know who Button Gwinnett was? No? Well, he signed the Declaration of Independence. I shall now list all the kings of England in order." He began to recite: —

> "First William the Norman,
> Then William his son,
> Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
> Then Richard and John."

"I don't see what connection that has with Button Gwinnett," interrupted Mrs. Willoughby.

Jim continued, "Did you know that Michelangelo never took off a pair of boots until they were worn through the soles?"

"I was talking about history," said Mrs. Willoughby. "You are talking about trivia."

Mrs. Willoughby went into the bedroom and began to brush her hair vigorously. Jim appeared in the door and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you mad."

"Jim, you're very intelligent," said Mrs. Willoughby, "but you have such a miscellaneous mind."

He hadn't been fair, she thought, but she really ought to get her history organized on a systematic basis. She might confine herself to wars. She had been shocked to discover how much battling there had been through the ages. A vast amount of pillage, too. It was surprising that the world had got on as well as it had, considering all that had happened.

She might study how one object figured in all the different eras. Such as the umbrella. Only the day before, she had come upon a picture of a woman of ancient Nineveh, carrying an umbrella. At least, it looked like an umbrella.

"Now that's something I never knew before," Mrs. Willoughby had thought. "I never knew that the women of Nineveh had umbrellas."

Suddenly the vanished city of Nineveh had seemed quite real. The rain had fallen on Nineveh, just as it falls here. The rain had slanted across the statues of the great winged bulls. There were puddles in the street. The Nineveh woman had skirted these, gracefully holding her umbrella.

"It would be revelatory," thought Mrs. Willoughby, "to study the umbrella through the ages." Probably primitive man had dreamed up this object. First a shelter, then a portable shelter. He would have carried a clumsy arrangement of leaves, and gone off in the rain to look for acorns.

There had been a picture in the same book of Abraham Lincoln's umbrella, lying on a drop-leaf table beside his tall hat. It was a big, homely umbrella, but the picture was quite moving.

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One could go on to modern umbrellas. Neville Chamberlain's. The umbrellas of air power.

Such a survey would, however, give only a partial view of history. No, there was only one way to make the jigsaw puzzle of events completely clear. It was to go back to the very beginning, and work up chronologically.

3

Back she went, to the first faint glimmerings of time, wondering how long it would take her to get up to Paul Revere's Ride and the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe.

Now in her free hours — three or four a week — she considered fossils, strange tree-ferns that rose from the steamy swamps millions of years ago, and dinosaurs grasping food with their forelegs.

"How tedious!" thought Mrs. Willoughby. She loathed those eras.

On she plowed through the glacial periods. Meanwhile, heart-shaking events were happening in the world around her. She must hurry and catch up; for not only were all past days once today: today would be history also.

On the day the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, she was battling the Hittites in the second millennium B.C. When Jimmy Doolittle bombed Tokyo, she was sailing to ancient Thebes with a Pharaoh.

She was running a race with the clock, and losing. But she was unwilling to give up. If she slackened now, so much more history would happen that her task would be insuperable.

Mrs. Willoughby was on the plains of Troy when the great War Bond parade moved up Fifth Avenue in June, 1942. She left the siege of the ancient city to go with her children, Joyce and Peter, to see the parade.

They found a place in a hotel window at Fifty-ninth Street, and looked out on the marching uniformed ranks, the floats, the flags, the pieces of torn paper fluttering down.

The children were absorbed and quiet. Occasionally young Peter made brief comments. When the airplanes flew over he said, "B-17's."

Mrs. Willoughby rested her hands on the children's shoulders, and scanned the faces of the marching men. The image of Troy faded from her mind; she thought of the scenes these boys had come from.

She saw the waving winter wheat in the Texas Panhandle; the smokestacks of the Great Lakes cities, the plains of the Dakotas. Things she had seen in photomurals of America, or from train windows on trips she had taken with Jim: a quiet small town with autumn leaves lying on the little park; frame houses with front porches and flower boxes; a newsboy tossing an evening paper against a door.

Far down Fifth Avenue, a band was playing the tunes of World War I: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and "Mademoiselle from Armentières"; but below Mrs. Willoughby and her children the new army passed, with its tanks named "Ignatz" and "Invincible," its plane detectors, its pontoon equipment.

A tanned young man riding by in a tank named "Ball of Fire" looked up and caught Mrs. Willoughby's eye and waved, thinking she was Ina Claire. He pointed to the guns and held up his fingers: V for Victory.

Suddenly Mrs. Willoughby's cheeks were wet with tears. "O God," she prayed, "I come to Thee from Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, a humble suppliant. I hold no public office; I am just a typical consumer; but help me to help win the war."

She knew that she would never return to the siege of Troy until this war was over. She was sorry she hadn't arrived at the moment in history which would have given her a key to her world, but now she had new duties.

Mrs. Peter Willoughby became an airplane spotter for civilian defense in the time she previously had spent reading history. She gave blood to the Red Cross, she rolled bandages, she sold War Bonds in a Fifth Avenue department store.

But there was a further service which Mrs. Willoughby gave to the war effort: an emanation of courage and moral backing which she contributed to the armed forces of the United Nations on the land, the sea, and in the air. Thereafter, no troops fought without Mrs. Willoughby. They didn't know that she went into action, but she did.

When the gray ships nosed down the East River, with their gunnery crews aboard, Mrs. Willoughby was aboard too. From the fortress of her own home, helping to take care of things, she was vigilant. She would pace the decks, in her mind, after the ships got out to sea, and call, "Submarine to port, sir!"

No plane pilot took off in the Pacific area without Mrs. Peter Willoughby at his side, scanning the skies for the enemy. She knew that many other women were doing the same thing; but if she left off, there might not be enough.

James Peter Willoughby was sincerely impressed by the scope of his wife's war effort. "Maybe this does some good," he said. He cited Peer Gynt, of whom it was said when he met an adversary, "He was too strong. There were women behind him."

"Janie is fighting the war on all fronts," Jim told his friends when they asked what Mrs. Willoughby was doing. He started calling her "The Iron Angel."

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EYE OF THE HURRICANE

by LUCIEN PRICE

1

A NATION in perils falls back upon its most precious possession. That possession is its young men. The burden of maintaining any security in our lives falls on them, and this before they have had their share of the life they are compelled to protect at the risk of their own. As combat deepens, the men on whom the nation calls are younger and younger. We are now down to our eighteen-year-olds. The colleges have been virtually denuded of students in the liberal arts; whatever general education our adolescent boys are to have must now be given before they come of military age.

American life through its whole three centuries has been civilian. We have produced on this continent a type of gracious, kindly youth from whose thoughts the farthest was that of injuring a fellow mortal. His habitual frame of mind was, "If I harm no one, no one will harm me." While this type was not unique in history, it was produced here in larger proportion than anywhere else previously on earth, thanks partly to a continent bounteous in natural wealth, and thanks even more to an ever widening, free, public, and liberal education.

On this human type is based our democratic system. For social systems are based not on how people think but on how they feel. Their constitutions, laws, and customs flow through the brain from the heart. Legal systems are effects, not causes. Our society prizes mercy and justice because the people on this continent for the past three centuries have prized mercy and justice. These basic concepts are transmitted, almost unconsciously, from one generation to the next, beginning at infancy and coming to focus as adolescence draws to a close, at the age of eighteen or nineteen. These are the very life-stuff of our civilization; we take them in as it were through our pores, and they are what assures the continuance of a civil society.

LUCIEN PRICE, classicist, author, and editorial writer, having enjoyed a good American education, wants to be sure that other and younger men do so even while we are winning the war.

This peculiar distinction of American life was first pointed out to me by Europeans. We ourselves, never having known the lack, take it like the air we breathe, scarcely giving it a thought; so my reply to my European informants was at first somewhat brusque: that being distinguished men, traveling and lecturing, they were more or less carried around on silver platters by hosts who were flattered to have them as guests. But it appeared that they meant not their hosts but the host of strangers — casual encounters in stores, on streets, at ticket windows; seat companions in railroad trains, taxi drivers; in two words: common people. They all said, and said repeatedly, that the prevailing kindliness in this country was like nothing they had ever experienced or heard of anywhere else on earth.

Three sojourns in Europe opened my own eyes. Our unique contribution to the progress of the world is not so much liberty as it is equality. It is the easy, natural, confraternal mingling of our people. Poverty or riches, education or ignorance, may impede it here or there; but at bottom we take it so much as a matter of course that if we find an individual or a social set where it is not, our instinctive response to its absence is ridicule.

Huckleberry Finn is our perfect symbol. Our imaginations accept him as a completely natural boy. And the presuppositions of that barely literate waif were all humane and equalitarian because Mark Twain put into him the feelings which are common to our people.

If conscription at the age of eighteen be military necessity, then it is the bounden duty of civilians to protect our adolescents from the alienation of their rightful heritage. We are trustees for every article of value which their elder brothers have been conscripted to defend, and which they themselves may be. Some of these articles are concrete — homes, ancestral acres of tillage, jobs in factory or office; others are semi-tangible, as the vote or the right to strike; still others, though highly abstract, are yet

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the most valuable of all: access to a life of the mind and spirit, what is called "the good life."

A boy in his teens is a crock of yeast in ferment. "To flaming youth let virtue be as wax." Instead of successive crops of adolescents indoctrinated at their most impressionable age with the basic practices of civilian life, of civil government, of humanistic learning and the creative arts, suppose you get crop after crop conditioned to something quite different and often exactly the reverse. Behind the warrior are at least three million years of hereditary instinct — plus some glandular adrenalin at the spurt; behind the peaceable civilian are not more than three thousand years, if that.

Does it occur to us that, after this war, the kind of society which will emerge will depend on the kind of ideas uppermost in the minds of men who are now boys? Not since 1865 have our youth been under arms four years; in the previous World War our young men were in action hardly longer than from April, 1917, to November, 1918, and in uniform only until 1919 or 1920; yet the effects on civilian life in America for the next ten years are now known as the Jazz Decade. The form which social dislocation took here after the previous war was mainly personal conduct; that it did not take the form of major civil disturbance may be attributed to the shortness of our participation in that war.

When the house catches fire, people do strange things. They carry the ancestral musket downstairs after having thrown the heirloom china out of the second-story window. American wartime hysteria goes in fashions. From 1917 to 1920 the fashion was to persecute unpopular minorities; this time it takes the form of a loyalty more enthusiastic than discriminating, which permits, or threatens to permit, the abandonment of education in America, for the duration at least, if not entirely to military science, certainly to the sciences at the further expense of the humanities.

The argument is, of course, for a short war. To end it speedily by overwhelming force is at once the most humane course and the one most likely to save our semi-democratic societies. "Everybody in it! Victory in two years — or five at most. Make it short and snappy. Then back to your books or your jobs." But suppose the war should not be short — thus far, for us and our friends, it has certainly been neither short nor snappy — the argument for a short war then becomes a gamble.

A central fact in the European situation between 1919 and 1939 was that the young men, whose thinking should have produced fresh ideas and prevented another World War, were dead. The art by which Russia was best known to the world before 1914 was prose fiction; the distinctive art of Germany was music, that of France was drama and belles-lettres; that of England was the art of politics. In the two decades after 1918, the decline of each of those countries in its characteristic art was glaring.

In America we had, until within a year or two, at least this advantage: that while those European arts were mainly non-institutional and were perpetuated by individual transmission from great talent to great talent, in our newer society it was our educational system which, if working on a humbler scale, did nevertheless transmit to young men of average ability, at the age of their most fertile receptivity, those concepts necessary to the continuation of our liberal institutions. Adolescence is the golden link in our chain of social inheritance. Of this heritage, the essence is continuity. Break that — on the high hazard of a short war — and what have you?

We are in a Mississippi steamboat race. Our lives and money are staked on our own boat. A deck hand has been hoisted up to sit on the safety valve. Fuel! Fuel! More fuel! Stokers feed her furnaces with cargo, deck fixtures, cabin fittings, furniture, passengers' luggage, then with the family, the school, the university — anything that will burn. But what if we win the race only to find that we have stoked our furnaces with those possessions which alone make the race worth winning?

2

The schoolmaster in America has been more honored in theory than in practice. He has always been with us — hundreds and thousands of him from Ezekiel Cheever in the Boston Latin School of 1670 to his successors in 1943. Patiently through the years, he has turned out thousands of young citizens who, without knowing how they did it, preserved our social equilibrium against the hard-boiled plutocrat at one extreme and the crackpot agitator at the other. Your man of learning as schoolmaster defeated the ravages of ignorant fanaticism by the simplest of means: his pupils, having been shown cases all through world history in which such excesses had marred more than they mended, having been taught to examine the evidence and decide for themselves, heard the extremists of both camps with mental reservations. They had, as we say, "been around." When one knows somewhat of the best that has been thought and done by the finest minds for twenty-six centuries, he is no longer a wind vane.

But "easy is the descent to Avernus." German universities before 1914 were the admiration of the world. Twenty years later, Germans were behead-

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ing women with a medieval axe. They also beheaded their universities.

In our firmament the scholar is on the wane if not in eclipse. On the continent of Europe, universities scarcely exist; in England they stand their ground under heavy odds; in America they are being turned over to war effort with a thoroughness which threatens the bases of our liberal institutions. But even before this second World War began, the refugee scholar was a symptom of the prevailing social deterioration.

For the previous five centuries the scholar had been held in esteem. He had been maintained in moderate comfort, especially since the Renaissance, though also before it, because creatively fertile ages are eager for living ideas and these are the commodity which the scholar, at his best, has to offer. But when it is deemed expedient to freeze an existing social system in the hope of perpetuating a dominant class, ideas become contraband, "dangerous thoughts," and the scholar is outcast.

With us in America until the turn of the present century, the schoolmaster, the scholar, the college president tended to be a comic butt. His usefulness was acknowledged, but he was privately laughed at by his neighbors who were getting on in a worldly way. If he had been any good, why hadn't he made money? Harmless old party, his sense of property rights was so dim that he forgot his umbrella. This ridicule did him no harm, for a man is never safer than when he is under the laugh. He was able to do his work unmolested, and it was work of supreme value; by humanizing he stabilized.

We have never missed him because he has never been gone; his perpetuity has been taken for granted like a parent's, for we cannot remember a time when we did not rely on him. The schoolmaster, the professor, the liberal scholar is the other half which, with the adolescent boy, makes our social system what it is. He is our bulwark against the destructive violence of the ignorant from whatever camp — political, military, plutocratic, religious, proletarian. That old party who forgets his umbrella is still our best friend, and for the very reason that he knows how much more valuable ideas are than an umbrella.

Since 1920, however, that old party has become a young party. In 1910 a talented college graduate who went into secondary-school teaching was regarded by his classmates as either a fool or a fanatic. For the past twenty years the teaching profession has been getting more and more the pick of the crop. While this trend has been more pronounced in the endowed schools than in the public ones, nevertheless both kinds have benefited; for however able and devoted our women teachers may be (and the debt this Republic owes them is incalculable and unpayable), adolescent boys are best taught by men, and preferably by young men.

Conscription reaches for our young men teachers. The vitamin deficiency in our civilian life thus attacks both parties at once — the adolescent on one side, the schoolmaster on the other. A good many people were shocked, I myself not least, that the liberal arts faculties and men teachers of non-militarizable subjects in secondary schools put up so little protest against the abrogation of their functions. You might have supposed there was no halfway house between total war and conscientious objection.

These men of the teaching profession were too modest, too high-minded, and too well-bred. The fact that they might be deemed to have a grubstake in the position which they needed to defend was taken by the majority of them as a reason for not speaking out. Other groups are not so self-denying. Had it been any one of a hundred other occupations you can think of, just imagine how they would have howled blue murder to high heaven!

3

In March, 1927, on the stone quays at Naples I watched files of black-shirted ten-year-old urchins being toughened for military drill. The Germans less openly were doing the same. Fascism reaches down into the lower adolescent age-bracket, and beyond into childhood, stultifying school curricula and conditioning the lads before they reach Boy Scout age. These hardened babes, now in their twenties, are an acknowledged post-war problem for the world. They are virtually a criminal class which requires to be kept under restraint if it cannot be re-educated and de-bamboozled. Is it suggested that we dilute our school curricula, carry pre-military training down to our own lads at or before the Boy Scout age, and create a problem generation of our own by way of reforming Fascism's problem children?

Let the education of American boys below the age of eighteen remain civilian. The Army and Navy are demonstrating their ability to train and condition recruits fast enough. What schooling these lads receive before they are conscripted at eighteen may be their only access, for no one knows how long, not only to a general education, be it vocational or liberal, but also to the formation of those civilian habits of mind on which our society has hitherto depended for the maintenance of its liberties and its powers of origination.

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We hope for a short war. But to gamble our future, as contained in the civilian-mindedness of our youth, on that hazard would be as dangerous a folly as to gamble militarily on a short war by preparing to win or lose by a certain date and staking all on that throw. Should the war be prolonged beyond all expectation by that enormous complex of causes which no man can compute, and crop after crop of eighteen-year-olds go into the armed forces without having had the utmost that can be given them, preferably by men teachers, of non-military education, our Mississippi steamboat race could end with a victory won by a hulk empty of everything but its industrial boilers and military engines.

In peacetime the army skeletonizes its forces. In wartime our educational forces are of necessity skeletonized. To skeletonize too far could be as fatal in the one case as in the other. Men teachers vital to a school, public or endowed, should be exempted from conscription as a matter of course. Let them wear an emblem, or a distinctive dress if you will, military uniform if that be needed to relieve them from the occult pressure of public disapproval. Call them a "force" if that would satisfy the emotional requirements of their neighbors, for a force they are, at once requisite and saving.

Many a man who could have been far more valuable at his teaching post than at an army post has enlisted because he could not endure the unspoken query behind his neighbors' eyes. Schoolboys, who are not so reticent, ask them outright why they do not enlist. The reply they should be authorized to make is: "Because my government orders me to stay where I am and try to make civilized human beings out of you." A certain university president has suggested that it takes no courage to stay out of uniform on grounds of public principle. Such a remark could be made only by one who, however intellectually acute, is spiritually obtuse. To stand alone against crowd opinion takes a degree of moral heroism which we have no right to demand of men teachers when their position could be and should be publicly regularized.

4

MECHANICAL ingenuity is a trump card in America's hand. That form of skill is native to us; we have it in every sort from knack at tinkering to advanced scientific techniques. It is the skill which seems most valuable in such a time as this; we exult in it — and we are in danger of overplaying the hand.

We must take our seat at the world table. Victory would devolve upon us tasks on a global front — military control, civil administration, disbursements of food and medical supplies, the myriad details of *de facto* management. Whether such control were permanent or temporary, it would require a large, specially trained force, and such a force is, as a matter of fact, in preparation. The proposed studies, besides military subjects, appear to lean heavily toward science, mathematics, and machine technology. "Stock pile" is the term used by a Brigadier General of War Department Personnel to define this group.

Countries with large colonial possessions are familiar with corps of this sort — the British civil service is one and the pre-war French colonial administration was another. On any large scale, it is new to us, and there is also a major difference. Those older hands at the game have taken care to equip their men with a twofold training: their technical equipment came second; it was preceded by a thorough schooling in languages ancient and modern, history, philosophy, mathematics, science, and the whole content of historic cultures. If you wonder why Honours at the English universities are given such prominence, here you are: the prize men get the careers. Their proficiency is decided first in the humanistic studies; their technical training is considered secondary. And their drill in these humanistic studies begins when they are schoolboys in short breeches.

Our allies, the British, have been running a colonial empire for generations. How, despite their blunders, have they kept it up? Have they some secret, esoteric doctrine? Yes — one of those secrets which are all the harder to guess for being in plain sight. Anybody who has himself been through the drill of humanistic studies from schoolboyhood to middle age finally comes to with a start, and a great light dawns on him. "Here, in these subjects, are charted the successes and failures of human society, with reasons for both. Here is a manual of civilization — examples of what has been tried, of what works and what does not. Here are the implements of long-range wisdom, hammered out on the ringing anvil of time." Is this how Britain does it? Ask an Oxford don or a London newspaper editor. In urbane language he will reply, "How did you guess it?" And these are the studies which are commonly spoken of in America as "dead."

Abstract mathematics are prerequisite for military science; modern foreign languages are necessary to us now as never before, since we must take our place at the world table; and the ancient tongues, Greek and Latin, together with history, literature, philosophy, and science are the thinking, speaking,

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and doing apparatus of civilized Western man. Yet there is a concerted attack on foreign languages ancient and modern, by a formidable faction of educational theorists. (Taking advantage of public disaster to go after private loot is an offense punishable by shooting!) If our youth, either at home or abroad, lack the elder and deeper training, they will be ill-equipped to cope with the complicated human situations which lie before us. The term "stock pile" is not too felicitous. It connotes replacement parts in a machine. In the years ahead we shall need far higher forms of skill than mechanical ingenuity.

The eye of the hurricane is that spot, halfway through, where the wind drops, sky clears, sun shines, and sea moderates. Beyond this the hurricane resumes full force, but blowing from the opposite direction. Until navigators learned better, they mistook the eye of the hurricane for the end of the storm, were caught in the second blow, sails taken aback, and foundered. Military victory for our side will be no more than the eye of the hurricane. Beyond it lies an equally heavy storm from the opposite direction. We need our military crew for the first half of this hurricane; for the second half we shall need all the help we can get from our civilian crew. Are there some among the captains of heavy industry and high finance who think they can use the military crew to dominate the civilian? The Fascists thought so too.

Liberal education, from boyhood to manhood, has been and must be our apparatus for peaceable social evolution. Wreck that in any part and you have wrecked your vehicle of orderly advance. If we sever the hard-won wisdom of the past from the urgencies of the present, then young men, who are notoriously the ones who make revolutions, will seize the title deeds of society by those engines of violence which they are now being taught so expertly to wield.

TO ACADEMY 1943

by E. D. VAUGHAN

Put away your manuscript and file your lecture notes —
(Phi Bete key and flesh and bone and just a little more)
Thutmose III of Egypt could beat you to the boats
(Angry dust and granite head beside the polished oar).

Shun the ready aeroplane, reject the urge to flee —
(Cambridge to New Mexico, New Haven to Peru)
Alexander, drunk, could gain land from sea to sea
(All the way to India is but a mile or two).

Close with care the Quarterly, its drowsy song unheard —
(Footnote the obscurity and document the dream)
Charlemagne won Germany by weapon, not by word
(This the latest of the Saxons all the rest must seem).

Let the shadows intercede and Washington appear —
(Wellington guards Waterloo, and Foch is at the Marne)
All the counsel you will need till your heart can hear
(Go strong as Cincinnatus who left an empty barn).

This is what your world must be, this will be your power —
(Learn to walk and learn to breathe and even learn to stand)
You who owned all history inherit but an hour
(Take it now, and seize it now, and hold it in your hand).

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INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS AND THE HUMANITIES

by CLAUDE M. FUESS

1

As THE demands of war grow more insistent, the humanities in education — that is, polite learning as distinguished from manual or directly vocational training — tend to recede or to disappear, and our American secondary schools which preserve the liberal arts in their classrooms find themselves on the defensive. Some very earnest people believe that for the emergency our young men, except those physically unfit, should devote themselves exclusively to the business of waging war.

The crisis, we are told, demands the relentless mobilization of our entire resources, human as well as material. Why, then, waste the time of our youth on any subject not strictly military? The killing of the enemy requires no acquaintance with Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" or Wordsworth's "Daffodils." The operation of a tommy gun does not depend on knowledge of the *Aeneid*. As for etchings and sonatas, they are luxuries which, it is said, we can ill afford at a moment when a soldier's whole attention should be focused on destruction. This theory insists that, during a war, education should concentrate on what is immediately essential for personal and national survival, and forget everything else.

To a considerable degree this policy has been followed. The colleges and universities, dealing with young men at exactly the age when they are eligible for induction, clearly had no option but to transform themselves temporarily into armed camps, in full coöperation with the Army and Navy. Numerous public high schools have changed their courses for seventeen-year-olds to include the study of pre-flight aeronautics.

The independent schools — privately endowed and not operated for profit — have also promptly modified their curriculums by introducing such courses as communications (including the Morse code), navigation, map reading, and automobile mechanics, and by laying more stress on bodybuilding and rifle shooting. But these schools have made these additions while retaining their traditional educational philosophy.

What reasons have the independent secondary schools for their action? In the first place they are convinced that for the training of future officers this procedure can be fully justified. The recent mental tests for the Navy V-12 and Army A-12 programs proved that boys with a cultural background actually earned higher ratings than candidates from the vocational schools. The better-known independent schools had astonishing records, qualifying in some cases virtually one hundred per cent of their applicants, whereas the average for the country at large was approximately twenty per cent.

The reasons for the relatively high standing of Deerfield, St. Paul's, Exeter, Andover, and other institutions of the same general type have been variously stated as a greater degree of selectivity, superior instruction in mathematics and science, and more mature age groups. All these doubtless contributed to the result; but a truer answer lies in the fact that the more liberal teaching offered by these schools stimulates reflection, sensitivity, and alertness, all of which aid in passing examinations and reaching decisions.

The potency of the humanities in molding officer material is vouched for by generals and admirals. It is significant that the Army and Navy programs at the colleges include not only mathematics and physics and other technical subjects, but also English and history. To the ability to determine the correct range for gunfire or to interpret topographical mysteries the services would presumably like other qualities added. Leadership is an intangible quality and not always the product of scientific knowledge.

A graduate of Amherst and since 1933 the headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover, CLAUDE M. FUESS describes in detail those additional responsibilities which have been assumed by the private school since the war began.

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Most thoughtful persons agree that we should recapture the liberal arts when this war is over; but it is fully as desirable to retain them now as far as possible in dealing with boys under eighteen. The choice is obviously not clear-cut, between the two extremes of all or nothing. Even the most conservative faculty can modify its requirements so that a few "war subjects" are included in the daily schedule. On the other hand, it would be hazardous for Hill or Lawrenceville, casting aside what has made them successful in preparing boys for college, to undertake a job which the military schools are doing far better for those who desire that form of training. The proper function of the independent schools is to adapt themselves to changed conditions without losing what has been fundamental in their theory of education.

2

Just what do we mean when we speak of the humanities in a secondary-school program? It was long customary to identify the liberal arts with Greek and Latin, largely because these far-spread tongues, the delight of scholars, were an international medium for the study of grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic, and for the exchange of ideas. Today, however, only a few schools offer Greek, and the number of Latin masters is not increasing. Regrettable though this trend may be, it would be absurd to ignore it. The humanities are no longer exclusively concerned with Athens and Rome. French and Spanish are coming into their own as cultural subjects, especially since in North Africa, and perhaps later along the Rhine, a bilingual or polyglot lieutenant may possess a military asset.

In addition to the languages, ancient and modern, which over the centuries have been woven into the peacetime pattern, certain other material has usually been included in any secondary program frankly based on the humanities. As Professor Rand pointed out in his recent *Atlantic* article, "Bring Back the Liberal Arts," the quadrivium, far from ignoring the physical sciences, stressed arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy; and these are still respected as among the sternest of the old-fashioned disciplines. To the list must be added chemistry, physics, and biology, some advanced mathematics, together with history, English, the fine arts, and religion or sacred studies. Philosophy, one of the most inspiring as well as the most elusive of the *artes liberales*, is beyond the intellectual range of most schoolboys, and the same may be said of sociology and economics, except in their simplest phases.

Now this standard program for times of peace can, with entire propriety and consistency, be fitted to the necessities of an embattled nation. The schools already know how to do it. In teaching the modern languages, more attention can be devoted to their day-by-day use in armies of occupation. In the physical sciences, especial emphasis can be laid on those formulas most likely to be required on the battlefield. Mathematics is indispensable in nearly every tactical movement on the ocean, on the ground, or in the air.

Both the President and Mr. John T. Whitaker, following Abraham Lincoln, have warned us that we cannot escape history; and American citizens in these days are entitled to know the events and the avenues of thought leading up to the present conflict. Indeed, rightly interpreted, with due analysis of trends, motives, and personalities, history is not only the most fascinating of pursuits but also offers the best justification of our present crusade. English, inevitably placed among the cultural subjects, now appears to be also a prerequisite in the strenuous competition for a commission. The United States Naval Academy quotes approvingly the words of John Paul Jones: —

> None other than a gentleman, as well as a seaman . . . is qualified to support the character of a commissioned officer in the Navy; nor is any man fit to command a ship of war who is not capable of communicating his ideas on paper in language that becomes his rank.

It may be argued without sentimentality that a few minutes spent on art or music or set aside for religious communion and prayer are conducive to good morale. Such recreative interludes feed the spirit and furnish a potential officer with proper perspective. Emotions may be distilled which will lend confidence to men under arms.

The hour is probably close at hand when the diploma from school will be for thousands their only symbol of academic accomplishment. It is important, then, to arrange for boys between fourteen and eighteen — between adolescence and the induction age — a reasonably complete and coherent course of study which will equip them either for military duty or for college.

I am not, however, suggesting that the honor graduates from the independent schools should be exempted from the draft and reserved for special functions. They would themselves resent any such segregation, and it would clearly be unjust. All I claim is that a sound apprenticeship in the humanities will make any intelligent youth a better officer as well as a better college undergraduate and ultimately a better citizen. This is true no matter what profession he may undertake. A representative of the School of Engineering at the University

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of Virginia is quoted as saying: "Unless I am very much mistaken, the technical schools in America are going to insist on more of the humanities in the future." If this is a widespread opinion, — and I am convinced that it is, — it would be a grave error for the independent schools now to abandon the liberal arts.

3

To force our teachers of Latin and French to become instructors in machine gunnery is to take a further step in losing what we are fighting for. We can, of course, choose to turn ourselves into a grimly practical people, forgetting literature and painting and music and the soul of man, as totalitarian Germany has apparently done. In the early 1930's, at Andover and several other New England schools, one or two German boys were admitted annually on an exchange basis. They were carefully selected by their own government and were the cream of the Nazi youth — rugged, observant, shrewd, and diplomatic. Although we were not fully aware of it at the time, they had been subjected at home to deliberate propaganda, aimed to make them trusted agents of the Hitler order. Their study of history, geography, chemistry, and other subjects had all been intentionally directed towards one goal.

Theirs was the precise opposite of a liberal, or even of an ethical, education. The leaders of Nazi Germany had staked their very existence on a mighty gamble, establishing a scheme of indoctrination in which everything was subordinated to preparation for service to the state. As I talked with these embryonic Führers, I was impressed by their smartness and efficiency, but also by their intolerance and arrogance as well as a glint of fanaticism in their eyes. I was sure that our American boys, although less hard and less regimented, and perhaps then less aware of their coming responsibilities, had had a more healthful experience. To what kind of post-war society will these German boys return in Munich and Berlin!

For such consequences it is the teacher rather than the curriculum that merits the blame or praise, since it is the teacher who creates the classroom mood and exercises the authority. Whether or not any branch of knowledge is "liberal" depends partly upon how it is taught. For many generations Greek has been a so-called "dead" language; yet the right masters have made it throb with vitality. Even in drawing geometric diagrams we can be stirred by thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls. On the other hand, although history has been regarded as one of the humanities, we have all known instructors who have presented it in dull and desiccated form, merely bones and no living flesh.

It may therefore be profitable to permit stimulating teachers of draft age to continue their task of molding the young men who will in a few months be wearing uniforms. To withdraw a first-rate English master from his school routine, make him a sergeant, and assign him as company clerk or headquarters stenographer is to cast him in the wrong role in the war drama. He may well have been doing his full share towards the victory while sitting on the platform in "Room 14." The regulations now permit the deferment of instructors in mathematics and the sciences. Exemptions might well be granted to teachers of acknowledged skill and influence in other subjects.

Properly taught, the liberal arts do something more than provide details and statistics. They really nourish the spirit by encouraging breadth of vision, ability to weigh evidence, a nice sense of relative values, and tolerance of others' opinions. These virtues are not easily acquired, but the difficulties involved should not discourage a pupil from making a long-range choice.

It was Mr. Dooley who said, with humorous exaggeration, "Childher' shuddn't be sent to school to larn, but to larn how to larn. I don't care what ye larn thim so long as 'tis onpleasant to thim." The price is worth paying. In the recently established training schools for officers those candidates have a distinct advantage who can think for themselves, who have developed resourcefulness through self-discipline, who comprehend reasons and principles as well as procedures, — and, above all, who have not been confined intellectually to a narrow groove.

Clearly, however, this type of education is not designed for everyone, any more than premedical training is suited to a prospective shoe salesman. Hundreds of thousands of boys possess aptitudes largely manual or mechanical — skills indispensable in peace or war but having little to do with the mind. These are better off in trade or vocational institutions.

But the time will soon come in this country when every child of the right natural capacity will have the opportunity of exposure to the humanities. Such a policy is doubtless not feasible under the tension of war, but it is bound to be adopted if the essence of our democratic civilization is not to vanish. Scholarships at school and college will some day be awarded at government expense to those who show promise of meeting the exacting standards. Until such a system is devised, it is important that a few schools at least keep alive the liberal arts tradition.

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The boys who in June were graduated from the independent schools and went out under the various service programs to join units at camps and colleges are planning today for their own future after demobilization. Dozens have been in my office to talk over their plans, and the majority expect eventually to resume their formal education. To these young alumni a background of the humanities means more than just agreeable memories. It means a preparation for a broader, richer living. To adopt now a secondary-school philosophy chiefly practical would be to deprive future graduates of what has meant so much to the seniors of 1943. These seniors, although aware of their immediate military obligation, would like to become well-rounded men. The Armed Forces Institute will offer them intermittent chances for study while they are in service, but nothing can really be an adequate substitute for the humanities, absorbed slowly but continuously from fourteen to eighteen, when the soul is susceptible and the mind still plastic.

In these times, then, students in the independent schools are being encouraged to work harder and longer — to submit themselves uncomplainingly to bodybuilding, to spend some of their unscheduled hours in specialized military preparation, but also to continue with their cultural education. Boys so trained will not fail as officers. Even at the front they will still remember and hope. We must see that they do not return to a sordidly utilitarian world.

THE MAN WHO SHOT SNAPPING TURTLES

by EDMUND WILSON

1

In the days when I lived in Hecate County, I had an uncomfortable neighbor, a man named Asa M. Stryker. He had at one time, he told me, taught chemistry in some sooty-sounding college in Pennsylvania, but he now lived on a little money which he had been "lucky enough to inherit." I had the feeling about him that somewhere in the background was defeat, or frustration, or disgrace. He was a bachelor and kept house with two servants — a cook and a man around the place. I never knew anyone to visit him, though he would occasionally go away for short periods — when, he would tell me, he was visiting his relatives.

Mr. Stryker had a small pond on his place, and from the very first time I met him, his chief topic of conversation was the wild ducks that used to come to this pond. In his insensitive-sounding way he admired them, minutely observing their markings, and he cherished and protected them like pets. Several pairs, in fact, which he fed all the year round, settled permanently on the pond. He would call my attention in his hard accent to the richness of their chestnut browns, the ruddiness of their backs or breasts, their sharp contrasts of light with dark, and their white neck-rings and purple wing-bars like the decorative liveries and insignia of some exalted order, the cupreous greens and blues that gave them the look of being expensively dressed.

Mr. Stryker was particularly struck by the idea that there was something princely about them — something which, as he used to say, Frick or Charlie Schwab couldn't buy; and he would point out to me their majesty as they swam, cocking their heads with such dignity and nonchalantly wagging their tails. He was much troubled by the depredations of snapping turtles, which made terrible ravages on the ducklings. He would sit on his porch, he said, and see the little ducks disappear, as the turtles grabbed their feet and dragged them under, and feel sore at his helplessness to prevent it.

As he lost brood after brood in this way, the subject came, in fact, to obsess him. He had apparently hoped that his pond might become a sort of paradise for ducks, in which they could breed without danger: he never shot them even in season and did not approve of their being shot at all. But

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From his cottage at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, Edmund Wilson, the critic and novelist, sends us the first of a collection of short stories to be published this autumn by Houghton Mifflin Company, under the title of *Memoirs of Hecate County*.

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sometimes not one survived the age when it was little enough to fall victim to the turtles.

These turtles he fought in a curious fashion. He would stand on the bank with a rifle and pot them when they stuck up their heads, sometimes hitting a duck by mistake. Only the ducks that were thus killed accidentally did he think it right to eat. One night when he had invited me to dine with him on one of them, I asked him why he did not protect the ducklings by shutting them up in a wire pen and providing them with a small pool to swim in. He told me that he had already decided to try this, and the next time I saw him he reported that the ducklings were doing finely.

Yet the pen, as it turned out later, did not permanently solve the problem, for the wild ducks, when they got old enough, flew out of it, and they were still young enough to be caught by the turtles. Mr. Stryker could not, as he said, keep them captive all their lives. The thing was rather, he finally concluded, to try to get rid of the turtles, against which he was coming, I noted, to display a slightly morbid animosity, and, after a good deal of serious thought, he fixed upon an heroic method.

He had just come into a new inheritance, which, he told me, made him pretty well-off; and he decided to drain the pond. The operation took the whole of one summer: it horribly disfigured his place, and it afflicted the neighborhood with the stench of the slime that was now exposed. My own place adjoined Stryker's, and in the heavy days of August, when the draining had become complete, my house became uninhabitable and I was obliged to go away for weeks.

Stryker, however, stayed and personally attended to the turtles, cutting off their heads himself; and he had men posted day and night at the places where they went to lay their eggs. At last someone on less friendly terms with him than I complained to the Board of Health, and they made him fill up his pond. He was indignant with the town authorities and declared that he had not yet got all the turtles, some of which were still hiding in the mud; and he and his crew put in a mad last day combing the bottom with giant rakes.

The next spring the turtles reappeared, though at first there were only a few. Stryker came over to see me and told me a harrowing story. He described how he had been sitting on his porch watching "my finest pair of mallards out with their new brood of young ones. They were still just little fluffy balls, but they sailed along with that air they have of knowing that they're somebody special. From the moment that they can catch a water-bug for themselves, they know that they're the lords of the pond. And I was just thinking how damn glad I was that no goblins were going to git them any more.

"Well, the phone rang and I went in to answer it, and when I came out again I distinctly had the impression that there were fewer ducks on the pond. So I counted them, and, sure enough, there was one duckling shy!" The next day another had vanished, and he had hired a man to watch the pond. Several turtles were seen, but he had not succeeded in catching them. By the middle of the summer the situation seemed as bad as before.

This time Mr. Stryker decided to do a better job. He came to see me again and startled me by holding forth in a vein that recalled the pulpit. "If God has created the mallard," he said, "a thing of beauty and grace, how can He allow these dirty filthy mud turtles to prey upon His handiwork and destroy it?"

"He created the mud turtles first," I said. "The reptiles came before the birds. And they survive with the strength God gave them. There is no instance on record of God's intervention in the affairs of any animal species lower in the scale than man."

"But if the Evil triumphs there," said Stryker, "it may triumph everywhere, and we must fight it with every weapon at our command!"

"That's the Manichaean heresy," I replied. "It is an error to assume that the Devil is contending on equal terms with God and that the fate of the world is in doubt."

"I'm not sure of that sometimes," said Stryker, and I noticed that his little bright eyes seemed to dim in a curious way as if he were drawing into himself to commune with some private fear. "How do we know that God isn't getting old? How do we know that some of His lowest creations aren't beginning to get out of hand and clean up on the higher creations?"

He decided to poison the turtles, and he brushed up, as he told me, on his chemistry. The result, however, was all too devastating. The chemicals he put into the water wiped out not only the turtles but also all the other animals and most of the vegetation in the pond. When his chemical analysis showed that the water was no longer tainted, he put back the ducks again, but they found so little to eat that they presently flew away and ceased to frequent the place. In the meantime, a number of new ones that had come there had died from the poisoned water.

One day, as Asa M. Stryker was walking around his estate, he encountered a female snapping turtle unashamedly crawling in the direction of the pond.

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She had obviously just been laying her eggs. He had had the whole of his place closed in with a fence of thick-meshed wire which went down a foot into the ground (I had wondered why he didn't have the pond rather than the whole estate thus enclosed, but he had said that this would have made it impossible for him to look at the ducks from the porch); but turtles must have got in through the gate when it was open, or they must have been in hiding all the time. Stryker was, as the English say, livid, and people became a little afraid of him because they thought he was getting cracked.

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That afternoon he paid a fevered visit to a man named Clarence Millbank, whose place was next to Stryker's on the other side from mine. Millbank came from Virginia, and he worked in the advertising business. When Asa Stryker arrived, he was consuming a tall Scotch highball, unquestionably not his first; and he tried to make Stryker have a drink in the hope that it would relieve his tension. But "I don't use it, thanks," said Stryker, and he started his theological line about the ducks and the snapping turtles. Clarence Millbank, while he was talking, dropped his eyes for a moment to the wing collar and large satin cravat which his neighbor always wore in the country and which were evidently associated in his mind with some idea, acquired in a provincial past, of the way for a man of means to dress. It seemed to him almost indecent that this desperate moral anxiety should agitate a being like Stryker.

"Well," he commented in his easy way when he had listened for some minutes, "if the good God can't run the universe where He's supposed to be the supreme authority so as to eliminate the forces of Evil, I don't see how we poor humans in our weakness can expect to do any better with a few acres of Hecate County, where we're at the mercy of all the rest of creation."

"It *ought* to be possible," said Stryker. "And I say it damn well *shall* be possible!"

"As I see it," said Clarence Millbank, — again, and again unsuccessfully, offering Stryker a drink, — "you're faced with a double problem. On the one hand, you've got to get rid of the snappers; and, on the other hand, you've got to keep the ducks. So far you haven't been able to do either. Whatever measures you take, you lose the ducks and you can't kill the snappers. Now it seems to me, if you'll pardon my saying so, that you've overlooked the real solution — the only and, if you don't mind my saying so, the obvious way to deal with the matter."

"I've been over the whole ground," said Stryker, tightening and becoming slightly hostile under pressure of his pent-up passion, "and I doubt whether there's any method that I haven't considered with the utmost care."

"It seems to me," said Clarence Millbank in his soothing Virginian voice, "that, going about the thing as you have been, you've reached a virtual *impasse* and that you ought to approach the problem from a totally different angle. If you do that, you'll find it perfectly simple" — Stryker seemed about to protest fiercely, but Millbank continued in a mellow vein of alcoholic explaining: "The trouble is, as I see it, that up to now you've been going on the assumption that you ought to preserve the birds at the expense of getting rid of the turtles. Why not go on the opposite assumption: that you ought to work at cultivating the snappers? Shoot the ducks when they come around, and eat them — that is, when the law permits it," — Mr. Stryker raised a clenched fist and started up in inarticulate anger, — "or if you don't want to do that, shoo them off. Then feed up the snappers on raw meat. Snappers make right good eating, too. We make soup out of 'em down in my part of the country."

Mr. Stryker stood without speaking for such a long moment that Clarence was afraid, he told me afterwards, that his neighbor would fall down in a fit; and he got up and patted him on the shoulder and used all his tact and charm to prevent anything serious happening. "All I can say," said Stryker, as he was going out the door, "is that I can't understand your attitude. Right is Right and Wrong is Wrong, and you have to choose between them!"

"I've never been much of a moralist," said Clarence, "and I dare say my whole point of view is a low and pragmatical one."

Stryker spent a troubled and restless night — so he afterwards told Clarence Millbank; but he got up very early, as he always did, to hunt for breakfasting turtles, which he baited with pieces of steak. He now scooped them up with a net, and he paused for a moment over the first one he caught before he cut off its head. He scrutinized it with a new curiosity, and its appearance enraged him afresh: he detested its blunt and sullen visage, its thick legs with their outspread claws, and its thick and thorny-toothed tail that it could not even pull into its shell as other turtles could. It was not even a genuine turtle: *Chelydra serpentina* they called it, because it resembled a snake, and it crawled around like a lizard.

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As he held the turtle up in his net, in the limpid morning air which was brimming the day like a tide, it looked, with its feet dripping slime, its dull shell like a sunken log, as fetid, stagnant, and dark as the bottom of the pond itself; and he was almost surprised at the gush of blood when he cut away the head. What good purpose, he asked himself in horror, could such a creature serve? Underground, ugly and brutal — with only one idea in its head, or rather one instinct in its nature: to seize and hold down its prey. The turtle had snapped at the hoop of the net, and even now that its head was cut off, its jaws were still holding on.

Stryker pried the head off the net and threw it into the water; another turtle rose to snatch it. Then why not turn the tables on Nature? Why not prey on what preyed on us? Why not exploit the hideous mud turtle, as his friend from the South had suggested? Why not devour him daily as soup? But one would get sick of turtle soup every day. Why not sell it to the public, then? Let the turtle earn money for him! He snickered at what seemed to him a fantasy; but he returned to Clarence Millbank's that day in a mood of amiability that rather gave Clarence the creeps.

"Nothing easier!" cried Millbank, much amused — his advertising copy irked him, and he enjoyed an opportunity to burlesque it. "You know, the truth is that a large proportion of the canned turtle soup that's sold is made out of snapping turtles, but that isn't the way they advertise it. If you advertise it frankly as snapper, it will look like something brand-new, and all you'll need is the snob appeal to put it over on the can-opening public. There's a man canning rattlesnakes in Florida, and it ought to be a lot easier to sell snappers.

"All you've got to do up here in the North to persuade people to buy a product is to convince them that there's some kind of social prestige attached to it — and all you'd have to do with your snappers would be to give the customers the idea that a good ole white-haired darky with a beaming smile used to serve turtle soup to Old Massa. All you need is a little smart advertising and you can have as many people eating snapper as are eating [he named a popular canned salmon], which isn't even nutritious like snapper is — they make it out of the sweepings from a tire factory. — I tell you what I'll do," he said, carried away by eloquence and whiskey, "you organize a turtle farm and I'll write you some copy free. You can pay me when and if you make money."

Asa M. Stryker went away, scooped out two of the largest snappers, and that evening tried some snapping-turtle soup, which seemed to him surprisingly savory. Then he looked up the breeding of turtles, about which, in the course of his war with them, he had already come to know a good deal. He had turtles brought in from all around and his duck-pond was presently thick with them. It didn't cost much at first, though he did have to feed them, as he and his gardener did all the work.

Clarence Millbank helped him launch his campaign and wrote the copy for it, as he had promised. At that time there had already appeared in advertising a new angle on animal food, of which Clarence had been one of the originators. This was the device of representing the animals as gratified and even gleeful at the idea of being eaten.

You saw pictures of manicured and beribboned porkers capering and smirking at the prospect of being put up in glass jars as sausages, and of steers, in white aprons and chefs' hats, that offered you their own sizzling beefsteaks. Clarence Millbank converted the snapping turtle into a genial and lovable character, who became very familiar to the readers of magazines and the riders on subway trains. He was pictured as always smiling, with a twinkle in his wise old eye, and he had always some pungent saying which smacked of the Southern backwoods, and which Clarence had great fun writing.

As for the plantation angle, that was handled in a novel fashion. By this time the public had been oversold on Old Massa with the white mustaches, so Clarence Millbank invented a listless Southern lady, rather like Mrs. St. Clare in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, who had to be revived by turtle soup. "Social historians tell us," one of the advertisements read, "that more than 70 per cent of the women of the Old South suffered from anemia or phthisis [here there was an asterisk referring to a note, which said "Tuberculosis"]. Turtle soup saved the sweethearts and mothers of a proud and gallant race. The rich juices of the Alabama snapping turtle, fed on a special diet handed down from the time of Jefferson and raised on immaculate turtle farms famous for a century in the Deep South, supply the vital calories that are lacking in the modern lunch or dinner."

The feminine public were thus led to identify themselves with the lady in the advertisement, who was distinguished by a slim and supercilious chic, and to feel that they could enjoy a rich soup and yet remain slim and superior. The advertisement went on to explain that many women today suffered from anemia and t.b. without knowing it, and that a regular consumption of turtle soup could prevent these diseases from becoming serious.

Deep South Snapper Soup became an immense success; and they presently stimulated the demand

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by putting on the market three kinds: Deep South Snapper Consommé, Deep South Snapper Tureen (Extra Thick), and Deep South Snapper Medium Thick with Alabama Whole-Flour Noodles.

Stryker employed more helpers and eventually built a small cannery on his place out of sight of the house. The turtles were raised in shallow tanks, where they were easier to catch and control.

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Mr. Stryker, who had not worked for years at anything but his struggle with the turtles, turned out to be startlingly able as a businessman and industrial organizer. He kept down his working crew, handled his correspondence himself, browbeat a small corps of salesmen, and managed to make a very large profit. He went himself to the city relief bureaus and shrewdly picked out men who seemed capable and willing to work but not too independent or intelligent, and he put over them his gardener as foreman.

He would begin by lending these employees money, and he boarded and fed them on the place — so that they found themselves perpetually in debt to him. As secretary he employed a former teacher, who had lost her job in the high school. A plain woman of middle age, she had suddenly had a baby by an irresponsible character who worked in the local garage. Stryker boarded the mother and agreed to pay board for the baby at a place he selected. As the business began to prosper, this secretary came to handle an immense amount of correspondence and other matters, but he never let her feel she was indispensable.

Mr. Stryker had managed to accomplish all this without ever seeming himself to be particularly preoccupied with the business; yet he had always followed everything done with a keen and remorseless attention that masked itself under an appearance of impassivity. Every break for a market was seized at once; every laxity of his working staff was pounced upon. And his attitude toward the turtles themselves had now changed in a fundamental fashion: he had come to admire their alertness and toughness. When he would take me on a tour of his tanks, he would prod them and make them snap at his stick, and then laugh proudly at their refusal to let go when he would bang them against the concrete.

Clarence Millbank himself, who had invented Snapper Tureen, presently began to believe that he was a victim of Stryker's sharp dealing. At the time that the business had begun to make money, they had signed an agreement which provided that Clarence should get ten per cent; and he now felt that he ought to have a bigger share — all the more as his easygoing habits had been fatal to his job at his agency. He had been kept on for the brilliant ideas which he had sometimes been able to contribute, but he had lately been drinking more heavily and he had been told that he was about to be fired. He was not the kind of Southerner who stands transplanting well.

Not that Clarence would have made much of a career for himself anywhere. But in the South his dissipation and his reckless behavior would have fallen into place in the landscape. In Hecate County he was always a foreigner. Yet he was much too deeply rural in the feudal Virginian way to enjoy the life of club and office, and he had bought, on the strength of the boom of the twenties, an extensive country place, which he was now finding it hard to keep up. He was also getting lonely and morbid, as a married lady whom he had expected to divorce her husband and marry him had decided that it was too much trouble and that Clarence drank too much. Lately he had been brooding on Stryker, whom he had been finding it rather difficult to see, and had come to the conclusion that the latter was misrepresenting the amount of profit he made.

Finally, one Sunday afternoon, Clarence got suddenly up from a succession of solitary gin fizzes, cut straight through his grounds to the fence which divided his property from Stryker's, climbed over it with inspired agility, and made a beeline for Stryker's house, declining to follow the drive and stepping through the flower beds. Stryker came himself to the door with a look that seemed hostile and apprehensive; but when he saw Clarence, he greeted him with a smile and a special cordiality, and ushered him into his study. With his highly developed awareness, he had known that something of the kind was coming.

This study, which Clarence had never seen, as he went rarely to Stryker's house, was a disorderly and darkish place. It was characteristic of Stryker that his desk should seem littered and neglected, as if he were not really in touch with his affairs; and there was dust on the books in his bookcase, large and unappetizing volumes on zoological and chemical subjects. Though it was daytime, the yellow-brown shades were pulled three-quarters down. On the desk and on the top of the bookcase stood a number of handsome stuffed ducks that Stryker had wished to preserve.

Stryker sat down at his desk and offered Clarence a cigarette. Instead of protesting at once that Clarence's demands were impossible, as he had done

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on previous occasions, he listened with amiable patience. "I'm going to go into the whole question and put things on a different basis as soon as business slackens down in the spring. So I'd rather you'd wait till then, if you don't mind. It was all we could do to fill orders even before this strike began, and now I can hardly get the work done at all. They beat up two of my men yesterday, and they're threatening to make a raid on the factory. I've had to have the whole place guarded." (The breeding ponds and the factory, which were half a mile away, were enclosed by a wire fence.)

Clarence had forgotten about the strike, and he realized that he *had* perhaps come at rather an inopportune time. "I can't attend to a real reorganization, which is what we've got to have at this point, till our labor troubles are settled and things have slowed up. There ought to be more in this business for both of us," he concluded, "and I'll take into account your coöperative attitude when we make our new arrangement in the spring."

The tension was thus relaxed, and Stryker went on to address Clarence with something like friendly concern. "Why don't you have yourself a vacation?" he suggested. "I've noticed you were looking run-down. Why don't you go South for the winter? Go to Florida or some place like that. It must be tough for a Southerner like you to spend this nasty part of the year in the North. I'll advance you the money, if you need it."

Clarence was half tempted, and he began to talk to Stryker rather freely about the idiocies of the advertising agency and about the two aunts and a sister whom he had to support in the South. But in the course of the conversation, as his eye escaped from Stryker's gaze, which he felt as too intent between the sympathetic smiles, it lit on some old chemical apparatus, a row of glass test-tubes and jars, which Stryker had presumably carried along from his early career as a teacher; and he remembered — though the conclusion he drew may not have been a just one — the several deaths, at intervals, of Stryker's well-to-do relatives. His eye moved on to the mounted ducks, with their rich but rather lusterless colors.

Clarence had always been conscious with Stryker of his own superior grace of appearance and manner and speech, and had sometimes felt the other admired it; and now as he looked at Stryker at ease in his turbid room, upended, as it were, behind his desk, with a broad expanse of waistcoat and a rubbery craning neck, regarding him with his small bright eyes set back in the brownish skin beyond a prominent snoutlike formation of which the nostrils were sharply visible — as Clarence confronted Stryker, he felt first an uncanny suspicion, then an overpowering abhorrence, then a freezing fright.

Unhurriedly he got up to go and brushed away Stryker's regret that — since it was Sunday and the cook's day out — he was unable to ask him to dinner. But his nonchalance now disguised panic: it was hideously clear to him why Stryker wanted him to take this trip. He wouldn't take it, of course, but what then? Stryker would try to get him just the same. In his emotion he forgot his hat and did not discover it till they had reached the porch. He returned to the study and on a sudden impulse took down from its rack on the wall the rifle with which Stryker had shot turtles. Clarence came from a part of the country where men quickly take action for themselves, and years of suppressed distaste and pride secretly nourished on liquor were, I suppose, coming to a crisis in this moment. He went out on the porch and shot Stryker.

The cook was out; only the gates were guarded; and Clarence had cut back through the grounds. Nobody heard the shot. The suspicion all fell on the foreman, who had his own long-standing grudges against Stryker and had actually organized the strike. He had had to go into hiding to escape from Stryker's thugs, and after the murder he disappeared.

Clarence Millbank decided very soon that he would sell his Hecate County place and take a trip to Europe, which he had always wanted to see. But just after he had bought his passage the war with Hitler started, and prevented his getting off — an ironic misadventure, as he said, for a man who had encouraged breeding snapping turtles.

He had dissociated himself from the soup business, and he went to live in Southern California, where, on his pitifully dwindled income, he seems to be drinking himself to death. He lives under the constant apprehension that the fugitive foreman may be found by the police, and that he will then have to confess his own guilt in order to save an innocent man — so that Stryker will get him in the end.

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The Spirit of "Eight-Fifteen"

By **PAUL BROOKS**

THE late automobile was first a toy, then a utility, finally a way of life. The bicycle has had a longer and a spottier career. Like *Gulliver's Travels* and the blowgun, an article originally designed for adults became standard equipment for the young.

As a sport, bicycling early lost its amateur standing; the "Boneshaker," the "Phantom," the "'Xtraordinary," and the "Kangaroo" yielded to the prosaic safety bike; the sportsman who used to do his century from dawn to dusk sat down in a smoke-filled arena to watch a six-day professional grind. Now the bicycle is back in the middle of the road, shorn of its fat tires and Superman gadgets. It is an adult instrument, as it has always been in Europe.

But just because it is a necessity, we need not think of the bicycle in terms of a plow horse. Even the commuter's trip to the 8.15, prosiest of life's journeys, becomes on a bicycle a daily adventure. I give you a typical morning in June. Distance to the station $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, time allowance 15 minutes. At eight o'clock the bicycle is led from its box stall amid garden tools, preserve jars, a Kiddie Koop, and a brooder full of young chicks.

As the rear wheel passes over the electric cord, the light in the brooder goes out. The front tire is soft; the pump, mended with adhesive tape, compensates for lack of pressure with a musical whistle. A turn around the driveway, a nod for the pig and the goat, and we are off, skirting puddles from last night's rain, posting to the bumps of a washboarded road. We — the Spirit of Eight-Fifteen and I — slow up to check on the neighbor's garden. Peas already in blossom? But the cutworms have got two of his tomato plants. A chipmunk squeaks across the road, a red squirrel clacks metallically, and the red-eyed vireo is singing, as usual, from the maple by the post office.

Overtaking three cyclists abreast, we face a problem of etiquette. A loud throat-clearing may win road room but leaves the dilemma of riding socially and suicidally four abreast, or scooting ahead to a muttered chorus of "Scorcher!" We scoot ahead, dodging a painted tortoise and zigzagging to squash tent caterpillars (a sport comparable to slalom skiing, and one in which a friend of mine recently broke a leg). The June smells are good: hay in the uplands, wet pine needles in the low — following the bitter skunk cabbage of April, the lilac and apple blossoms of May.

The Spirit of Eight-Fifteen, feeling now like Ferdinand the Bull, shies violently at the ear-splitting klaxon (will they never learn that you can hear them a quarter mile away?) and alien smell of a passing car; but the lowering gates are already in sight, bicycles tangle in the freight house like fishhooks in a tackle box, and the morning race is run.

The evening race is slower, since we remembered to bring home that 50-pound bag of hog feed and a gallon of creosote.

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"The Effect of the Bicycle on American Apparel of the Forties" will be a subject for future monographs; only a few field notes are now possible. The starched collar is on its way out; not even the crispest executive can keep that well-tailored look while pushing up a long hill in July. Vests and trouser cuffs, already discouraged by OPA, are getting their *coup de grâce*.

Hatlessness increases in both sexes, for a flapping brim can put you in the ditch on a fast coast, when you're bent low over the handle bars. The female halter — or better, perhaps, surcingle — has spread from the beach to the highroad; shorts are worn to and from dinner dances (with the party dress safe in

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Editor of Houghton Mifflin Company's Trade Department, PAUL BROOKS compensates for his sedentary job with long forays by canoe, by bicycle, and on his good hind feet, along the waterways and through the woods of New England.

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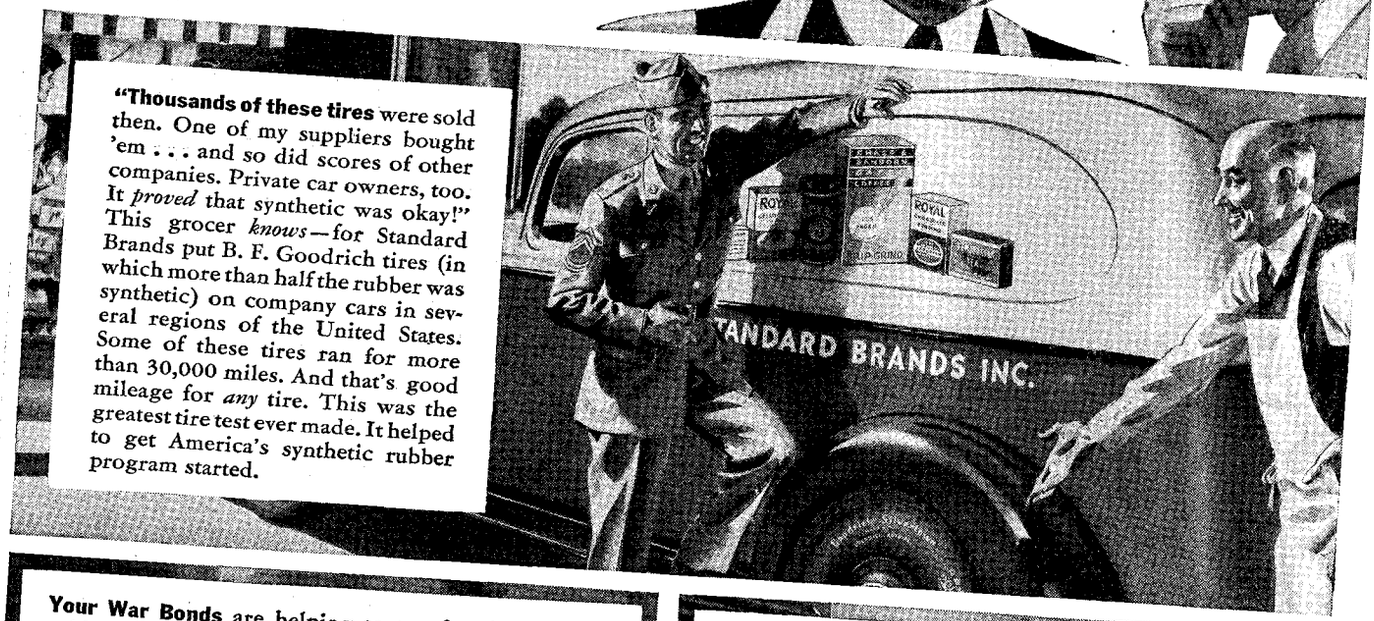
"YOU'RE RIGHT... 'WAY BACK IN 1940 THEY HAD COMPANY CARS RUNNING ON B.F.GOODRICH TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER"



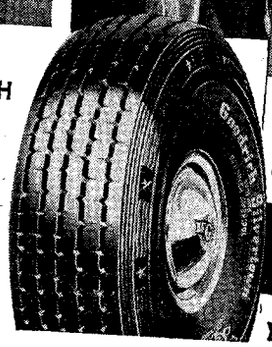
"Thousands of these tires were sold then. One of my suppliers bought 'em . . . and so did scores of other companies. Private car owners, too. It *proved* that synthetic was okay!" This grocer *knows*—for Standard Brands put B. F. Goodrich tires (in which more than half the rubber was synthetic) on company cars in several regions of the United States. Some of these tires ran for more than 30,000 miles. And that's good mileage for *any* tire. This was the greatest tire test ever made. It helped to get America's synthetic rubber program started.

Your War Bonds are helping to pay for the synthetic rubber used by our armed forces on battlefields around the world. Jeeps run on it, fighter planes land on it, and guns move on it. Synthetic rubber is used in self-sealing fuel tanks for planes, too. It's easy to see why everybody can't have synthetic rubber tires right now.

What the future has in store for new car buyers, we can't say. But tires seem likely to be made wholly or partly of synthetic. Wise buyers will look for the tire that has already been proved. And they'll get that kind of tire from B. F. Goodrich, the company with the greatest *experience* in synthetic rubber.

LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH
in "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"
OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

Inside information by a man who has lived where the news is being made



In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

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the basket), until the movement of right flank and left flank, once military secrets, becomes no longer even confidential.

There has been a similar healthy and astringent development in the social routine. No one in his right mind will cycle four or five miles to dinner unless he can count on red meat, good company, or both. Organized boredom is therefore on the wane. Meanwhile, the remaining social gatherings have taken on an economic tinge. A wedding is more than a receiving line leading to the punch bowl. It is a chance to exchange a quart of strawberries for someone's extra broccoli plants; a roll of chicken wire for a bag of seed potatoes. As the harvest season approaches, the most formal functions will begin to look like Nizhni Novgorod or the Iowa State Fair. " . . . we plan to be married in August, when the summer squash is ripe."

Hostess

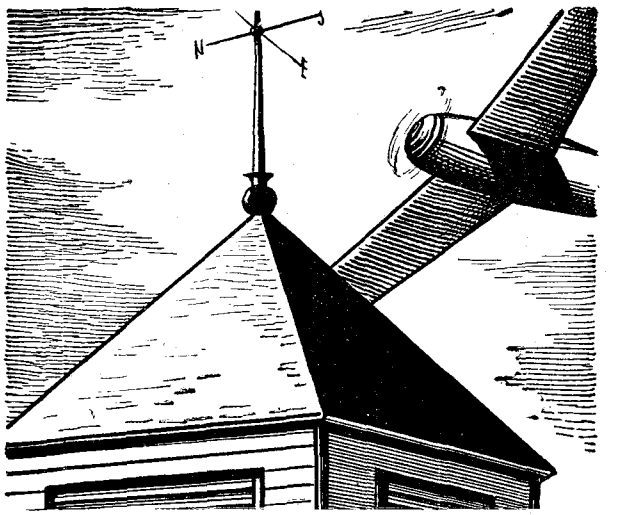
By **PHYLLIS McGINLEY**

HER delicate hands among the demi-tasses
Flutter like birds.
She smiles, and from her smiling mouth releases
A shower of words
Shrewdly designed to lay
The dust of any private tête-à-tête.

Now, having drained the ceremonial cup,
Let none expect her pardon
But every guest fanatically take up
The evening's burden,
Answer the roll of names
And spring with quick obedience to the Games.

Let every voice grow shrill, let laughter rise.
He who has fed must caper.
She prowls the drawing room with watchful eyes,
Filling the glasses, passing the slips of paper,
And desperately bent
On stirring up a scheduled merriment.

No calm must fall, however brief and narrow,
Lest to her dread,
From some small knothole of silence, some hidden burrow,
The scotched snake, Thought, should rear its venomed head.



Admiral Fletcher's Barn

By **CHARLES SPALDING** *and* **OTIS CARNEY**

MR. GLOSSUP was a man of strong passions, but what brought the foam to his mouth quicker than anything else was to have one of his students get lost. In spite of repeated fulminations on the subject, it was not uncommon for a cadet to phone the field and sheepishly report himself down on a wayward farm. If it was his student, Mr. Glossup would have to set out like a dutiful Saint Bernard and scour the countryside for his strayed charge. He did not like to do this.

"Hyde Field is between the Anacostia River and the Potomac. The nation's capital is twenty miles north of here. Anybody who gets lost with those boundaries ought to be walked around on a leash. But if you're ever in doubt, always turn to true north." Those were Mr. Glossup's words.

Unfortunately, I never know where I am in respect to the compass rose. Many reliant folk depend on handy natural laws to keep their bearings. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west; there is no moss on the south side of trees — that is all ye know and all ye need to know. I do not belittle their sect, but their path will not support me. If north is not straight ahead I am lost, and nobody knows it better than I.

Mindful of my limitations, I did my flying fairly close to the field. But I was practicing wingovers for the final check one day with such intensity that I failed to notice a strong wind was blowing me far off my heading. When I straightened up and turned

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Drawn from the authors' experiences as aviation cadets, this is an excerpt from their book, *Love at First Flight*, which Houghton Mifflin is publishing.

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for home, the monument was nowhere to be seen. The Lincoln Memorial does not wander around much, and its sudden removal from the scene was a rending shock.

For a while the country resembled a familiar face whose name temporarily slips the mind. I recognized nothing. In desperation, when no other course remained, I decided to turn to true north. I waited until I was securely in the grip of that old feeling and then gravitated on impulse. However, instead of becoming increasingly familiar, the countryside developed a dreadful sameness. The gas was running out, and a spacious field was directly below.

2

The field was an unfurrowed pasture peopled by cattle. To get in comfortably, you had to come close to a freshly painted barn. I circled several times and glided down. The wheels grazed the barn, and then I was on the ground swerving through the disinterested cows.

I stopped the plane at the far end of the field, turned off the switch, and undid the parachute straps. Suddenly a black face in old working clothes popped out of the bushes.

"Hello," I said. "Where am I?"

"Missy Fletcher's," said the grinning darky.

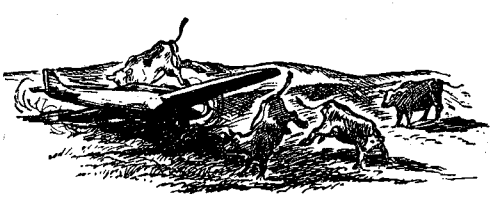
Before us stretched a beautiful lawn down which a trim, middle-aged lady came streaming. She had on a floppy hat and gardening clothes to match.

"As long as you didn't hit the barn, it doesn't matter one bit," she said charitably. "My husband would shoot you if you damaged it."

"He would?" I asked, beginning to wonder about this strong-willed spouse.

I told her how I got lost, and explained that I ought to notify my instructor.

"Come up to the house and use the phone," she urged.



I finally reached Mr. Glossup.

"Say, where in God's name are you?" He screamed "in God's name."

I told him where and he began to shout, so I could not understand a word. Occasionally, I could make out "true north" and "idiot."

"When I find you I've got a few things to say!" he bellowed, and slammed down the receiver.

"Missy" Fletcher appeared. "Come out on the terrace," she said, leading me through the dining room.

"Who's that?" I asked, pointing to a portrait of a naval officer.

"That's Admiral Fletcher. He's my husband."

"Admiral?" I gasped. "Where is he, out in the barn?"

"He is not," she said sharply. "He's on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" I muttered.

As we came onto the porch, a shiny new station wagon with NAVY written on its doors came swishing

up the drive. A lieutenant commander and a lieutenant sat stiffly in the front seat.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Fletcher?" asked the lieutenant commander.

"You're all right, Mrs. Fletcher?" asked the lieutenant, who was very agitated.

"Yes, I'm fine," said Mrs. Fletcher. "This is the boy who came down."

"He's all right," they said together, and turned and marched back into the station wagon and drove away.

A half hour passed pleasantly, and then a yellow trainer appeared above.

"It's him!" I cried, jumping up. "Let's go down and watch him land."

Mr. Glossup circled about.

"I hope he doesn't hit the barn," worried Mrs. Fletcher.

"I don't," I said.

"Why, my husband would shoot him!"

"It would be a better world," I said, watching Mr. Glossup go into his glide. He came down very low — too low.

"He's going to hit the barn!" cried Mrs. Fletcher in alarm.

"We can't have everything," I said, stretching forward.

Mr. Glossup pulled back. The plane got over the barn, but the tail knocked the weather vane over, and Mrs. Fletcher gasped. The plane landed unsteadily and wavered on the ground. Just at this moment one of the cows began to lope across the meadow.

"Oh, Elvira!" cried Mrs. Fletcher.

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Mr. Glossup hadn't enough control to maneuver himself. It was a problem in relative motion. The point of interception was right in the center of the field. The left wing caught the animal flush and drooped back like a useless limb. Mrs. Fletcher covered her eyes. When she had courage enough to look out on the bright world again, Mr. Glossup was running toward us hollering at the top of his lungs: —

"That goddamn cow!"

"What a dreadful man!" murmured Mrs. Fletcher.

"Quite," I said.

"Poor things won't give milk for a week," deplored Mrs. Fletcher.

"And when they do, I hope it comes in lumps," raged Mr. Glossup. "Lumps as big as my fist," and he passed his clenched hand before Mrs. Fletcher's bulging eyes.

"Sir, this is Mrs. — "

"You," he said turning on me. "I have had miserable, fumbling students in my time, but of all the god —"

Before he got well into one of his rich descriptive passages, I inserted loudly: —

"Sir, this is Mrs. Admiral Fletcher. Admiral Fletcher is her husband is Admiral Fletcher." I stressed the point. "He loves his barn," I added.

Mr. Glossup wilted. Mr. Glossup faded. He looked like a plant out of which all the chlorophyll had been drained.

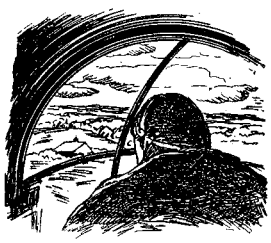
"How do you do, ma'am," he managed hoarsely. "I am an ensign instructor at Anacostia."

"They also serve," said Mrs. Fletcher sweetly.

"About that barn," he began gruffly.

"It will be fixed in no time," said Mrs. Fletcher gently.

"About that cow," he said.



"She's all right even now," soothed Mrs. Fletcher.

"About the lumps," said Mr. Glossup, staking everything.

"I never heard you say anything about lumps," said Mrs. Fletcher vacantly.

"You didn't?" Mr. Glossup looked relieved, as if he had awakened to find the dream meant nothing.

"*I* did, sir!" I cried.

"We have to be going," Mr. Glossup said hastily. "I'll send a mechanic back to fix the plane."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Fletcher," I said. "Thanks for everything."

"Good-bye," she called. "Come again. When I write my husband, who shall I say you were?"

Mr. Glossup stopped in the middle of the meadow. Plainly he was searching for an alias.

"Just say Daedalus and Icarus stopped by," I called.

"Ensign Daedalus," called Mr. Glossup.

Mr. Glossup said nothing the entire way home. I slumped down in the rear cockpit and began to count up other people's marriages that turned out happily for me. I hoped the Fletchers had no regrets.

Down Under

***By* JOHN F. PURCELL**

A's for Australia, as everyone knows;
B's for the blackfellow washing the clothes.
C is for casket — not funeral pottery,
But the ticket you buy in the national lottery.
D is a deadly demonstrable thing,
The dullness a down-under Sunday can bring.
E's the equator that lies to the north;
F is the freighter that carried me forth.
G is the goods train which, strange to relate,
Is commonly called, in our country, a freight.
H is humidity, never quite lacking;
I's the ironmonger, who sells saws for hacking.
J is the jumbuck, a junior sheep;
K the koala who's mostly asleep.
L is liana, a tough jungle vine;
M is for mutton, and you can have mine.
(I've left out the mercer, a dealer in dry-goods;
What we need most's a merchant in gin-, scotch- and rye-goods.)
N is New Guinea, terrain orchidaceous;
O a contraction of "my goodness gracious."
P is Purcell feeling better and better;
Q is a stinking, unrhymable letter.
R is the native rum, clearly unthinkable;
S is the soda that makes the stuff drinkable.
T is the tram, locomotion adventurous,
That makes Boston trolleys look twentieth-centurous.
U, V, and W, easy to see,
Are as hard to dispose of as X, Y, and Z.

As by your spring-warm window now you sit,
If this be doggrel, make the most of it.

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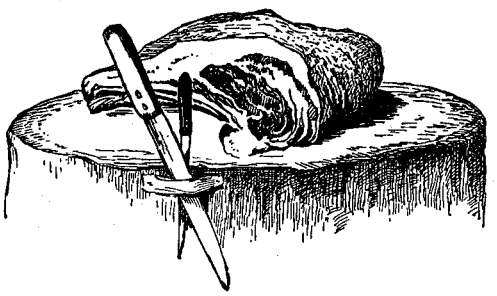

A Rare Roast of Beef

By **ROBERT FONTAINE**

MILLIE and I had it all figured out. We had a chart from a magazine showing how we could use our points the best way. There would be a few frankfurters and some hamburger and a ham butt. Without points, we should have fish and macaroni.

One night there would be scrambled eggs and one night a vegetable dinner. We figured out the cost and everything. It all came out beautifully. It should have: we put a lot of time into it.

The day before meat rationing went into effect Millie showed our plan to Mother and Dad. Mother smiled and shrugged and figuratively patted her daughter-in-law on the head.

"To me it's like algebra," Mother said.

"It's simple," Millie said.

"Algebra is simple, too," my mother said, "but I don't understand it."

We showed it to my father. We had a big picture from a magazine to go with it. The picture showed all the things cooked. They looked very beautiful, very.

Dad was most interested in the picture.

"Rembrandt," he sighed, "once painted a side of beef which is now immortal."

Millie and I looked at each other. We had not even *seen* a roast of beef in six months or more.

"Don't mention beef," Millie said abruptly.

I began explaining the points to Dad. I showed him what we would have: meat pie one day, vienna roast another day, frankfurters another, and so on.

In the middle he took out his violin and cleaned it carefully with a silk scarf; very deft and graceful he was about it, too. Then he began to play the scales. Once in a while he would drift off into a few bars from some violin concerto; but always back to the scales.

ROBERT FONTAINE has served a varied apprenticeship: he wrote radio scripts for Joe Cook; served on the staff of WLW and the Mutual network, was a Washington correspondent — and then started to free-lance.

We couldn't interest him in our point-plan. Millie and I were not hurt about it. Dad has been playing the violin for twenty-five years in concerts and theaters, off and on. He is a fine musician, but every day of his life he plays the scales.

That's why I became a writer. A writer just writes. No scales.

Anyway, Dad and Mother were not interested in our system. They did not object to it. They just did not want to hear it discussed.

"Go ahead," Mother said.

"Do what you like," Dad said. "Do what's cheapest and best. We haven't much money and everything is so high. You and Millie handle it. You are appointed."

The next day the meat rationing started. Millie and I went down to the markets just to see. For weeks the stores had been filled with people pushing each other and shouting. Now, everything was at peace. A few people were around and they talked almost in whispers. A great change had come over everything. People smiled gently at the clerks. The clerks smiled back and spoke softly.

"Nice shoulder of lamb today," a clerk said.

Millie looked at me in wonder.

"Fine center-cut pork chops," the clerk added.

Suddenly Millie grabbed my sleeve.

"Look!" she said.

I looked. There was a roast of beef, boned and rolled — all lean meat.

"I can understand Rembrandt's feeling," I said.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" Millie asked.

It weighed seven pounds and it was sixty-five cents a pound. It was also fifty-six points!

We turned away sadly.

"Maybe we should have bought it," Millie said on the way home.

"What, and spoil everything? We'd have nothing else. Just roast beef. And after the time we spent planning."

"I know," Millie said.

We went in to Dad and he was with the scales again. We asked him where Mother was, and he said she had gone down street.

"She took the ration books with her," he added.

I looked at Millie in dismay.

"Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed.

"If she ever sees it, we're licked. It will be like

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that Scottie puppy who winked at her in a pet shop window."

"Maybe she won't see it," Dad suggested.

"She'll smell it a mile away," Millie said gloomily.

2

At last we heard Mother's footsteps coming up the stairs. We heard the door open and we heard the rattle of bags.

"Oh, Lord," I said, "I don't dare look."

"She's got *something*," Millie said.

Mother came in all smiles. She put down the shopping bag and sighed.

"It's so different, now," she said, her eyes aglow.

"I know," I said nervously.

"Mamma, you —" Millie began.

Mother took off her hat and waved it across her face.

"You'll never know what I got," she said.

We waited. "What?" Millie asked timidly.

"Dried peaches! No points for them this month. Also raisins, no points. You love raisins," she said to me.

"Mrs. Welkner was here, too," she went on, "just after you left. I gave her money for the Red Cross. She says you're a fine boy."

"That's nice," I said. "Tell her I'm no boy, but I appreciate the flattery."

"She says she read a story of yours last week. She said she couldn't understand it but it was wonderful."

"Look, Mamma," I said, "all my stories are wonderful. What else did you get?"

She smiled. Slowly she opened the package; the wax paper rolled nobly back; the inner paper unbent crisply and there it was. There it was in all its scarlet majesty; a thing of beauty, a joy for two weeks at least.

We did not forgive Mother for spoiling our plans. Still, we watched her rub a little garlic on it and a little sweet basil and some mustard and some melted butter and a few drops of lemon and a dash of tarragon and Lord knows what else. We watched her put it in the oven and take it out every few minutes and baste it slowly, her face aglow. We watched her turn it gently. We watched her sigh over it and coddle it.

At dinner we were still glum. Mother took the roast out and set it before us. What a scent! Mother sliced it off and it was good and rare in the middle.

"You like the end," she said to Dad and she gave him the end.

Pretty soon we were all eating in silence. No one wanted to break the spell. What could we do? We had not tasted rare roast beef in months and no one can cook a roast like my mother.

When I was done I said sheepishly to Millie:—

"I think we'll forgive Mother. There are some things more important than the realistic approach and the sense of proportion. The golden mean is fine, but not every day of the week. Yes, we will forgive Mother."

My father chewed his beef, his eyes sparkling.

"No," he said fervently, "it is your mother who will, perhaps, forgive you. It is your mother who should have been a poet and a musician."

Mother blushed, pleased as a bride.

"Afterwards," she said, "you can play me 'Londonderry Air' on the violin."

Demosthenes to the Radio Announcer

By DAVID ROSS

You
Who leap among words
Like an ibex
At home on his mountains —
Remember me in your vowels;
Words were my anguish.

You
Who pirouette among words
Like a chamois
Dancing on the crags of morning —
Remember me in your pronouncements;
My tongue stood between me and the sun.

You
Who take the steepest syllables,
Remember the stones of my mouth;
I stumbled among anthills.
O dancing mouths,
Remember me;
My tongue was lame.

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THE *Atlantic* BOOKSHELF

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

WE ARE getting along quite comfortably without boiled shirts, golf balls, and silk stockings (a few outcries here). The real pinch comes when we try to maintain the essentials. Meat is an essential, but how much is a family entitled to and what shall it be — horsemeat, hamburger, or good ribs of roast? Gasoline we used to think essential; now we are not so sure. But I don't think it ever occurred to us that books might be rationed.

Reading is protected by the Atlantic Charter, for obviously you can't have Freedom of Speech without Freedom to Print. But despite this license from on high the growth of new books has been threatened, first in England and now in this country, by government restrictions. The crisis arose in England when the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to levy a purchase tax on books. The battle which followed was swift and loud. The London *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Spectator*, and the *New Statesman* brought up the heavy artillery. George Bernard Shaw and J. B. Priestley led the phalanx of authors, and in Parliament one hundred members rose to protest, chief among them A. P. Herbert (is there any *Atlantic* reader who missed his "Two Gentlemen of Soho"?) who destroyed the pro-tax argument with this direct hit: "Bibles are to be taxed, prayer books, Handel and Shakespeare, but betting is not taxed." The tax was rejected, and with it the dangerous philosophy that *new* books can be dispensed with at a time of enormous social change.

The debates in the House of Commons in May, 1940, when Neville Chamberlain was acknowledging the defeats of that fateful spring, stand out as an example to the world of how a democratic people can take self-criticism at a time of utmost peril. Ever since, English publishers have maintained the right of free speech. The shortage of paper has necessarily restricted the volume of new books and it has noticeably affected their appearance. They are uniformly small, the paper is gray, no longer creamy, and the type is close-packed. But the right to criticize has never been surrendered; unquestionably books are more essential in England today than at any other time this century.

Our turn to decide

Now we feel the pinch. We (and Canada) find ourselves short of men to process the paper and the gray goods used in bookbinding. Publishers of newspapers, magazines, and books have already taken a 10 per cent cut in paper — you can see the result in the *Atlantic* or in any new book you pick up. They say another cut is coming. But before the knife falls, let's try to get a clear picture of our paper supply and so determine whether the amount consumed by books is essential or excessive.

Last year the American Bible Society manufactured more than eight million Bibles, Testaments, and books of Biblical selections. Sounds like a lot of paper. But wait a minute. The statistics show that less than one half of one per cent of *all* the paper used in America goes into books. Sterling North put it graphically in the *Chicago Daily News:* "In every hundred-car trainload of paper only one half of the last car goes into Bibles and textbooks, trade books and juveniles, and all other types of books issued by publishers. . . ."

In this case the figures don't talk, they shout. Approximately 20,370,000 tons of paper were consumed in the United States in 1941. Of this total (I am still quoting Mr. North), approximately 100,000 tons were used for books, 800,000 tons for magazines, and 1,100,000 tons for advertising. "We don't burn books," adds the critic; "we merely slash the paper allotment. The motives are vastly different but some of the results are the same."

Are books essential?

That is what it comes down to. We know that people are reading intently — millions of them reading as they never read before. We intend that this war shall free the spirit and open the mind. If books are,

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The Attack and Vengeance of Swede Larsen's Bomber Squadron

BY IRA WOLFERT

The 8th Torpedo Squadron, all but wiped out at Midway, has since accounted for the deaths of tens of thousands of Japs. Its story is written by the author of BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS, Pulitzer Prize winner for his cable despatches.

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as the President says, "weapons for man's freedom," it would be reckless to suppress them. If further restrictions of paper are inevitable, then we must have the courage to discriminate between the comics and the *Saturday Evening Post*, between a 38-page government leaflet on the flea and the true story of an American pilot, between a Sunday newspaper in eight sections and Mr. Willkie's *One World*.

Tokyo and after

A year ago we were holding on for our life. How close we came to defeat in Russia and the Pacific, Libya and the North Atlantic, history will tell us ten years from now. Then we were like a punch-drunk boxer who suddenly comes out of his daze to land a right to the jaw. Doolittle's Raid was the blow I mean. It was desperately struck and the reprisal was terrible. But the audacity of the attack (remember it was our first) and the heroism of the eighty men who made it bucked up our home courage and I suspect strengthened our liaison with China beyond present calculation.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (Random House $2.00) is a pilot's report of what the raid felt like: here are the long training under secrecy and the long haul in the carrier; here is the short, breathless take-off on that bucking sea (could Doolittle make it?); here are the unforgettable seconds over Tokyo and then the scoot for the China Coast, ending with the crash as the gas ran out — and pain. This little book is a great deal more than graphic journalism. The author, **Captain Ted W. Lawson,** first takes you into his confidence and then into the fraternity of that hand-picked squadron. But after he has dropped his bombs on the secret targets in the city, he does something quite as difficult from a writer's point of view: he takes you into the miasma of pain.

Military secrecy gave us a false assurance about these flyers. When *The Ruptured Duck* swung low for her landing on the China Coast, her motors suddenly went dead; her wheels caught a wave and the plane stopped as if it had hit a solid wall at 110 m.p.h. Captain Lawson was catapulted through the windshield, his left leg was laid open from hip to knee (he was to lose it later from septic poisoning), and his face was mutilated. "You think of some funny things, irrelevant things," he says, "when your life is suddenly filled with the unreality of being badly hurt" — things like trying to pull the wings off your shirt to reward a guerrilla and the embarrassment of two silk slippers when you can only use one.

Ted Lawson speaks for the hurt, and the story of his healing and self-control makes you proud of him, of "Doc" White, of the missionaries and the Chinese who gave him all they had.

He tells his tale with the editorial assistance of Robert Considine.

Will they hate us?

After the raid on Tokyo came retreats, came Midway, Sevastopol, then Stalingrad, the desert victory, North Africa — and our hopes began to lift. But not yet having to fight on home soil, it is hard for us to comprehend the anguish of our hard-driven partners. Said a friend recently, "The war goes too well. The generals are winning too fast." Meaning that unless we can make firmer plans for the peace, we shall be hated by every ally we've tried to help. We are trying to balance the French factions, we shall be asked to intercede for the Poles and Norwegians, and what about our unresolved sympathy for India and China? "Kill the umpire!" we used to shout from the bleechers. Now we're the umpire.

China's case has been well spoken by Madame Chiang. Now it is pungently written by that philosopher long resident among us, **Lin Yutang.** ***Between Tears and Laughter*** (John Day $3.00) has in it the anger and grief of a patient people who have endured long punishment for the promised land and are still none too sure of the promise.

The issue, as Dr. Lin sees it, is the issue of empire versus freedom as it stubbornly divides the Allied cause in India, Burma, and China. Old sores are here — our shipment of pig iron to Japan; General Wavell's commandeering of Lend-Lease supplies for China; the inability of Allied statesmen to comprehend Asiatic problems. Mr. Churchill's "liquidation" speech makes him see red; he fiercely resents the British policy which insists on the status quo until peace has been won. "The Indians wanted real power in the defense of their country; the British government would not give it to them." To Dr. Lin the issue is as simple as that and the implications enormous. "Peace and Power are two jealous women," the philosopher remarks, "and always refuse to stay in the same room."

Few Americans will follow out this thesis without large reservations. To us, Winston Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt stand as men who mustered the Power to make Peace possible. We too dread the possibility that such Power will prove "intoxicating" when the fighting ends. We also dread the possibility of disgust leading to "hemispheric withdrawal" if the New World is reviled on all sides for not instantly relieving the burdens of the Old. The value of this book lies in its long sweep; the close view, I suspect, looks differently in Chungking. But even in disagreement it should be read, for its voice and passion and special pleading are of the reawakened Asia, no longer a princess sleeping and supine.

A slice of America

To watch **Booth Tarkington** slice open a self-centered American community is still a good sight for anyone interested in the analytical powers of a veteran novelist. In ***Kate Fennigate*** (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) Mr. Tarkington has put on the surgeon's apron and rubber gloves; he is grave, efficient, and, I must say, surprisingly cold-blooded as he exposes the antagonism, the jealousy, and the disloyalty

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which have made Kate's spirit ingrowing and her days, so many of them, a torment.

The novelist warns us early in the story that Kate is a prig; her class has voted her "The Most Respected Girl," and the illness of her mother and the defections of her father have made her conscientious as the devil. Inside her shell you know that she is a pretty good sort, but you never feel on tender terms with her.

And I don't think Mr. Tarkington intends that you should. For, like *The Three Sisters*, this is a group portrait. Laila, Kate's completely disloyal "best friend"; Aunt Daisy in her hermitage, the old house; and Kate herself with her elaborate defense mechanism — these are the heroines, and the point of the story is to watch their effect on the best men available. Each of the ladies is case-hardened, each lives in an iron cell of her own, and their triple persecution of Ames Lanning, Kate's long-sought and always naïve husband, provides a narrative so shrewd and ruthless that your curiosity never falters. Though, as persons, it would be hard to care deeply for any of them.

The strength of this novel is one-sided. The women have it all. Malcolm the tippler, Ames the malleable, Tuke the jealous, Bill the boor — yes, they are typical of any community, but I wish Mr. Tarkington had made one of them a man.

How Washington reads

When the heat could not be worse, the forty-eight states run the cold water and say to themselves, "Pretty bad. It's the humidity. But, gosh, I shouldn't like to be in Washington!"

It was 114 degrees in the sun on my last visit to the capital, and to cool my thoughts I took refuge in Brentano's Bookstore. The manager, Joseph A. Margolies (he has recently become a New York publisher), delighted me with his account of who reads what in Washington.

"There's always a call for mystery stories," he said. "I should say the two most inveterate readers were Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and the late Mrs. Taft. Old and frail as she was, Mrs. Taft would come down to the store herself to select each week's ration. Mrs. McLean read so many that she could never be sure of the titles. So we developed a system of back references to make sure she didn't go over the same ground twice."

"What do people do for presents?" I asked.

"Well, speaking of birthdays," said Mr. Margolies, "I remember Mrs. Roosevelt's telephoning at four in the afternoon one January 30th for a birthday present for the President. We sent over several suggestions by a messenger, and what she picked was a beautiful set of Robert Burns. Another time Harry Hopkins telephoned about a birthday present for his wife. He wanted a well-bound set of Tolstoy or Dostoevski — I remember because we didn't have an expensive set of either in stock."

"You must get a lot of business from the Embassies," I said.

"Yes, before they left town the Japanese were the biggest book buyers of all. They never missed a book dealing with the Army or Navy, nor any that had to do with international affairs, particularly in South America. For instance, they would order at least twelve copies of every issue of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and so on down the line. The German Embassy was another good customer, though I noticed their secretaries were always in search of books by Americans which put our country in a questionable light — books on the Negro question and other racial and economic problems."

"How about our friends?" I asked.

"Ever since Ambassador Litvinoff's arrival, the Soviet Embassy has been one of Brentano's biggest customers. As I remember it, they bought two complete sets of the WPA State Guides. They have a standing order for books on political matters — which, I may say, is well filled by a special clerk.

"The British are hard to keep track of, their tastes are so varied. I myself waited on General Wavell when he was last here, and sold him *The Three Bamboos*, Von Clausewitz's *On War*, and — a rhyming dictionary!"

If writing verse keeps General Wavell cool in Washington, I dare say it will help him as he sits on the lid of India's stove.

Bombs and victory

Were the Japanese buying our books today, one new one they would be sure to order is ***Vertical Warfare*** by **Francis Vivian Drake** (Doubleday, Doran $3.00), for here is the damnation total of what air bombardment has amounted to thus far; here is the terrible potential which we are only now seizing in our hands; here, if we prevail, is the handwriting on the wall for Japan. Beginning in 1940, Mr. Drake drove home the principles of modern air power in a series of *Atlantic* articles as prophetic as any in our history. Now in his book he narrates what precision bombing has achieved thus far, and then predicts what it will do in the immediate future if our generals and admirals allow it to be concentrated.

In crisp detail and in photographs (many of them released for the first time) he shows you the bombing of the German dams, the Ruhr, the land targets in North Africa, and describes the sinking of the *Trieste* by a Flying Fortress and the attacks on Japanese warships. Again and again the author underscores his thesis that we shall achieve victory by bombing much more quickly, and at infinitely lower cost of life, than by the traditional land invasion. No layman is competent to say whether this can be done here and now. But every layman will take from this book the awful understanding of what air power will be five, ten, fifty years from now. And who will then keep the freedom of the air?

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INDIGO

A Novel of India

by CHRISTINE WESTON

SYNOPSIS: A novel of life in an Indian garrison town, Amritpore, this story tells of the attraction and repulsion among the French, English, and natives who live in uneasy proximity. Representative of the ruling English are John Macbeth and his pretty cousin, Bertie Wood, old Mrs. Lyttleton, and various officials. Among the French residents, the widowed Madame de St. Remy despises the English. She is insanely jealous of Mrs. Lyttleton, whom she accuses of having alienated her husband from her and from his faith, and who has befriended Madame's dark-haired son Jacques. Jacques has both English and native friends, particularly the young Hindu, Hardyal. Hardyal's father, Ganpat Rai, is friendly toward the English, but the dour, suspicious Moslem, Abdul Salim, hates them. Salim's seditious utterances have already roused official anger.

31

ONE afternoon in mid-September, Ramdatta the Marwari lay on a string cot under his favorite tree, where on clear days he usually received his important visitors. The air was warm and moist; a slight breeze stirred the mango leaves. In a semicircle beside the moneylender's cot squatted a company of his neighbors; a Kaith, or scribe, perched on a campstool, was reading aloud from a pink-tinted vernacular paper. Ramdatta's youngest son, a boy of ten, stood behind his father, fanning him with a wand of plume grass.

"The English ships *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy* have been sunk by the Germans," read the Kaith in a nasal singsong, and a stir went round the listeners. "*Tobah!*" exclaimed one, and turned aside to spit.

Jacques de St. Remy, riding in through an opening in the village wall, saw this little tableau set against the white wall of a house, where a rampant tiger had been freshly painted in vermilion. The sound of a horse's hoof struck on Ramdatta's ear and he sat up. "Behold, the Sahib comes at last to visit me. Depart, all of you. Send one to take the Sahib's horse."

Ramdatta's coterie melted away, but his son remained, staring shyly as the young man approached.

"Hello, Ramdatta! I come, bringing you quinine."

The moneylender rose and salaamed. "Sahib, this is an honor. What have I done to deserve it?"

"Little enough, I'll wager!"

"Ah, you are young and full of jokes."

"Mother's foreman, Mr. Boodrie, assured me that you were practically at death's door!"

"These half-castes always exaggerate."

Boodrie had passed on Ramdatta's invitation to Jacques with an air of excitement bordering on panic — adding the mysterious injunction that Madame de St. Remy was on no account to be told. "He is a sick man, or he would have come himself to see you." Jacques, who enjoyed an afternoon's canter across the plain, had seen no reason why he should not drop in on the moneylender.

The young man seated himself in a huge chintz-upholstered chair and lighted a cigarette. Ramdatta returned to his cot, on which he sat cross-legged, the shawls slipping from his shoulders.

"It is considerate of you to accept the invitation of a sick and aging man, Sahib."

Jacques smiled and said nothing. He knew better than to congratulate his host on his recovery or to

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"I was born in a small civil station called Unao, in the United Provinces of India," writes CHRISTINE WESTON. "My father was of French extraction, my mother English. Both families had been in India for several generations — my father's family as indigo planters, my mother's in the Army.

"We were a large family and grew up in a happy state of anarchy. Our winters were spent on the Plains, our summers in the Hills. We got along well with Indians of all castes and creeds because my father's sympathies and his profession of officer in the Imperial Police, and later of barrister, brought us all into unusually close communion. But we lived very simply — riding, hunting, walking in the most beautiful country imaginable, the lower Himalayas. The most important thing was our love for a land which we regarded as home, and for the natives of that land."

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compliment him on his appearance, for to do either would have been a breach of etiquette and a direct provocation to the Evil Eye.

"You and I, Sahib," Ramdatta continued, "belong in a category of men who, to survive, must work, and who by working cannot help but accumulate fortunes that rouse the jealousy and greed even of our friends. But that is the way of the world, is it not? Even on isolated and forgotten islands there are some who have and some who have not."

"And there are likewise those of whom it is said that there shall be taken from them even the little which they have," observed Jacques with an absent-minded air.

A golden smile spread over Ramdatta's features. "Would that you were my son! There are few with whom I can converse in such a vein. My family are dunces, my friends hypocrites or worse."

"God forbid!" murmured Jacques, repressing a laugh.

"Nay, it is true." He leaned forward, fixing Jacques with an eye that was suddenly as cold and as steady as a cobra's. "But then, perhaps I am luckier than you, for I at least am not deceived."

The shift in voice and manner was so abrupt that Jacques found himself at a loss. He lighted another cigarette while Ramdatta straightened up and stared around him. But the courtyard was empty; the arched door under its vermilion tiger framed only a bluish, smoky interior.

"Draw your chair closer to me, Sahib, that we may not have to raise our voices."

Ramdatta rearranged his plump legs under him. "I asked you to come here so that I might, with your permission, exercise for a little while the prerogatives of a father, and extend to you a word of warning and advice."

"Well?"

"We will not beat about the bush. You are a friend of Ganpat Rai's son Hardyal. Ganpat Rai I have always admired. Hardyal also. But time changes men strangely, and it has most strangely changed Hardyal. Nay, do not be offended if I venture to suggest that Hardyal's change has not been for the best."

"The suggestion offends me nevertheless."

"Would that I could withdraw it! But Hardyal has fallen into the wrong hands. He is seen everywhere with Abdul Salim, and Salim as you know — or should know — is under police surveillance."

Jacques felt a stab of anxiety. "Since when?"

"For months past. Oh, it is no secret — Salim himself must be aware of it. But he is a fanatic. Nothing short of a jail sentence will silence his teaching."

"And what, may I ask, is this teaching to which you so violently object?" Jacques spoke sarcastically, in an attempt to cover his real concern.

The moneylender shrugged. "You must have heard as much of it as anyone, for you see him often. You meet at the house of Ganpat Rai, and Hardyal himself carries Salim's words of wisdom into your house, does he not? They use your friendship as a blind —"

Jacques said coldly: "You go far."

"For your sake I would go further. You must forgive me, Sahib — I speak for us all."

"Speak for yourself if you must. I fail to see where we come into it."

Ramdatta made a strange gesture with his hands, bringing the palms together in an attitude of prayer and letting them fall into his lap. "Sahib, hear me out. Two days ago Salim was at the village of my brother-in-law; he collected the people around him and outlined to them a plan for the nonpayment of their rents and taxes. In my brother-in-law's village, and indeed in my own, there are a certain number of Moslems. They are shiftless, in debt almost to a man. Yet they kick and scream against paying interest on their debts. Why? Because to charge or to pay interest is contrary to their religious code.

"Well, Abdul Salim has succeeded in rousing, everywhere, something approaching organized revolt in the villages. The police are worried."

While he was talking the sweat had started out afresh on Ramdatta's flesh and his eyes began to glow with fever; but his voice remained calm, his pliant body retained its impassive poise. Jacques had listened less to Ramdatta's complaint than to a peculiar subterranean quality in the man's voice. It came to him suddenly: what he heard in Ramdatta's voice was the note of fear.

Ramdatta was afraid of Abdul Salim, afraid of Hardyal! Ramdatta the great, the almost omnipotent Ramdatta, friend of the police, privileged crony of officialdom, sumptuous, engaging old sophisticate. Here he sat sweating, secretly frightened out of his clever wits!

Ramdatta broke the silence. "So now perhaps you can see, Sahib, what I mean when I insist that I speak for all of us — for you as well as for myself."

"You mean to say that you believe we are all in the same boat?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"And that Abdul Salim may attempt to capsize the boat?"

Ramdatta gazed at him broodingly. "You believe that Salim would not dare to encroach on your preserves? Does that thought reassure you?"

"What preserves, Ramdatta?"

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"You are not really obtuse, Sahib."

"I do but seek enlightenment!"

Ramdatta said slowly: "It distresses me that I should be the instrument of your enlightenment. I do not hope to be forgiven, but I have no alternative."

"Must we talk riddles all afternoon?"

Ramdatta made no reply. Instead he rose from the cot and reaching under it pulled out a highly decorated tin box fastened by a brass padlock. He groped among the contents of the box and lifted out a large package covered in oilskin and tied with black tape. This he opened, and after a glance at the contents, laid them on Jacques's lap.

"There, Sahib. Take your time. There is no hurry." Ramdatta folded his legs under him, clasping the folds of his shawl about his shoulders.

The papers which Ramdatta had given Jacques were hundis, or notes of hand, amounting to uncomputed sums. The thin sheets of native paper bearing signatures in Hindi and in English, all up to date, dryly businesslike and irrefutable, were proof enough to Jacques that his mother had pledged herself far beyond the limit of her resources.

Ramdatta spoke at last, in a sonorous undertone: "Years ago I promised your mother that I would not reveal the truth to you. But what can it profit Madame, or yourself, for you to remain in ignorance any longer? Should creatures like Abdul Salim succeed in wrecking my livelihood, what recourse should I have but to call upon you to fulfill your obligations? Alas, it is not a new situation, Sahib. We all must live!"

Jacques listened to his voice, which sounded like rain dripping from the eaves after a storm.

"We are in the same case, Sahib. You, however, are in a position to protect both yourself and me. In the first place because you are a Sahib; in the second place because you are a friend of Hardyal and Ganpat Rai, both of whom exercise considerable influence over Salim. Men will sometimes do for love what they will scorn to do from other motives. Not that I expect wonders — I know Abdul Salim! He and I are old enemies."

"And so you would have me go to him and tell him of these —" Jacques tapped the package on his knee. "And say to him, 'Salim, my friend! Ramdatta has me in his clutches. He can, in the wink of an eye, institute proceedings which would deprive me of my factory, my home, my very shoes!'"

"I am not trying to blackmail you. I too have a code of friendship. Have I not, for twenty years, kept my word to your mother? Have I once come to her with whinings, with a single demand for what, after all, are my just dues?"

When Jacques remained silent he went on urgently: "Work with me, Jacques! Let us be friends. Let me serve your interests as I have always served Madame's. This war will bring wealth to many — why not to you and me? Salim is an obstructionist who believes that this is the time to oppose all constructive ideas and to force concessions from men like me and from the Government which upholds us. He cannot last long, but he can do much damage while he lasts. Is it not better for us to try to win him over to our side — rather, to shame or to frighten him into silence? I don't ask that you succeed with Salim — I merely ask that you try, that you use your good offices through Ganpat Rai and Hardyal. If you should fail, no matter. We are then no better off and no worse than before!"

Jacques replaced the hundis in their oilskin cover; rising, he flung the package on the cot beside Ramdatta, who continued to sit, gazing eagerly at the young man. "Well, Sahib?"

"No."

"No? Ah, come, Sahib! That is sheer foolishness."

Jacques said nothing. He stood under the flickering shadows of the mango leaves and his stillness was matched by that of Ramdatta's son, who reappeared in the door and watched them with big, inquiring eyes.

"Sahib," Ramdatta repeated in a voice which had lost most of its resonance.

Jacques glanced at the boy. "Go, tell them to fetch my horse."

He turned to Ramdatta. "Salim is your enemy, not mine. As for the rest —" He shrugged. "It has lain in your hands for a long time. I am content to leave it there."

32

As Madame de St. Remy walked from the church toward her carriage, she felt more than ever conscious of a fading of that solemn charm which never failed her in the house of her God. Faced now with a return to her own house, she was filled with foreboding. The thought of meeting Jacques — a thought which used to bring its special delight and anticipation — brought instead the pang of some mysteriously acquired bruise. A month had passed since the day when he came to her with the news of his broken engagement, and remembrance of that scene was vivid in her memory. She had thrown her arms round him, and he stood in their

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circle, submitting but not responding to her embrace. She felt the chill in his body, felt the tensing of his muscles against her caress.

"Jacques, my poor child! She has deserted you!"

He looked at her then, and through the blur of her own tears she saw that his eyes were tearless, hard, clean, like stones. Gently, he freed himself and led her to a chair, and in a voice which somehow matched the new look in his eyes he said: "Bertie has not deserted me. It is I who have deserted her. Understand this once and for all, and then promise me you will never speak of it again."

For Madame the weeks had passed in an atmosphere of bewilderment and incredulity. Every morning Jacques rode to the factory and stayed till afternoon; then he changed his clothes and bicycled to Hardyal's house, where he played tennis and often stayed for dinner. It occurred to her that his whole nature had undergone some catastrophic change.

As confusion increased, her hope diminished; unable now to wring a word or a glance of tenderness from him, she began to brood on her wrongs, to recall with tears the hundred and one griefs and sacrifices she had endured for his sake. Denied possession, her vitality sought the only release available to it. She dwelt with sweet and secret satisfaction on Jacques's physical and economic handicap, and she felt increasingly secure in the knowledge that she had lost her two most formidable rivals — Bertie and now, at last and forever, old Mrs. Lyttleton.

As her carriage rolled under the avenue of shisham trees, Madame saw the house waiting for her, all graceful arches and white pillars under the glistening thatch, the great pipal tree whispering beyond its deep verandas.

The carriage stopped and she got out, making her way slowly up the steps to the veranda. It was not yet dusk and the lamps had not been lighted. She heard her servants talking as they went about their evening duties, and the sound of her carriage as it rolled across the compound towards the stables. The drawing room was empty. She stared round her, troubled by the stillness, the air of expectancy which hangs about an empty room. Then the bead curtains moved and Jacques appeared, his figure in its white silk suit slender as a shaft before her. For a moment they gazed at each other; then Madame asked gently: "When did you get back, my dear?"

"An hour ago."

"Were there many people at the funeral?"

"Just her friends."

Madame said presently: "I wonder what will happen to her property."

"I understand there are cousins in England."

His voice had a queer, absent-minded note, and she asked tentatively: "Tell me, Jacques — would it have pleased you if I'd gone with you to the funeral?"

He smiled then. "I think it might have amused Mrs. Lyttleton, could she have known."

Madame winced. She heard herself say in an unrecognizable voice: "Both the women you professed so to love have left you, have they not, my son?"

Jacques made no reply. Silence, that formidable silence which she knew of old, deepened between them, and Madame clenched her hands. "Jacques, how am I to tell you? You must find out sometime — and though it breaks my heart — "

He interrupted calmly: "If you are trying to tell me about Bertie's marriage, I know all about it."

She felt the heat and exaltation of this prepared moment flow back on her. "You knew? And you said nothing!"

"What did you expect me to say?"

"I should expect you to behave like a human being!" She struggled to control a detestable shrillness. "I'd expect you to show a decent indignation — "

"I'm sorry, if you were looking forward to telling me yourself."

Her passion swerved into rage. "*Mon Dieu!* You speak to me in such a tone? You, who have deliberately squandered your affections and must now pay for it! Bankrupt in your love, you turn on me, your mother?"

He made a slight gesture of his hand. "Must we dramatize things, Maman? After all, this is my affair. And if we are to discuss bankruptcy, have you ever considered what might happen were Ramdatta to press us for payment of our debts?"

"Ramdatta! What do you mean?"

He hesitated, then in a few curt sentences told her of his interview with the Marwari, more than a month before. He felt a vague surprise at the sound of his own voice, but was powerless to check himself; the things were there and they uttered themselves.

She cried in despair: "Whatever I did, I did for your sake! If I've made mistakes, they were of a kind anyone might have made in my place. What would you have had me do? Let the factory go? What should we have lived on? If I've kept the truth from you, it was because I wanted to save you from anxiety."

"You should have told me five years ago, when I left school and came home to work for you."

"What would have been the use? What could you have done that I was unable to do?"

"I should not have become engaged to Bertie."

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"Ah!" Her voice was charged with bitterness. "Bertie! So that was why — And you blame me?"

He replied in a gentler voice: "No, I don't blame you."

"You would live on air," she retorted, angrily. "You are like your father. He, too, despised money. He thought it was mean and vulgar. He gave up his wife, his family, his church, everything, because he acquired instead a pride in what he was pleased to call his free intelligence. I never dreamed that my son —"

Jacques turned his face towards her and she saw how pale he was, how firm, how remote. "It does seem as though my father's problem and mine are the same."

"I don't understand."

He murmured: "One loves — irresponsibly. It's the only love. I can't explain. And you cannot understand. Let's not discuss it."

"I shall discuss it!" Madame's face took on a distorted, sexless look. "I shall discuss it! I understand very well. I have tried to guard you against the things that I've always understood. I wished to save you from becoming a victim of them. You already know that your father was unfaithful to me with Mrs. Lyttleton. Perhaps you do not know that he was her lover before you were born.

"Ah, you did not know that! You cannot believe it? Well, it was true. Before you were born. And I think that in his diseased mind he formed some hideous notion that you were in a sense — ah, in what a sense! — his and Mrs. Lyttleton's child. When Auguste died, Mrs. Lyttleton tried to appropriate you as she had appropriated him. And when I saw Bertie that first time in Gambul, I saw in her something of the look of Mrs. Lyttleton. They had that same air — that frightful pride of the English, that sinister force which makes them believe that there is nothing they may not appropriate if they so desire!"

The breathless sentences came to an end, and in the pause which followed, it seemed as if the servants, the whole house, must be waiting tensely for what was to come. Dusk had fallen outdoors; it crept into the room, cool, scented, but its freshness had no power over their human fever.

Madame said in a calmer voice: "Let us not talk of love or understanding, since you seem to have so little need of either. Let us confine ourselves to more practical matters. You are still my son, though no doubt you consider yourself to be fully a man. You have scarcely conducted yourself like a man. You scorn a man's natural responsibilities, and it does seem as if those responsibilities scorn you."

She broke off, distracted by his silence, by his almost spectral appearance in the gloom. Madame waited for him to speak, to move, and when he continued to stand motionless she was taken by a storm of shivering. "Jacques, Jacques — forgive me!" She held out her arms. "Don't look like that — don't stand there like — like a ghost . . . my dear . . . my son . . ."

Then he was gone, and the bead curtains trembled slightly, giving off little spurts of color and light, their faint music the only sound in the room.

33

Berari platform, by comparison with Amritpore, was large and imposing; by comparison it was also modern in design and general sanitation. Here were no monkeys and very few beggars. The red turbans of the police bobbed like flowers among the drab and dust of the crowd; the paler faces of Europeans under pipe-clayed or khaki helmets appeared and disappeared as their owners made their august passage to and from the train.

"I hope," said Abdul Salim as he and Hardyal descended from the train, "that your father will not be angry with me when he learns that I have brought you to Berari to listen to a political speech!"

Hardyal was touched and amused by his friend's misgivings; the fiery Mohammedan cared so little, as a rule, for other men's anger.

"Abdul Salim, must I remind you that I am no longer a child? Besides, Father has too much affection for you to be angry."

"He has, however, little affection for Jagnath Singh."

"You think, then, that there might be a row over this speech of his?"

Salim shrugged. "I understand that he has obtained permission from the Magistrate. But you can never tell, with Jagnath!" He laughed.

"I will find a tonga," said Salim, elbowing his way through the mob. "We will go straight to Jagnath's cousin's house. It is Number Three Tamarind Road, behind the European quarter."

Hardyal followed the tall Mohammedan, but he had not gone far when a police orderly touched his arm and handed him a note. "A letter from the Captain Sahib of Police."

Hardyal stopped dead in surprise. "For me?"

"For you, from Macbeth Sahib."

Salim, missing him, had turned and fought his way back. "What is it? What has happened?"

The orderly stood a few paces away, respectful

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and aloof, as Hardyal tore open the envelope. With Salim peering over his shoulder, he read the letter: —

DEAR HARDYAL,

I have learned that you are expected in Berari and I thought that I might with luck catch you as you got off the train. I do not wish to interrupt your plans, but if you can spare an hour will you come and see me? The orderly who carries this note will direct you to my house. I should like very much to have a talk.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN MACBETH

They looked at each other, and Salim's eyes narrowed. "I made no secret of our plans or destination. Everyone knows that Jagnath Singh is to speak this evening. However, you and I are not such exalted persons that our movements should be followed with such devotion."

It could mean but one thing: they were objects of official surveillance. Suddenly, Salim laughed. "Go, Hardyal. Call on your friend the Captain Sahib. Convey to him my salaams and congratulations on his efficiency!"

Hardyal said impulsively: "He means well. It is a friendly invitation."

"Is it? Why then did he not write to you at Amritpore? Why does he have you accosted thus, by a constable, on a public platform? Nay, you cannot refuse to go, no matter how friendly the tone of his letter. It is a command, my boy — a command!"

For the first time in his life Hardyal experienced the strange shock of knowing that his actions were under scrutiny from an unseen quarter, that his privacy had been invaded, that he was, in fact, no longer an anonymous figure. He turned to Salim. "I will do what you say."

The other's hard face softened a little. "You must do as your father would have had you do. Go, my son. Perhaps, as you say, Mr. Macbeth has written you in the spirit of friendship. You will soon find out."

They parted and Hardyal climbed into another tonga with the police orderly. They rattled out of the courtyard, and Hardyal's spirit began to lift. Salim always affected him powerfully; the man's optimism and pessimism were alike contagious. Now, rereading Macbeth's note and judging from the respectful manner of Macbeth's orderly, it was easy for him to believe that nothing particularly sinister could be afoot. After all, Macbeth was now an officer in one of the most efficient police forces in the world; all kinds of information must reach him continually; accident itself might have put him in possession of the fact that Hardyal had taken the train with Abdul Salim.

And, although Jagnath Singh might temporarily enjoy the good graces of the Government, it did not follow that his movements and the movements of his avowed admirers were neglected by the authorities. Macbeth, learning of Hardyal's destination, might easily have acted on a friendly impulse.

Hardyal had never been in Berari, and he liked its trim and prosperous air. As they swung into the main channel of traffic, the constable pointed out the line of the distant barracks and the parade ground, the new municipality buildings, the cotton mill, the new High Court.

"Look, *huzoor*," said the orderly, suddenly. They were seated at the back of the tonga; from a street at right angles to their passage a troop of horsemen appeared, native lancers in the grim drab of battle dress, with their lances at rest and pennons fluttering. They drew abreast of the tonga and Hardyal stared at the erect and magnificent figures led by a young prince whose saddle cloth was a leopard skin and whose profile under his pointed kulah and tightly wound turban might have come off a coin discovered on the upper reaches of the Indus valley, where once Alexander the Great had paused.

The tonga turned off down a wide street bordered with trees, beyond which he caught glimpses of big, attractive houses.

Would Macbeth ask for Jacques? Instinctively, Hardyal dismissed the thought; Englishmen did not as a rule discuss one another before a native. He wondered about Bertie. Would she be there, would she greet him as a friend? The tonga slowed and turned in through a pair of wrought-iron gates. They rolled up a neat driveway, accompanied by a flock of barking spaniels, and stopped before a wide, furnished veranda.

"Wait for me," Hardyal commanded the tonga-wallah. He got out, and was saluted by two police sentries beside the steps. Hardyal gave his name, but Macbeth appeared at once from a door further down the veranda.

"Hardyal, this is good of you!"

They shook hands, each observing the other with a sense of reassurance. He is less secretive in expression, less arrogant in his bearing, decided Hardyal, and wondered whether Bertie was responsible for the change.

"Looks damned decent, as he always did," thought Macbeth. Aloud he said: "Let's go into my dufter."

The dufter, the official sanctum. Hardyal suffered a momentary recurrence of suspicion. Why the dufter? Why not the drawing room or the veranda? But Macbeth put his hand lightly on his shoulder and they walked down the veranda into a large, bright room, sparsely but adequately fur-

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nished. A native clerk was typing at a desk, but at a word from Macbeth he gathered up his papers and left the room.

Macbeth offered Hardyal a cigarette, took one himself, and they sat down on cool, leather-covered chairs. Macbeth looked at him and smiled. "How are you? It is ages since we've met."

"Two years."

"It seems longer."

Hardyal smiled. "Will you accept my congratulations?" Then, before the other could speak, he said lightly: "There seems little you do not know about me — about my departures, my arrivals!"

"My note surprised you? Of course, it must have. But the explanation is quite simple. You were traveling with Abdul Salim, and you must know, as I am sure he does, that his movements are more or less under official surveillance. After all, Amritpore isn't on the other side of the world. As a matter of fact I heard recently from an old friend of us both — Ramdatta."

"Ramdatta?"

"The old scamp did me a good turn once, long ago, and we correspond occasionally. If you should see him when you return to Amritpore, give him my salaams."

Hardyal thought: So Ramdatta is in communication with the Superintendent of Police of Berari — they are friends, they exchange news, information. A gleam touched the edges of his mind.

Macbeth went on: "And I take it you have come to Berari to hear Jagnath Singh?" It was put lightly, almost absent-mindedly; then, without waiting for an answer, he added: "I'm told he is a fine speaker. I've never heard him, but he impresses people.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "there is no reason why you shouldn't go to hear Jagnath — provided he speaks at all. What I wanted to discuss is your association with Salim. He is a recognized seditionist. I was sorry to hear you had traveled to Berari in his company. Duty, if nothing else, would impel me to speak of it to you. You must see that, too."

Hardyal was filled with confusion, "Abdul Salim has been our friend for many years. The authorities have agreed to let Jagnath speak. Where, then, is the difficulty? You said just now, 'provided he speaks at all.' May I ask what that can mean?"

Macbeth hesitated, then shrugged. "Well, since you and I talk as friends, I might as well tell you. A difficulty *has* arisen. You probably don't know our local magistrate, Mr. Sheldon. He's what people call a liberal, a dyed-in-the-wool sympathizer of — of Indians, a stickler for free speech at all costs, and all that sort of thing. Perfectly all right, of course."

Macbeth continued with a friendly, confiding air: "You know that we have troops quartered in Berari. Their commanding officer, Colonel Gordon, has of course nothing to do with the civil administration. However, to put it in a nutshell, Colonel Gordon is not keen on having his men filter into Perron Park to listen while a fellow Indian lambastes the Sircar which they are pledged to defend. He could, of course, confine his men to barracks, but that would rather take the fine edge off Mr. Sheldon's gesture of confidence, wouldn't it?"

It would, as Hardyal perceived instantly and vividly.

Macbeth went on quickly: "The speech itself is harmless enough. I've read it — so has Colonel Gordon."

"Well, then —" murmured Hardyal, hopefully.

"That's just the point. It's too damned innocuous to be worth giving. But you don't know Jagnath Singh, do you? He's a genius in his way. When he starts to talk it will be in the vernacular — full of twists and turns, devilish innuendoes, all idiomatic, impossible to pin down. Questions will be asked, challenges flung, by men like your Salim, for instance. That is exactly what Jagnath hopes for. Someone to throw him the ball so that he can throw it back — weighted. Whatever has been forbidden or agreed upon between him and us will go by the board — and it will, of course, be nobody's fault."

Hardyal looked up. "Yes, I see, I see! I appreciate your telling me all this, though I don't quite know what I can do about it. I'm a nobody, after all."

"There's precious little anyone can do about it now, except perhaps so far as one is concerned oneself."

"You mean, it would please you if I were to stay away from this meeting?"

Macbeth looked at him frankly. "It would please me. I'm pretty sure that it would please your father. I, too, can do little. One can only stand by or advise one's friends to the best of one's ability."

They smoked and talked for a little while about the war and its problems. Macbeth was grateful that Hardyal had not brought Bertie's name, or Jacques's, into the conversation — grateful for the considerate restraint on many subjects he dreaded.

"Tell me," said Macbeth, lightly, "about that queer old lady, Mrs. Lyttleton."

"She is dead."

"Dead?" exclaimed Macbeth. "I hadn't heard. I wish I'd known — another friend was asking about her just the other day. Aubrey Wall."

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Stillness descended on Hardyal. "Wall? Aubrey Wall?"

"One of your old pals, wasn't he? He's been stationed at Berari for the past few months. His wife and child are here, too, for the winter. He retires next year."

Macbeth felt the mysterious pressure of the moment without understanding its cause; he went on conversationally: "Wall spoke of the old days at Amritpore. He asked for you and for the — for the St. Remys, and of course for old Mrs. Lyttleton. I'm sure he will be saddened to hear that she is dead. But she must have been quite old."

He became increasingly conscious of a coldness interposing between them. At a loss to account for this changed mood, he continued in the same easy, friendly manner: "You stayed with Wall's people in Sussex, didn't you?"

Hardyal nodded. He stared at his feet, thrust into light sandals which he had not remembered to take off before coming into the house.

"Wall wondered — and so, as a matter of fact, did I — why you never returned to England."

"Did he talk much about that?"

Macbeth hesitated. Wall's remarks had not been complimentary; they were the remarks of a disappointed patron become indifferent.

"No, he just wondered."

Hardyal drew his breath on a deep sigh. "I came home for the holidays. I could not bring myself to go away again."

It was not convincing, and Macbeth had the impression that it was not intended to be. But he went on, agreeably: "Well, what have you been up to since? Anything important?"

Hardyal answered without looking up. "Important? What could I do that would be considered important? When I came back from England I studied with a tutor. He was a Eurasian, and clever. Then I took my B.A. at Calcutta University, as you know. It was easy. Everything has been fairly easy. Since then I have helped my father with his work."

"You've never considered getting into government service, I suppose? A nomination to the police?"

"Perhaps, sometime."

There was silence, and Macbeth thought: Mentioning England was, somehow, a mistake. I wonder what happened? Could he have fallen in love with some girl, and it ended unhappily? He asked gently: "How long will you stay in Berari? I'd like to see you again."

"I return to Amritpore early tomorrow."

"With Salim?" Lightly, banteringly.

"With Salim."

So, it was ended. Not by words, not by declarations or gestures, but by the incomprehensible accident which at some unguarded moment had intervened between them.

It was Hardyal who rose at last; he could not have borne, now, to be politely or even kindly given the hint that it was time for him to go. Macbeth, grateful for the other's initiative, rose too, rubbing out his cigarette on a silver tray.

As Hardyal walked down the steps and signaled his tonga, he was as sure as he would have been had his eyes guaranteed her, that Bertie watched his departure from the elegant obscurity of the house. She must have known that he was with Macbeth in the dufter; yet she had not come out to meet him. She had eaten his salt, she had walked in his father's garden. She had been engaged to his best friend. But now she let him come and go without greeting.

34

As they drove between the gates into the road, the tonga-wallah looked at his passenger. "Where to?"

Hardyal had clasped his forehead, which felt hot and damp. "Drive — drive anywhere."

Hardyal stared about him with superstitious eyes. Wall was in Berari! Wall, whom he had not seen for years, whom he had hoped never to see again — Wall was here, within reach, perhaps within a few paces. Perhaps this Sahib bicycling towards them in gray flannels and sun coat — Ah, if they should meet! Hardyal sank back and tried to reconstruct the half-remembered, slight, rather colorless figure of his old friend. But what recurred — what Macbeth's casual reference to the Engineer had strangely and vitally revived, was the memory of Mrs. Lyttleton and the sharp finality of her death. A little while ago that death had seemed to set a seal upon his youth; now in an aching second it unsealed the fact that he had inherited the full weight of a special and terrible knowledge — that Wall had killed Mrs. Lyttleton's servant. He and Wall, now, stood together in the baleful glare of that knowledge: Hardyal felt threatened by it.

"Driver, what time is it?" he asked suddenly.

The man consulted the air, sniffed, meditated, then answered with reasonable accuracy: "Going on six."

"Oh, good heavens! I must meet my friend. Turn round and let us go back as we came." He racked his brains for the number and name of the street which Salim had given him. He stared at the tonga-wallah. "Where is the house of Jagnath Singh's cousin?"

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The man started. "Jagnath Singh? He who is to speak this evening?"

"I was to meet my friend at the house of Jagnath's cousin."

The driver, with Jehu's dry wit, shrugged and suggested they drive to the nearest jail. "If Jagnath and his cousin and all their friends are not already there, they will be shortly."

"Then let us drive to the city and make inquiries there."

"Why not go straight to Perron Park? Jagnath is to speak there in half an hour. If your friend is with him, you will meet there."

Hardyal thought confusedly: Suppose Salim waits, and misses the speech? No, no — they must somehow find the cousin's house. He combed his memory in an agony of humiliation. Salim had told him clearly enough — Something Avenue — Something Road. He stared anxiously about him as the tonga wheeled round and headed back as it had come.

The driver had taken a short cut down a dusty alley, and they now emerged on the main thoroughfare which ran in a straight line from the station past Perron Park towards the European Club.

With the eerie suddenness of their kind, a company of khaki-clad, red-turbaned figures appeared, riding bicycles, led by a short, powerful, red-faced English sergeant. The crowd made way for them, genially or timidly according to their separate natures or consciences.

"Let's ask them," cried Hardyal. "Stop, let me speak to the sergeant."

He leaned out and shouted as the Englishman pedaled alongside: "Can you tell me, please, where Mr. Jagnath Singh is residing?"

The man made no reply, nor did he turn his head. Grim, thick-necked, he flashed past, followed by his retinue.

Hardyal sank back in the shabby seat. "Drive to the park," he said, his voice not quite so assured as it had been. "Hurry!"

"Jagnath will speak from the bandstand at the southern end of the park," explained the tonga-wallah. "It is wider, and there are benches."

A policeman pressed through the crowd. "Vehicles may not proceed into the park. You will have to walk from here."

Hardyal paid the driver, then got out and was instantly swallowed up by the crowd. Pushed, jostled, his feet stepped on, his cap knocked off, he felt a new exhilaration. He saw at once that he had no chance of reaching the bandstand from which Jagnath Singh was expected to deliver his address, and decided to wait until after the speech before going in search of Abdul Salim.

35

Someone gave Hardyal a hand and hauled him up on the wall; another steadied him when he was almost precipitated over the other side. He felt their excitement, their good humor. "We may not hear much, but we'll get a good view," observed one, philosophically.

"Will Jagnath Singh be in native dress?"

"You will recognize him," a neighbor assured him. "He always wears European dress. He is said to have observed, once, that in a scuffle the police might find it child's play to deprive one of one's dhoti, but it would be more difficult for them to steal one's trousers."

"He is a wit, that Jagnath."

"I heard him once in Lucknow. He can make a stone laugh or a tree burst into tears."

"Aye, and he's been known to raise blisters as big as plover's eggs on the police, before now."

Hardyal was happy to be among them. The man who had given him a hand was youngish, with a leathery black face and sparkling eyes. He wore an English jacket with his dhoti, and clutched the rough stone wall with bare, muscular toes. Hardyal could see various comings and goings on the bandstand, but there was no sign of Abdul Salim, nor of him whom they had described as Jagnath Singh.

Hardyal watched the evening crows fly in squadrons across the deepening sky. Where, where was Salim?

Behind him in the road a carriage bell shrilled imperiously. He heard important shouts from the police, cries of "*Hut jao! Hut jao!* Make way for the Sahib's carriage."

Craning round, Hardyal had a glimpse of a smart dogcart driven by an Englishman. The police were clearing a way for its passage. The Englishman looked as though he were keeping his temper with an effort, and he was keeping his foot on the bell, which shrilled and shrilled. Behind him on the syce's stand his groom brandished a horsehair switch over the heads of scurrying urchins.

"It is the Engineer of Canals," volunteered the man at Hardyal's elbow. "Wall Sahib himself."

Hardyal felt his heart grow huge. Aubrey Wall, intent on keeping his temper and his horse under control in this smelling, milling mob, saw no one in particular.

Hardyal's eyes were blazing. He straightened up suddenly and put his hand on the shoulder of the man beside him. Steadying himself thus, he stared across the shifting throng and raised his voice in a

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shout which carried far and high above the muted uproar: "Jagnath Singh! Jagnath Singh!"

The cry, evocative, first stilled, then electrified the circus-loving mob; it harnessed their disorderly limbs, focused their wayward attention, channeled and directed their ever-ready, straying emotions. Hardyal's neighbor put his arm round Hardyal's shoulders and added his undistinguished voice to the plangent cry: "Jagnath Singh!"

The crowd took up the cry — took it up with a roar. An amateur drummer, lost somewhere in the mass, rub-a-dub-dubbed wildly; a trumpet squealed its excitement.

Beside the gates the policemen moved towards each other, forming up two by two or in fours, unobtrusively slipping their truncheons from leather holsters. Those who carried lathees held their right palms against their mouths before grasping anew the polished bamboo staves topped with brass.

Light flung its spears among the trees: falling, it dazzled for a moment the eyes and the hearts of the multitude. This was the heroic moment and they acclaimed it, every one of them poised on the brink of instant silence should their prophet, their hero, show himself. But he did not show himself. Instead the bandstand suddenly swarmed with strangers, like a piece of sugar with ants.

A figure wearing a dark suit and a white topi detached itself from the group and walked to the edge of the bandstand. As he held up his hand for silence, those nearest to him, recognizing Henry Sheldon, their District Magistrate, became silent, and that silence rolled back over the crowd.

Hardyal craned forward in a passion of concentration, but he caught only occasional words of his utterance.

"Jagnath Singh will not speak today. A difficulty . . . necessary to postpone the speech. . . . The Lieutenant Governor himself ordered the postponement. In due time . . . notified as to the reasons of this delay . . . be so good as to disperse as you have come, with the least possible disturbance of the general peace."

The pause which followed the collective digestion of this news endured a few moments. Then a ripple passed over the crowd — another and yet another, growing to the loud, nondescript mumble which distinguishes the protests of surprised and disappointed people. Packed fairly tight, they still maintained proportion, density, and center, and it was from this center that a voice hoarse with rage suddenly yelled: "It's a put-up job! Shame on them! Shame! Shame!"

"They don't dare let Jagnath Singh speak to us!"

"That's the truth! Jagnath says we have no quarrel with our brothers in Turkey!"

"He was going to tell us things which he believed we should know — but they prevented —"

"They gave their word. Then they broke it."

"Let Jagnath explain!"

"Let us see him and we will go quietly."

A gruff voice spoke suddenly behind Hardyal. "Move on, move on."

It was the police sergeant, mounted now on a tough cavalry charger, carrying his wand of office — a short, stout, leather quirt.

"Move on, I said. *Chello*, you!"

Those below the wall began to move a little faster. Children scuttled like frightened beetles; women, pulling their veils over their eyes, clung silently to their men.

A voice muttered: "The whole thing is a police trick. They've put Jagnath in jail."

"Better get out. They've sent to the nearest choky for more police. You know what happens when they start picking people up. All they want is a couple of dozen innocents to swell their quota and maintain their reputation!"

The voice behind Hardyal reiterated: "Didn't you hear what I said, you cheeky swine? *Chello!*"

Hardyal's neighbor, who had been addressed thus, leaped swiftly from the wall and disappeared into the crowd.

"You too," said the sergeant, staring at Hardyal. "Get down from that wall and move along."

Hardyal climbed down — he dared not jump because of the congestion. Nor did he see what happened immediately afterwards. He did, however, hear a scream as the sergeant's horse, pricked by a spur, reared and brought its iron-shod hoof down on a man's foot.

"God blast your soul! Why don't you get out of the way?"

Hardyal pushed his way along the wall, and when he believed himself to be out of reach of the sergeant, he hoisted himself onto it, realizing that to make his way along its undisputed length was his only chance of rapid progress. The noise of the scuffle seemed to dog his heels. A voice cried passionately: "They even train their horses to kill us!"

The whistle shrilled again, and he saw coming towards him a phalanx of constables, led by Macbeth on horseback. The captain's face under the severe brim of his helmet wore a calm, assured expression; he seemed to be talking quietly to the people, who crushed aside to give him and his horse ample room. Pale, erect, Macbeth bored through the mass with his constables pressing behind him. Then Hardyal saw something fly through the air.

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and for a split second took it for a bird or bat. But it was a shoe which, hurtling over the intervening heads, struck a red turban. Something viperous whipped out, struck, vanished. The turbanless constable fell with blood spuming from his nostrils.

Hardyal was caught in a sort of trance by the sheer unexpectedness, the sheer perfection of this detail set in a generally formless and indifferent whole. Perhaps a dozen people had actually seen the constable fall; certainly a very few more could have witnessed what so swiftly followed. As Macbeth rose in his stirrups and began to lay about him with his crop, a figure leaped onto the wall and Hardyal saw the outflung arm which clutched, for missile, a green, broken, jagged bottle.

Hardyal's warning cry reached Macbeth, who ducked as the murderous glass flew past his face, but the sound of that English "Look out!" was lost on the ears of the white sergeant and his escort. They struck Hardyal from behind and he and the thrower of the bottle went down together under a rain of lathee blows, amid the shrill crying of the whistles.

36

Jacques left his bicycle on the gravel of the driveway and ran up the steps of Ganpat Rai's house where Krishna, the old servant, came to meet him. The old man's eyes were inflamed from weeping, his voice harsh as he muttered: "My master will receive you in his study."

The barrister, wearing a kurtha and dhoti, rose as his visitor appeared in the door.

"Ganpat Rai, why in God's name didn't you send for me at once?"

"There was little time, and much confusion. Let us sit. I am very tired — I feel old for the first time in my life!" He smiled faintly, but his face had a worn, yellowish look. "First let me set your heart at ease: Hardyal is out of danger. In a few days he will be out of jail."

He waited a moment, marshaling his tired thoughts, then went on: "I was at Agra when Salim telegraphed me, and I took the first train to Berari, where I arrived early on the morning after the affair. I went at once to see Henry Sheldon, who has always been my good friend. It was he who arranged that I see Hardyal in jail. As you can imagine, Sheldon is in thoroughly bad odor with many of his colleagues and most of the European contingent. They hold him responsible for what happened at Perron Park — although it was hardly his fault that the Governor's wire canceling Jagnath's speech arrived at the eleventh hour."

"And Macbeth — what of him?"

"I found him friendly and helpful. It seems that he and Hardyal had met earlier in the day, and that he tried to dissuade Hardyal from going to hear Jagnath. He is convinced that Hardyal's shout of warning saved him from a serious injury. Others have testified to this, among them a clerk in the Municipality, who saw the whole thing."

"Then," said Jacques, drawing his breath sharply, "Hardyal has a clear case?"

"As far as that goes, yes. But there are other things which I don't find so clear. Salim and I spent hours making inquiries and questioning people. If, after leaving Macbeth's house, Hardyal had gone straight to the address which Salim gave him, he would have found Jagnath and Salim there, for Sheldon had already informed them of the Lieutenant Governor's last-minute intervention. Hardyal said that he had completely forgotten the address which Salim gave him. I protested, knowing how such an excuse might sound in court, knowing also that such forgetfulness is foreign to Hardyal. But he gave me a strange glance and said: 'It was fate.'"

Ganpat Rai laughed. "Fate! To speak of fate to me, who have learned that there are but two implements to human action, accident and intention. But I did not want to disturb him then with arguments and expostulations. I comforted him by saying that Macbeth himself had interceded for his speedy release — that it would be a mere matter of days before he was free. He replied: 'There is no hurry. Let me lie here and get used to these walls. I have a feeling that I shall see them again, often, often!'"

Ganpat Rai hesitated. Jacques was aware of his deep disquiet. It expressed itself at last, haltingly: "I can tell you, who have known him all his life, who have always loved him — that I find myself wondering whether we have not lost Hardyal."

"Lost him?"

"You must realize that more than his body suffered at Perron Park."

"Yes, I understand." Then, afraid lest the understanding contribute to the other's distress, he added: "But after all, the whole thing was an accident. It might never have happened!"

"Nevertheless it happened, and that is the point." He waited a moment, then went on. "And what is now happening in Hardyal's mind and spirit is not wholly the result of accident. I do not know when or where it had its beginnings — he has never told me, and I have never brought the technique of the courtroom into my house. Only once, a long time ago, he and I quarreled. I was eager for him to return to England to finish his studies, but he would

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not go. He said he could not bring himself to leave India again. Although at the time I was sure that there was more to it than mere homesickness, I said no more. I thought that he might one day come to me with the true explanation. But he never has."

Both were silent, thinking of the past, searching for its bearing on the mysterious present. Jacques asked at last: "What can we do?"

Ganpat Rai shrugged his tired shoulders. "We must wait. Just now he moves in a sort of darkness. He has ceased, temporarily, to see men as friends or as enemies. The shock of that beating has numbed, in him, the faculty of discrimination — he is aware only of forces, immense, impersonal, hostile."

"Is that what you meant when you said, just now, that we had lost Hardyal?"

"Yes, and Hardyal must not lose us."

"But suppose," said Jacques unhappily, "he no longer wants us!"

The other's eyes were full of pain. "He is the sufferer, remember. He is going to make demands he has never made before. On you, perhaps, more than on anyone else."

"I should think that after all these years he could take me for granted."

Ganpat Rai hesitated for a moment, then: "I do not think that he will ever again take any man for granted."

"Then tell me what I should do, and I will do it."

Moved to a sudden rare passion the barrister cried out: "I cannot resign myself — how dare they beat him, fling him into prison like a common criminal! How dare they —"

As swiftly as his composure had deserted him, it returned.

"Forgive me. It is stupid to lose one's temper."

Jacques rose impulsively. "Ganpat Rai, my friend —"

"Yes, yes, your friend!" He put both hands on Jacques's shoulders and stared into his face. "In this world where men are enemies, let us resolve to remain friends. Why not, why not?"

Jacques said gently: "Take me to Berari with you, when you go to see Hardyal."

Ganpat Rai gave Jacques a slight shake and released him. "We will go to Berari together, and bring him home. But here I have sat talking, talking of my troubles, when all the while there is a very important matter which I had almost forgotten. I should have written you about it from Agra if all this had not happened to drive it from my mind."

He crossed the room to a small green safe set against a wall, and returned carrying a large brown envelope. "This is Mrs. Lyttleton's will."

Jacques scarcely heard. He was thinking of Hardyal.

"She did me the honor to entrust me with her affairs. I regretted bitterly that I was not in Amritpore when she died — that I was unable, even, to attend her funeral." He opened the envelope and withdrew its contents. "This will was written five years ago. In it she has made you her heir."

Jacques stared at the document which the barrister's brown hands spread before him on the desk. "There are a few bequests to her old servants. Everything else — and there is a great deal, for she was a wealthy woman — everything else goes to you."

Jacques picked up the crisp bluish paper and examined its elaborate phraseology with an almost casual attention. Neither surprise nor pleasure moved in him, only a slow, painful mirth, as though he had drunk a faintly poisonous nectar. Ganpat Rai was watching him.

"This will make a difference to you. It will take a little time for you to get used to the idea that you are a rich man, that you are as free as money can make anyone." He smiled. "I shall observe the outcome with the greatest interest."

Jacques was silent, meditating on a future whose sumptuous contours even Madame de St. Remy could scarcely have visualized, let alone achieved; and on a revenge so exquisitely contrived that it must leave her, inevitably and to the end of her days, at the subtle mercy of her dead rival. And because he saw now the first bright outlines of this moment which Mrs. Lyttleton had long ago conceived and foreseen — a moment whose eventuality must intensely have amused and sustained her — Jacques began to laugh, convinced in his heart that from somewhere she laughed with him.

"Good!" said Ganpat Rai, sighing. "Take it, my child. Take it, use it, be happy."

(The End)

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